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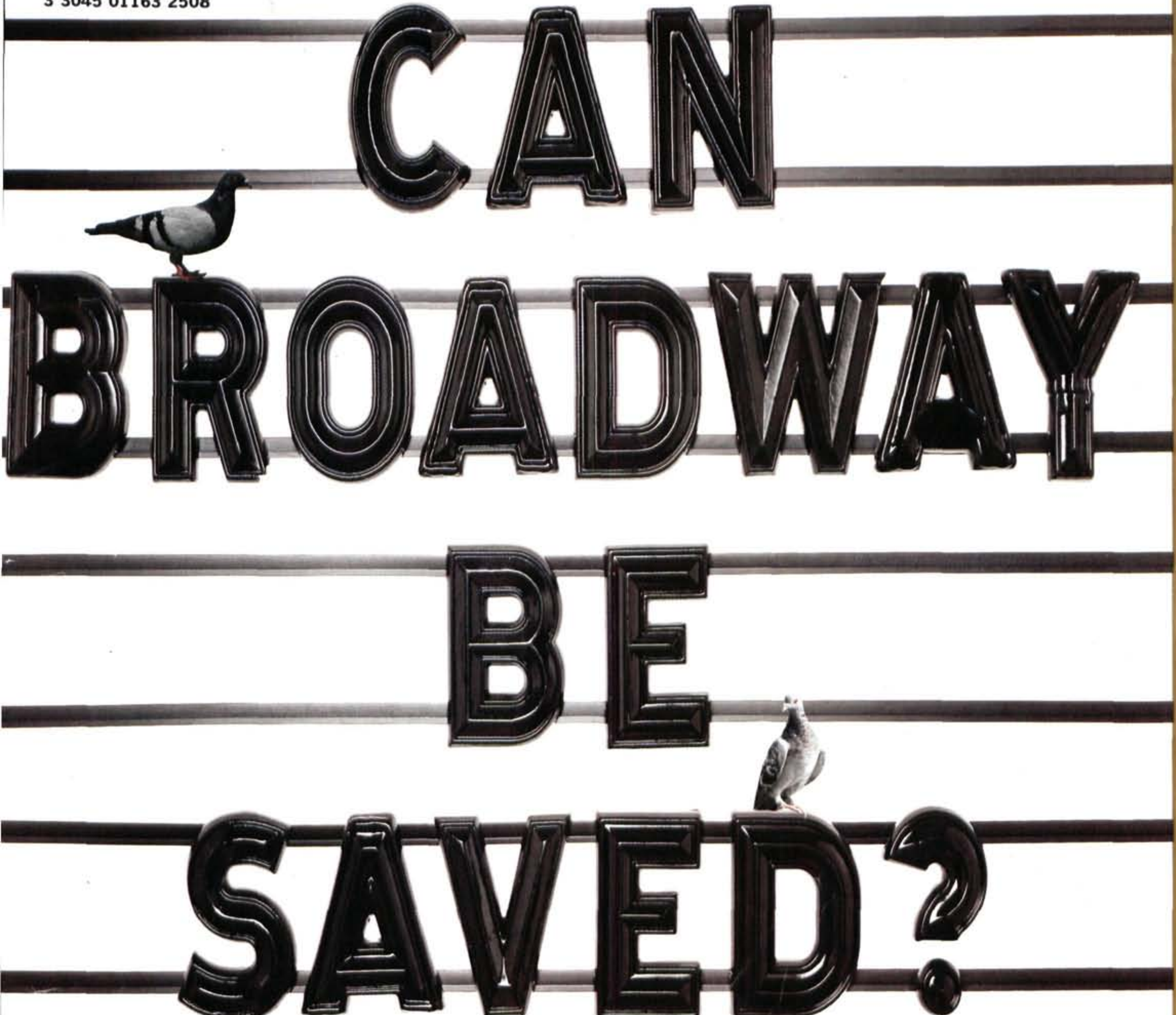

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By Michael Goldstein

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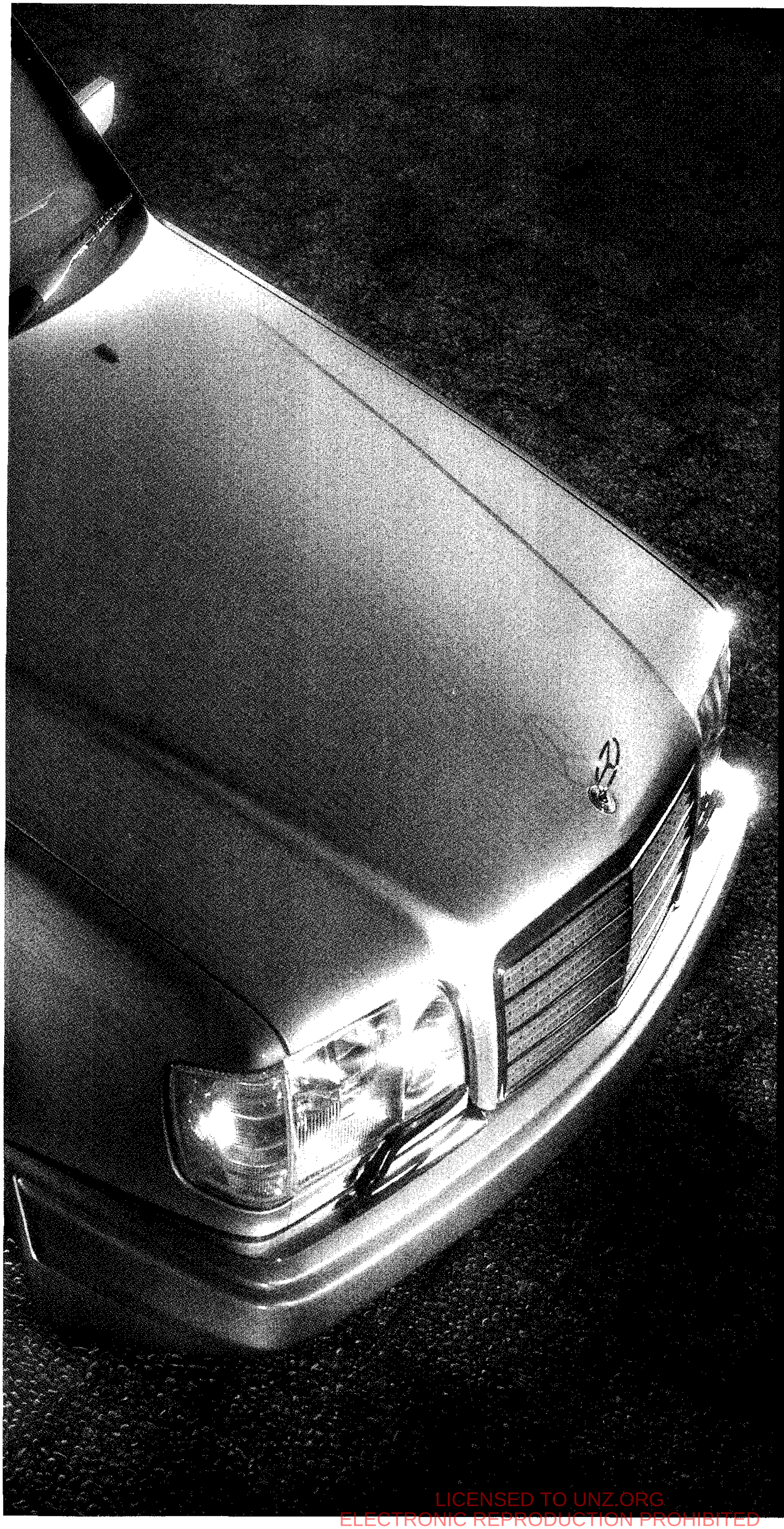

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Contents May 29, 1995

"Theater isn't dying; theater is on a binge.
As soon as it hits bottom, that's when recovery begins."
BROADWAY AD EXECUTIVE NANCY COYNE, PAGE 27

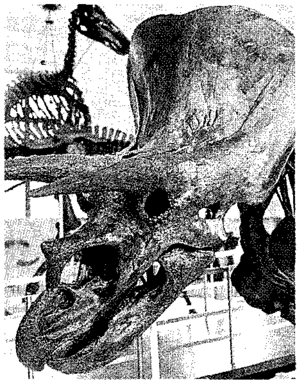
26 Saving Broadway: A Twelve-Step Program

By Michael Goldstein

The bland glitz of next week's Tony awards won't hide what everyone knows: that Broadway theater needs to do something radical, and soon, to survive the turn of the century. With union featherbedding and a failure to develop new audiences, the Great White Way has squandered its mandate, even as a center for middlebrow entertainment. How to revive it.

34 The Lizard Kings

By Ariel Kaminer



When it closed three years ago, the American Museum of Natural History's dark, otherworldly dinosaur wing had become a key part of our patrimony—what we thought about when we thought about museums (and prehistoric beasts). Now it's bright, kid-friendly, and paleontologically correct: behemoths for the *Jurassic Park* age.

38 Famous Amis

By James Kaplan

The publicity surrounding the publicity surrounding Martin Amis—author of *The Information,* a novel about authors and novels—has attained sheer metafictionality. But what happens to the guy out on the tennis court, where nothing counts but the thin white lines and a hard, clean *thwok*?

44 The Incredible Shrinking Collection

By Annalyn Swan

As IBM auctions off its historic art collection, the era of the Medicis in New York officially comes to an end. No-frills fiscal and philosophical conservatism have led more and more companies either to sell or else not to buy. So where will the new patrons come from?

Gotham

13 Kissinger at the Learning Annex; the endless war against street vendors; the coffee-boîte glut

Departments

20 The National Interest
Jacob Weisberg

That conservative revolution you've been hearing about? With the budget cuts, it's finally here

24 Media
Richard Turner

Personal-finance magazines are publishing's hottest category. Which of them will get burned?

60 The Insatiable Critic
Gael Greene

Rain's Americanized Asian cuisine passes the essential test—delight

The Arts

52 Movies
David Denby

The icky experience of watching *Die Hard 3*—a shapeless, pointless mess—after Oklahoma City

56 Art
Mark Stevens

Christian Boltanski's Conceptualist installations give form to New York's ghosts

58 Television
John Leonard

TV detectives: After Philip Marlowe, everything's downhill down those mean streets

58

RAYMOND CHANDLER
The FINGER MAN
MURDER MYSTERY MONTHLY

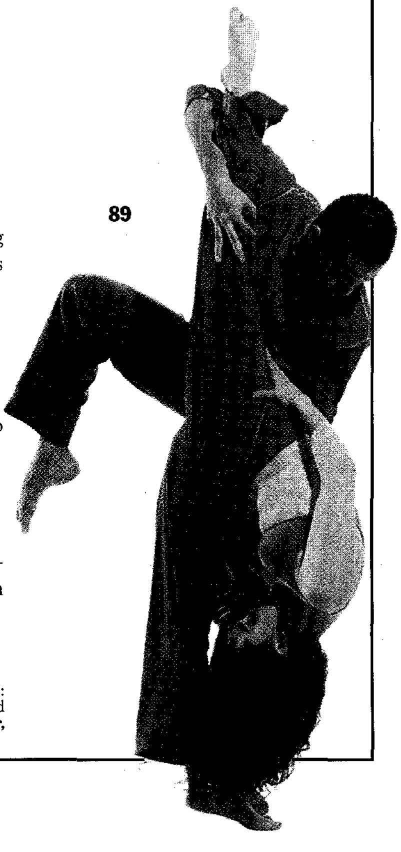
Cue

63 Abbey Lincoln at the Blue Note; director Gerald Gutierrez; Nam June Paik video at Holly Solomon; restaurateurs protest the smoking ban

Misc.

Letters..8
Intelligencer *by Pat Wechsler and Roger D. Friedman*.................9
Best Bets *by Corky Pollan*...........50
Sales & Bargains *by Leonore Fleischer*..................62
***New York* Competition** *by Mary Ann Madden*...............107
London *Times* Crossword...........108
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson*..............108
Classified..................................96
Strictly Personals.....................103

89



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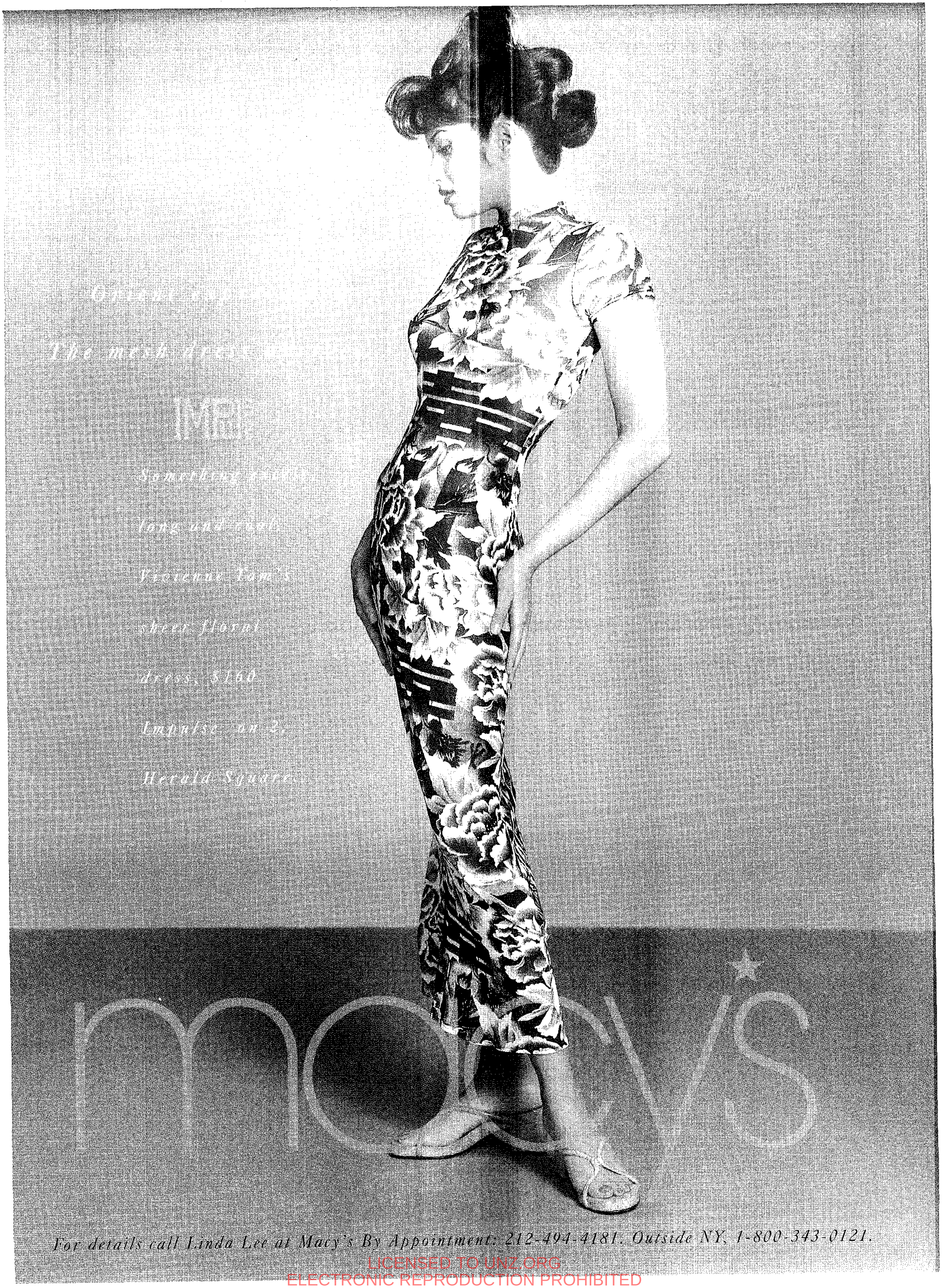

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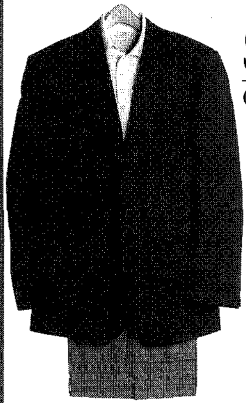

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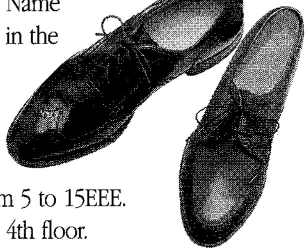

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LETTERS MAY 29, 1995

Sober Thoughts

Two who never touch the stuff (anymore); one who does (sometimes); and one who doesn't let in anyone underage (ever).

I AM A 19-YEAR-OLD WHITE, JEWISH, middle-class Westchester kid. I am just like the rest of 'em, except for the fact that two weeks ago, I got home from Hazelden Center for Youth and Families, a drug-rehab facility in Minnesota. George Kalogerakis's article "Stoned Again" [May 1] is just the sort of work that inspired me to go out and try exciting, hip drugs. I started using heroin because people like William S. Burroughs write about it so glamorously. Lou Reed tells us that "it makes me feel like I'm a man, when I put a spike into my vein." Quentin Tarantino shows us the euphoric heroin high by way of John Travolta in *Pulp Fiction*. Hell, it's everywhere, and apparently, it's so in. That is exactly what I thought when I tried it. But no singer, writer, or film told me how devastating the drug truly is. The way in which drugs were presented in the article might teach unsuspecting, curious people that yes, you, too, can attend school and manage a heroin habit at the same time. I can tell you firsthand that it just isn't true. Why don't you write about someone who lost his family, his job, his soul, or his life?

Name Withheld
RYE BROOK, N.Y.

TWO YEARS AGO, IF YOU HAD TOLD ME I would become a suicidal crackhead, I would have laughed. A year ago, when I'd become exactly that at the age of 31, if you told me I'd find recovery among some of the wisest people I know—junkies, ex-cons of every stripe, former thieves, prostitutes, and murderers—I would've thought *you* were high. I'm well educated, grew up in an affluent Westchester burb (Bronxville), and make a comfortable salary. I'm also an addict, albeit a recovering one. Having done my share of drug dabbling in my teens and early twenties that included pot, coke, mushrooms, 'ludes, and mesc, I thought I had put that all behind me. But when I went through a difficult period last year, I fondly reminisced about the pot from my youth and picked it up again. Then I was introduced to the joys of crack: highs that were too short, unbelievable periods of jonesing that had me desperate to get a hit, incredible weight loss, and depression. The people in Kalogerakis's story reminded me of myself before I went into full-blown addiction. Check back with "Jeff" in a year and see how he's living . . . if he's living. See if "Karen" stays away from dope and side effects like nausea, itching, and those she didn't mention, such as involuntary elimination, convulsions, and collapsed veins.

Name Withheld
MOUNT VERNON, N.Y.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

MAX FISH READ WITH REGRET THE STORY "Stoned Again," by George Kalogerakis. It is unfortunate that children like "Karen" abuse drugs. Underage children are not customers of Max Fish.

Ulli Rimkus
Proprietor, Max Fish
MANHATTAN

BORN IN THE MID-SIXTIES, I, TOO, EXPERIMENTED in my youth. Perhaps I was lucky, or maybe it was fate, but my story has a happy ending. On many occasions, I have felt I would not stop tripping, passed out from inhaling nitrous, woken up in strange places, or done so much cocaine I thought my heart would literally break in two.

Now that I've matured and mellowed, I relax with a bowl of Northern Lights [an expensive boutique strain of marijuana] after an aggressive twelve-hour day. I don't know another controlled substance that produces a euphoric escape from the modern ills of society but still allows you to go for a run, have a workout, write a letter to a magazine, or drive a car without becoming another DMV statistic. Pot is not as evil as it is perceived to be, and unfortunately it is not socially accepted. Many of us—most everyone I know—do enjoy a harmless toke now and again, and sometimes more. Last year, I had a six-figure income while inhaling four or five days a week.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

GEORGE KALOGERAKIS'S ARTICLE ON DRUG use in New York City was exquisitely reported and written. I'm in Columbia's journalism program, busy as hell trying to finish my master's degree. Even so, I couldn't put down Kalogerakis's piece. I sat on my couch, shivering in my damp workout clothes, my eyes straining in inadequate light as I read. I read it quickly, and I was stunned when it was over.

My fiancé, who is a writer, has just finished reading the article himself. "It shames me as a writer," he said.

Erin Texeira
MANHATTAN

Credit Lines

AN ARTICLE IN "INTELLIGENCER" ["NATURAL Born Dealmakers Wed," May 15] stated that I "managed to snag a screenwriting credit" only because I had the "idea" for the upcoming film *City Hall*. In fact, I wrote the 104-page original screenplay. My screenplay, as well as the three other subsequent rewrites, went before an official arbitration panel of the Writers Guild of America. As a result of the guild's decision, I was awarded first position in the screenplay credit, which reads: "Written by: Ken Lipper and Paul Schrader & Nicholas Pileggi and Bo Goldman." That's as official, and as objective, as it can get.

Kenneth Lipper
MANHATTAN

Suspicious Mind

I HAVE ENJOYED THE MANY CHANGES IN your magazine in the past year, especially the addition of "Bad Publicity." The range of your articles has been more interesting than ever. I appreciate their generally sardonic tone, but I wonder if you are trying too hard to be nasty to everyone. This nastiness forces me to question the journalistic bias of the articles. I may read you more thoroughly, but I trust you less.

Michael Molinelli
BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N.Y.

Correction A photo caption in "The Scene" ("Gotham: Tommy Guys," May 22) misidentified the woman with John F. Kennedy Jr. and Tommy Hilfiger as Aerin Lauder. The woman was, in fact, Fern Mallis, executive director of the Council of Fashion Designers of America. Lauder appears above.

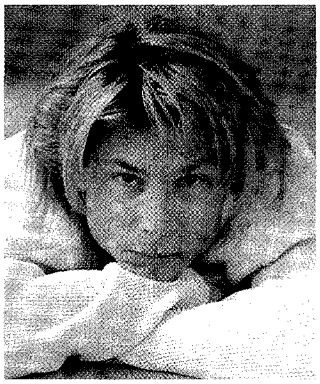
Photograph by Patrick McMullan.

BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

KATO GETS THE BOOK THROWN AT HIM

Kato Kaelin's long-awaited house-sit-and-tell—first reported by "Intelligencer" on March 13—will finally see daylight on June 8 when HarperCollins sends a half-million copies of *The Whole Truth* flooding into bookstores nationwide. Though Kaelin and author **Marc Eliot** worked together on an earlier version of the book (to have been titled *Star Witness*), Kaelin quickly abandoned the project after **Marcia Clark** grilled him about the deal on the stand. Eliot decided to go it alone. Sources say his book will suggest unequivocally that Kaelin perjured himself on the witness stand. Eliot relies on seventeen hours of taped interviews he recorded with Kaelin this past winter, and on countless off-the-record conversations, to prove that—contrary to Kato's earlier testimony—**O. J. Simpson** was obsessed with his ex-wife's dating habits. The book is being rushed into print, sources say, even though Kaelin and his attorneys are unaware of its existence. Among the book's biggest revelations: Nicole predicted her own death at O.J.'s hands, telling Kato, "He could get away with it. He's O.J." Kato also confirms that Nicole was physically attracted to "best friend" Faye Resnick. Despite the legal furor the book is bound to create, Kaelin may be sorry he backed out. Eliot's new agent, attorney **Karen Gantz Zahler,** snared him $525,000 for his book—a significant increase over the $125,000 he and Kaelin were offered by St. Martin's Press for *Star Witness.*



**Kato Kaelin,
book worm**

WATERWORLD FISHES FOR NEW LOWS

If the audience response from the first screening of *Waterworld* is any indication of things to come, **Kevin Costner** should start planning *Dances With Wolves . . . With a Vengeance.* Contrary to the mild post-screening round-up recently published in the Los Angeles *Times,* the film's reception has been anything but positive. "Thirty or forty people headed for the door before it was over," says **Michelle Rosas,** who attended with her husband and brother in law. **Jason Pulido,** another viewer, recalls, "People were leaving after about thirty minutes." **Greg Endicott,** calendar editor for the Sacramento *Bee,* dismissed the $175 million film as "pretty dismal." Endicott says, "It looks ugly and low-budget. And there's just so much you can take of people floating on water." Rosas, a mother of three from Sacramento, brings up another point that should put studio heads on alert. "There's a child-molestation theme," she complains. (The others agree.) "The little girl is always put in danger of having sex with someone." *Waterworld,* according to viewers, features Costner—gussied up in gills and webbed feet—searching for fellow "fishpeople" and high ground in a post-apocalyptic world. "He does no acting at all," notes Pulido. "He maintains the same expression through the whole film." In the end, Costner, **Jeanne Tripplehorn,** and 10-year-old **Tina Majorino** find relative happiness and dry land atop Mount Everest.

**Kevin Costner,
all washed up?**

A NOT-SO-GORGEOUS MOSAIC AT THE *VOICE*

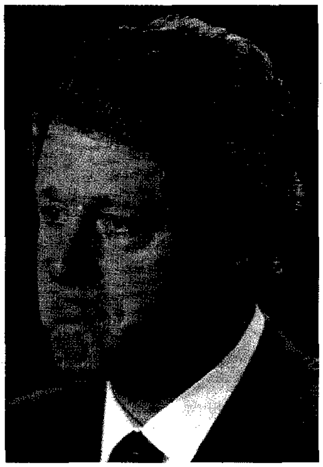
Village Voice editor-in-chief **Karen Durbin** recently fought off some unwelcome visitors in her office—members of her own staff. Insiders at America's largest-circulation left-wing publication report that writers and editors representing the *Voice's* dwindling "minority caucus" confronted Durbin one recent Friday to protest her treatment of prominent black writer **Peter Noel,** who had quit the paper in disgust a few days earlier. The three-hour meeting was tense and combative; one participant says that Durbin, who left early that day, was close to tears. According to *Voice* insiders, Noel's resignation followed a bitter stand-off with Durbin, during which the editor accused him of "carrying the water" for radical black groups like the Nation of Islam, and wondered aloud whether he was using the *Voice* to spread "propaganda." Sources claim Durbin also berated the black writer for using "gangsta" jargon in his stories, which she complained she didn't understand or appreciate. Following the meeting, Noel—a five-year *Voice* veteran—tendered his resignation, and refused when Durbin asked him to reconsider. Though Durbin declined to discuss Noel's departure, she dismissed these reports as "cartoon versions" of the truth. "We have never had a bad relationship," she says. "Peter doesn't feel this involves anything racist."

**Karen Durbin,
people person**

CLINTON TAKES A RAIN CHECK

For someone who is supposed to be such a great campaigner, **Bill Clinton** doesn't seem very interested in his own campaign. Republican presidential candidates have long been stumping the nation sniffing out campaign funds. And sources claim that **Rudy Giuliani**—who won't be running until 1997—is already spinning scenarios that involve First Deputy Mayor **Peter Powers** stepping down by year's end to lead his re-election effort. But with just seventeen months to go before the 1996 elections, Democrats are worried that Clinton's campaign is dead in the water. The president hasn't yet named a chairman for his re-election bid, and his fund-raising efforts have been lackadaisical

Photographs: top right, Todd Gray/LGI; center right, Peter Dokus/LGI; bottom, Michel DelSol.



President Bill Clinton, unfunded mandate?

Jacqueline Bouvier, family fodder

at best. Except for a very few events—most recently an ultra-private, ultra-posh dinner at the Palm Beach home of **Ron Perelman** and **Patricia Duff**—the president has been a no-show at the money trough. Why the reluctance? Some insiders believe Clinton is lying low until the clouds from Alfonse D'Amato's nagging Whitewater inquisition and the about-to-boil investigations facing cabinet members **Ron Brown** and **Henry Cisneros** have blown over. But others maintain his absence is shrewdly calculated. According to one presidential pal, the White House is deliberately putting off a major fund-raising push here until the fall, when major New York contributors—exhausted after the midterm elections—will be rejuvenated for a new round. While the president lies low, however, **Al Gore**—who has no image problem at all—is on the loose. The vice-president, in town for a speech, squeezed in a pep talk for Clinton's fund-raisers.

CASHING IN ON THE KENNEDY WOMEN

John Davis—the avaricious first cousin of the late **Jacqueline Onassis** —is at it again. Though he didn't talk to her for almost twenty years, Davis is at work on yet another Jackie memoir. *Jacqueline Bouvier: A First Lady's Youth,* published by John Wiley & Sons, will be a pre-Kennedy portrait of Jackie, filled with never-before-published photographs. Davis's previous dips into the Jackie barrel resulted in books like *The Bouviers* and *The Kennedy Contract,* and sparked a feud between the two that dragged on until Onassis's death. The Davis book won't be the only Kennedy tell-all on the market, however. *Hard Copy* producer **Susan Crimp** is shuttling between Boston and Palm Beach while working on a **Rose Kennedy** biography that's due this summer. But though she's done all the legwork on the book, Crimp won't be getting a solo byline. Instead she'll have to share one with her *Hard Copy* colleague, New York *Post* columnist **Cindy Adams.** Adams—who evidently wears many hats over her trademark bouffant—reportedly helped agent the book. But one thing she certainly didn't do, says an insider, is write it. "Her name is there because she sold it," claims a source. Adams insists she "can't remember" whether she or her agent sold it to the publisher and says only that she and Crimp are "doing the book together."

NANCY GETS HER BOOTS ALL WET

Nancy Sinatra is learning first hand what it means to be a popular singer these days. At her recent comeback New York concert, she was splattered with not one but two large cups of beer thrown from a section of the audience suspiciously occupied by none other than Sonic Youth's **Kim Gordon.** Not too long ago, **Courtney Love** was the target of a similar drenching. But while Ms. Love waded into the audience and bashed the offending audience member, Ms. Sinatra simply wiped off her miniskirt and gamely sang on.

JERRY NACHMAN SHUFFLES HIS DECK

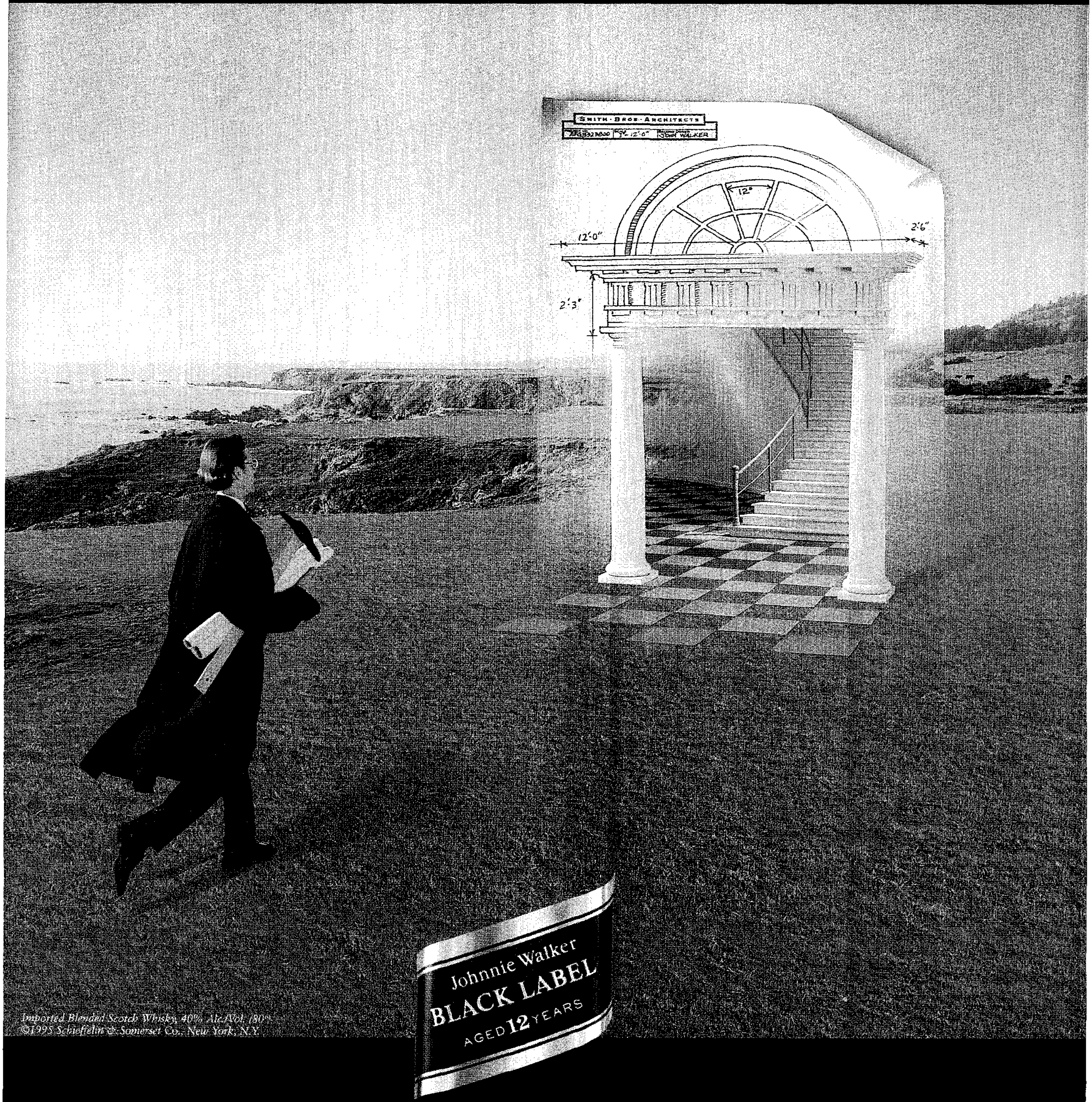
The ferocious ratings race among New York's local newscasts is about to heat up again. Broadcast insiders are reporting that **John Johnson,** who had been with Channel 7's *Eyewitness News* since 1972 as a street reporter, anchor, and foreign correspondent, will take over as anchor of *Channel 2 News* at 5 and 11 P.M. around July 1. Johnson's new co-anchor will be none other than **Michele Marsh,** who was mysteriously demoted in recent years in favor of the perky, bland **Dana Tyler.** Though their on-air time will be significantly reduced, sources say, both Tyler and her cigar-smoking co-anchor, **Tony Guida,** will stay on with the station. "Tony was just filling in since John Roberts left," says a source. "He knew [the position] was temporary." The anchor switch is just the latest shake-up at Channel 2 News, which recently retired 68-year-old veteran newshound Jim Jensen without so much as a sound bite. Producer **Jerry Nachman,** former New York *Post* and Channel 4 honcho, is hoping his new team will finally lift the news shows out of third place. "When Jerry came in, he asked why Michele had been taken off the 11 o'clock show when it was number one," says a WCBS insider. "And when John was anchoring with Bill Beutel, he was number one. The idea is to put them together and hope they click." A WCBS spokesman insists, "No decisions have been made yet."

SHOWDOWN AT THE CITY SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Few people realize the city even has *one* sheriff. But, weirdly enough, New York now seems to be stuck with two. Though Sheriff **Kerry John Katsorhis** resigned his post last month, actually getting him to vacate his office is proving difficult. Exiled from **Rudy Giuliani**'s inner circle after he backed **George Pataki** for governor, Katsorhis decided his final day on duty would be June 2. That was apparently not soon enough for the mayor, who must have wanted him out by May 15, the day his new sheriff—**Raul Russi**—reported for work. Unfortunately, Russi arrived to find Katsorhis firmly planted at his desk, with no intention of leaving. (Russi had to make do with a small side office instead.) The standoff has proved more than a little confusing to the payroll department, since *no one* knows who is supposed to receive the sheriff's salary. And the rest of the staff is still unsure whether Sheriff Katsorhis or Sheriff Russi should be consulted on office business. Meanwhile, Katsorhis remains under investigation by the city for private business he pursued in public office. "I'm staying on board for the transition," he insists. "Technically speaking, I'm still the sheriff, and operationally, Raul Russi is the sheriff." In the meantime, taxpayers seem to be getting one sheriff for the price of two.

Photographs: top left, Brad Markel/Gamma-Liaison, center left, Sygma.

FOLLOW
YOUR OWN PLANS AND
DREAMS
TAKE ON DIMENSION.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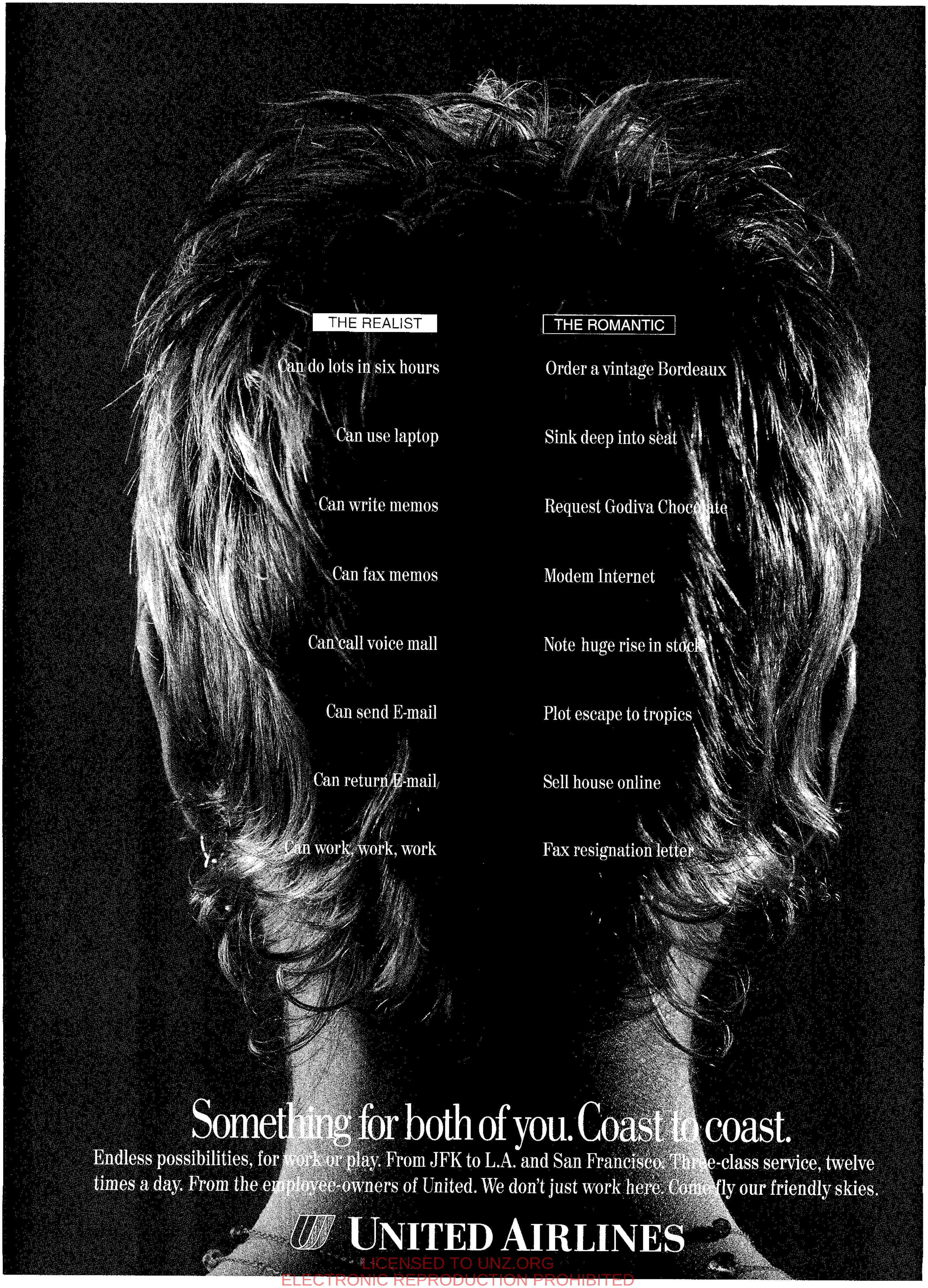

THE REALIST	THE ROMANTIC
Can do lots in six hours	Order a vintage Bordeaux
Can use laptop	Sink deep into seat
Can write memos	Request Godiva Chocolate
Can fax memos	Modem Internet
Can call voice mail	Note huge rise in stock
Can send E-mail	Plot escape to tropics
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UNITED AIRLINES

GOTHAM

he more one studied it, the more grotesquely bad it grew—*Rudyard Kipling*

THE FRONT PAGE

The Old Not Gay Boys Club

The Old Boys got frisky last week, in a 100 percent heterosexual way

It must be sad to be an Old Boy, having to insist over and over that you're heterosexual, but being unable to prove it. It makes you do silly things. It makes you, during a congressional debate on clean water, for example, start yammering on about "the people that would put homos in the military" for no apparent reason other than to remind people that you were in the military, and you were no homo.

Junior Old Boy Representative Randy "Duke" Cunningham—only a spritely third-termer—followed Old Boy protocol after making the remark, which was to almost apologize. "To me, using that short term was not wrong," he said, "but if it is offensive, then I apologize and I will not use it again." The Duke went on to explain that he picked up the habit of shortening words in the military, though he did not further go on to say whether he had also picked up the habit of cross-dressing for special occasions, another military tradition.

Good Old Boy Senator Phil Gramm, who wants to take the homosexuals already in the military out, is running for president, but what he really wants to do, apparently, is direct. This week's *New Republic* details Gramm's early-seventies foray into soft-core pornography: reviewing the rushes for *Truck Stop Women* ("It really got Phil titillated because there was frontal nudity in it," recalled his Rush Limbaugh–loving former brother-in-law and would-be co-porno king) and reading the script for *Beauty Queens* ("The beauty queens are screwing the contest judges to win. . . . He loved it") before finally investing his $7,500 in a lame Nixon spoof. Although the director had previously done a drag-queen version of Tricia Nixon's wedding, at least no one can accuse Phil Gramm of raising money in a gay strip club—as his opponent in the last election was.

Dirty Old Boy Senator Bob Packwood can still do it—*it* being "forcing his tongue into her mouth"—as the eighteen alleged heterosexual incidents in last week's Senate Ethics Committee report can attest. In one incident in the early seventies, Packwood even "chased a staff assistant around a desk," like men used to do back in the fifties before homosexuality. That leaves only the queasily uncomfortable statement made in Packwood's defense by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan—"Here's what you can say: I love him"—probably just an Old Boy thing.

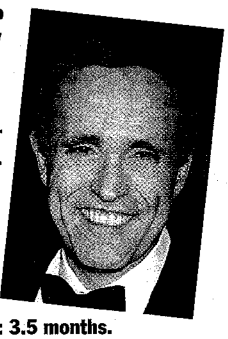
Very Old Boy Charlton Heston made it clear last week that he did not go for young boys and *neither would any character he has ever portrayed in his long, distinguished career.* Informed that his aggressively heterosexual interpretation of Michelangelo Buonarroti in *The Agony and the Ecstasy* in 1965—specifically, a love scene that featured a young Diane Cilento rather than a young Marlon Brando—would be used in a documentary about how gays have been portrayed in film, Heston fired off a letter to the filmmakers: "I know Buonarroti. He was heterosexual!"

Of course, not all Old Boys are that poorly educated. Some of the Original Old Boys—of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—were in the midst of a highly intellectual debate over whether to allow gay members to hold socials at their university clubs. "What special-interest group next?" argued Dr. Jerome Appelbaum, Princeton '63. "Do we have to sponsor skinheads?"

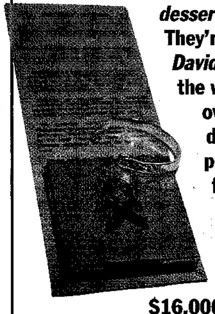
Yes, if they'll wear the jacket and tie.

OFF THE RECORD "We've had an 18 percent drop [in crime] this year over last year's 12.3 percent drop. We're running 'clearance' (case-solving) rates comparable to the early sixties'. But you have to give the drug dealers credit. They said, We're making money, but we're getting robbed all over the place. Let's get heroin back on the street. Let's calm these bastards down," a top Manhattan homicide detective told *New York*.

MORE RUDY MATH Corporate-tax breaks granted by the Giuliani administration to keep jobs in New York: $162.8 million. Total number of jobs claimed saved or created: 47,667. Cost to city per job: $3,415. Amount of time those jobs have to exist for the city to make its investment back: 3.5 months. Corresponding "payback" period for companies retained under David Dinkins: 7.3 months.



EXTRA ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS "These bracelets aren't for *the dessert people.* They're for the *David Geffens* of the world"—overheard during preparations for the Seventh on Sale gala dinner, at which $16,000 worth of designer bracelets were handed out to both $1,200-a-plate dinner guests and $200 dessert-only guests.



City

THE CONCRETE SALAD BAR

SOUPMAN ROLLED HIS PUSHCART UP EAST 45th Street one morning last month to discover that his usual patch of sidewalk was occupied by a large concrete cube. There was a shrub sticking out of it. Next to that three-foot planter was another one, and another, twelve in all guarding the front of the MetLife Building, placed methodically and precisely less than one pushcart-size interval apart.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

"I'd heard this was a tactic used to get rid of vendors in midtown," Soupman, Michael Bergen, says. "But I never thought it would happen here."

Just because dozens of lawyers and middle managers line up to buy cheap and delicious soup from him every day, Bergen also never thought of himself as urban blight. But the Grand Central Partnership, already under investigation for its unorthodox methods of dispersing the homeless—allegedly, for example, beating the hell out of them—apparently thought differently.

In March, the GCP installed five concrete planters on 45th Street, all perfectly legally within the MetLife property line. Then, perhaps emboldened by Rudy Giuliani's adding street vendors to his list of quality-of-life scourges, in April the partnership placed a line of containers *outside* the property line. Bergen contacted city agencies and discovered that the GCP did not have permission from the Department of Transportation to do so. The unauthorized cubes disappeared.

"They jumped the gun," explains Allan Fromberg, a DOT spokesman. "The Partnership complied immediately by moving the planters back to the property line."

"We only have permits for five planters," Partnership publicist Bruce Cohen acknowledges. "But the plans we've submitted to the DOT call for a great deal more."

Indeed, eighteen more, enough to turn the block snack-free.

"There's only one reason to put 23 planters on the block," says Camie Gianesses, who's been selling Mexican food on this block for eight years. "I mean, *come on.*"

The Partnership says it is only following orders.

"MetLife has been emphatic that they want a lot of planters on the street," explains Partnership president Dan Biederman. "The property owners are asking for control because of litter, and congestion caused by lines the vendors create.

"I get a lot of complaints from pedestrians about the vendors—about how decrepit some of the carts are."

"The planters are nice, but they really block the flow of traffic," says pedestrian Ann Heidenreich, an investment analyst for MetLife.

"I'm willing to be crowded by vendors. I'm not willing to be crowded by dead plants," says pedestrian Catherine Isobe, a paralegal at Rogers & Wells. "If they really want to utilize the space, they should add some seating that people could use at lunchtime."

"Those planters are a pain in the butt, to tell you the truth," says pedestrian Phil Braun, a MetLife software engineer.

Currently, the DOT is reviewing Partnership plans calling for the installation of 865 planters in the Grand Central vicinity by the end of next year. And the mayor's street-vendor review panel is holding public hearings to determine which streets will be permanently restricted to vendors. Bergen sees himself being zoned into extinction.

"Everyone says, 'Oh, you can just go somewhere else,' " says Bergen. "But like any business, I moved to this block to build a customer base, to grow. And if I go to 46th Street . . . well, I went up to the DOT's office and saw their blueprints. They're putting planters there, too."

ROBIN RAISFELD

Business

HOW TO WIN INFIDELS AND INFLUENCE THE GREAT SATAN

EVERYTHING WAS SWELL JUST A FEW months ago. Conoco had signed a billion-dollar deal; ARCO was negotiating to develop offshore oil and gas. A delegation of American investors had agreed to fly over to meet with government officials. "Things were just beginning to get going," says one person there. "Companies were phoning us up wanting to know how to get into business and who to see.

"Maybe," he adds, "we were too successful."

"There is zilch going on now," says another person. "It's a case of bad timing."

Badly timed, from the Center for Iranian Trade and Development's perspective, was President Clinton's declaration of Iran as an "outlaw state" and imposition of a complete ban on trade and investment with Iranians.

Nobody wants to talk publicly about this because even though CITAD is *completely independent* of the Iranian government, nobody wants to "get into trouble with Tehran." Not that anyone has anything *bad* to say.

"We are not going away, but there'll be little to do for a while."

"We are here for the long run. One day our liabilities will turn into assets."

"Look, it took twenty years after the end of the Vietnam War before American companies could go back, and the same will be true for Iran. We'll just have to be here."

In the meantime, unable to talk to potential American investors, they talk among themselves. The two main topics of conversation: job openings and "how long the checks will keep coming."

KAMBIZ FOROOHAR

- - -

THE PIGS HAVE WINGS

"The board has been seized by the dark-side political activists, and anyone resembling a professional is quitting," says a voice on a home answering machine somewhere in New Jersey, a crackly recording that has come to be known as Radio Free KIWI. But a KIWI International Air Lines spokesman has a considerably less

drastic take on recent events. "Just disagreements over business," Jack Tucker says. In fact, "morale is good."

One would ordinarily dismiss the angry recriminations of a disgruntled employee if that employee didn't happen to be KIWI's founding chairman, Bob Iverson, who has been posting vitriolic messages about "cash-sucking carpetbaggers"on his machine since he was ousted in February. Three years ago, Iverson and other employees laid off by Pan Am, Eastern, and Midway created an airline that was to be entirely owned and managed by its workers. But now, the Newark-based experiment in worker self-management is imploding like an Orwellian allegory. A group of pilots, like the pigs on Mr. Jones's farm, have mounted a power-taking campaign that began with Iverson's removal. In addition, two other board members and almost a dozen managers have quit or been fired or been demoted, and Iverson has filed a wrongful-termination suit against the company he created. Those left at KIWI are beginning to wonder whether all employees are equal, after all.

One witness says the day Iverson got booted was "like a union takeover," replete with imported security guards "who looked like thugs." Resignations were hastily demanded: One executive was called into a photocopy room and fired; another called in Newark police to escort him safely off the premises after he refused to surrender his company I.D. before flying home.

The three months since the coup have brought further bloodletting. Many expected new chairman Byron Hogue, who quickly came to the conclusion that the pilots were running the company into the ground, would be able to dismiss new president and pilot ally Danny Wright, as well as the pilots' group's leader, vice-chairman John Anderson. Instead, the pilots prevailed, and three weeks ago Hogue was forced out, leaving all seven inside board seats in the hands of pilots.

"The company has hundreds of flight attendants, mechanics, reservationists—are they represented by those pilots?" asks Dr. Joseph McCune, a management consultant hired last fall to analyze the company. "I don't think it was ever intended this way. They all started this as equals. Well, there's equal, and then there's *equal.*"

Service is still said to be good at the airline, despite the turmoil in the boardroom. As for Iverson, his lawsuit will undoubtedly drag on for years. In the meantime, he's shopping a book around—*KIWI International Air Lines: An* ESOP *Fable*—while also making plans

RESTAURANTS

Coffee, Coffee, Coffee, Coffee

"EVERYBODY SAID, 'WHAT A good idea! Coffee!' And all of a sudden you turn your head and the hardware store is selling coffee," says Peter Strasser, owner of the Brooklyn Heights Häagen-Dazs, one of four new coffee places that opened within a block of one other on the same side of Montague Street in the past month.

Starbucks opened first, at 112 Montague Street, followed five days later by Ozzie's, at 136. A week later, Häagen-Dazs, 120, added an outdoor café and a coffee menu. And then last week, the Heights Cafe, 84, replaced the Promenade Restaurant, the regular-joe coffee shop where Norman Mailer used to go, with what must now be called a *space*, offering "a selection of coffee."

"We saw the blacked-out windows about two months ago," says Strasser, pointing to a now bustling Starbucks. "But when we found out they weren't serving ice cream, I really didn't give a shit." Strasser, who's been working on his coffee plan since 1992, says he's targeting couples who can't decide between ice cream and cappuccino. "We can do everybody here."

Greg Markman points out that his Heights Cafe has a liquor license and a design by Cub Room architect Larry Bogdanow. "People will feel more comfortable in our environment rather than——," he adds, gesturing in the direction of the subterranean Häagen-Dazs.

Ozzie's owner, Gerry Rapoport—who looked for a location for almost a year—seems unconcerned for a man who has pegged his retirement dreams on a charming little Java boutique that ended up a few doors down from a coffee superstore.

"There are those who like McDonald's and those who like home cooking," says Rapoport. "We're not worried." ("Nobody's going to walk up those stairs," scoffs Strasser, referring to the nine steps leading up to Ozzie's.)

At Starbucks, managers handed out a press release and said, "Talk to our media people."

A week later, Yves Mizrahi ("spelled like the designer") called on a cellular phone from the coast, claiming competition will only help Starbucks's first outer-borough venture.

"We don't refer to ourselves as a coffee shop," says Mizrahi, who is vice-president of real estate. "It's more of a neighborhood-based urban bean store."

Besides, Mizrahi says, "the other places just bring more awareness of coffee to people in the neighborhood. People sample more and hopefully see the difference."

"Publicly, I'd have to say it brings more awareness to the neighborhood," agrees Häagen-Dazs's Strasser, adding, "Privately, I hope they bomb."

HELENE STAPINSKI

Photograph by Photofest.

to start another airline. He hasn't abandoned his KIWI comrades, though; he recently signed off on Radio Free KIWI by saying, "My heart will be with you as you struggle to throw off the yoke of tyranny." WILLIAM J. MCGEE

Religion

SPARE THE BRA AND SPOIL THE CHILD

CALEB GUERRIER SAYS IT WASN'T EVEN him who was goofing off. It was a couple of his seventh-grade classmates at Excelsior Elementary School in Brooklyn—not him. But, Caleb says, his teacher thought it was him and sent him to the eighth-grade classroom to be disciplined.

It was there, Caleb says, that early in the afternoon of April 24, Miss Williamson told him to go to the Box.

"She told me to go to the Box, and I went and stood next to it," the 13-year-old recalls. "But I didn't want to put on the stuff in the Box." The stuff in the Box, according to a $22.5 million lawsuit filed by attorney Sanford Rubinstein against the Seventh-Day Adventist school, included "a wig, a bra, a skirt, high-heeled shoes and other female paraphernalia."

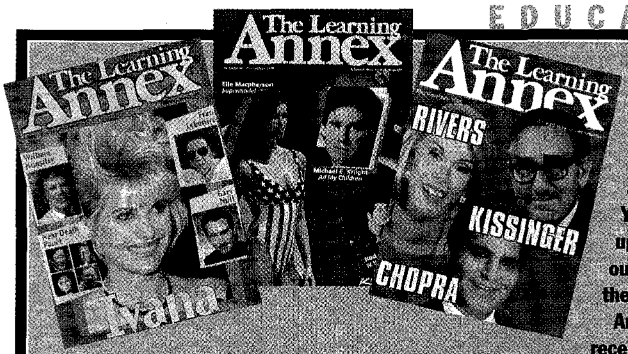
Caleb says everyone at Excelsior knows that if a boy is exiled to the eighth-grade classroom, he has to put on the women's clothes. But Caleb, since it wasn't him who was goofing off, stood at the Box but refused to put on the wig, bra, skirt, high-heeled shoes, or other female paraphernalia. One eighth-grade boy asked Caleb if he needed help putting on the clothes, and when he did not answer, the older boy punched him in the head. The older boy was quickly joined, the suit alleges, by other eighth-grade boys who, in plain view of Miss Williamson, proceeded to beat Caleb and forcibly cross-dress him. Caleb says the boys then threw him to the ground and left him crying.

Miss Williamson did not return calls, and Excelsior principal Colin Parkinson refused to comment. Don Jacobsen, vice-president of the North American Division of the Seventh-Day Adventists, said he was unaware of any incident but would check into it. He called back a few days later to report that Miss Williamson had been suspended pending an investigation, and emphasized that cross-dressing as a form of discipline "is not the kind of thing that goes on in our schools." Jacobsen went on to say that the punishment was not in keeping with Adventist beliefs and, furthermore, was "bizarre behavior for an educator."

JOHN CONNOLLY

EDUCATION

Those Who Can, Teach



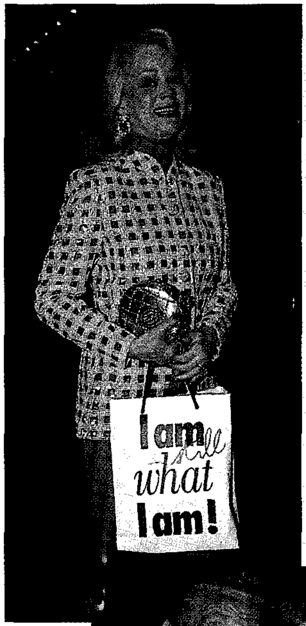
"We did it by asking," says Ronald Stewart, the chummy president of the Learning Annex, explaining how he's been able to get the likes of Kurt Vonnegut and Henry Kissinger to share a syllabus with "Nice Girls on Top," "Understanding Your Cat's Behavior," and "Become an Instant Oil Painter." In fact, Stewart says, upscaling the Learning Annex was part of the plan when he bought the company out of bankruptcy in 1991. Four years and $3.5 million in sales later, "we're now in the position where people say, 'My goodness, you've got Kirk Douglas!' "

And without paying Kirk Douglas dollars. Learning Annex guest speakers typically receive an ungenerous 15 percent of the evening's take (tickets are $29-$39), with a few proven hits like John Bradshaw or Deepak Chopra guaranteed a flat rate ranging from $5,000 to $15,000. So why would Kissinger be willing to "discuss the future of America" for—figuring optimistically—a few grand, when his lecture agent can get him $30,000, plus dinner and high-powered fawning? "We can offer people the cover, and that's a big factor," says Stewart, referring to the half-million copies of the Learning Annex's newsprint "magazine" that flutter around the city streets at any one time. "They're also in the business of selling books." RUTH G. DAVIS

NAME	COURSE	WHY I TEACH	MY REWARD
JOAN RIVERS	"On Survival"	*"This is the lecture on how to survive anything. I get upset and then I make a joke. You walk out, one hopes, laughing and crying and truly coming through it."*	*"I'm not running from the Learning Annex to Asprey, if that's what you mean. But I don't think it's a percentage. Can you imagine doing a lecture and trying to count the house at the same time?"*
MIKE MEDAVOY, EX-CHAIRMAN OF TRISTAR	"Making It in the Film Business"	*"I enjoy it because it allows me to think about the things I'm doing. I would say I need to get better at it, I need to become a better public speaker. I'm much better at the Q and A than delivering the message."*	*"You should ask them that question. I did get something, a minor stipend. I didn't do it for the money."*
DANNY MEYER, OWNER OF THE UNION SQUARE CAFE	"How to Succeed in the Restaurant Business"	*"Number one, I wanted to sell our cookbook. Secondly, the hospitality business needs good people all the time. Also, it's good market research."*	*"I don't recall. Whatever they sent me was more than I was expecting. It was more than $100 but a lot less than $1,000."*
HUGH DOWNS, 20/20 ANCHOR	"The Secret to Success and Longevity"	*"I had a book coming out, and I was interested in what their operation consisted of. It's not something that I want to do too often, but it was interesting. The crowds weren't as big as I'd like."*	*"I did it without charging a fee. They were going to plug my book, so I thought it was a quid pro quo. Normally, I get $25,000 for a speech."*
TERRY ANDERSON	"Surviving a Crisis With Former Mideast Hostage and AP Bureau Chief"	*"I like to talk to people in the city when I can; I tend to get disconnected up here in Yonkers. It was an interesting evening. The only apprehension that I have is I don't set myself up as an expert on many things, and calling it a class seems pretentious."*	*"They didn't pay me, that's for sure. I just like to talk."*

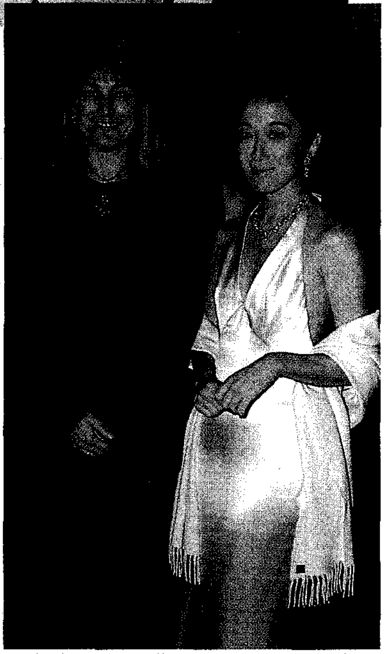
Photograph by Photofest.

At Planet Hollywood's *Die Hard With a Vengeance* party, from left: Theresa Randle, star of Spike Lee's *Girl 6;* Lenny Kravitz and Naomi Campbell; Penny Marshall with Bruce Willis. Below: *Candy Spelling at the Michael* Awards benefiting the National Children's Leukemia Foundation at the Vista Hotel; Jerry Stiller and Anne *Meara at Monkey Bar celebrating* Meara's play, *After-Play.*



I am still what I am!

At "A Night in Havana": Jonathan Tisch and Gene Pressman, co-president of Barneys, below; bottom left, Gene's wife, Bonnie Pressman, a Barneys executive vice-president, with designer and honoree Vera Wang.



Havana Party

At the "A Night in Havana" benefit for the Henry Street Settlement at Landmark on the Park on Central Park West.

By Alex Williams
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

'WE'VE DONE THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, THE Union Club. We thought we'd go a little funky, a little West Side," says R. Couri Hay, walking amid the cardboard banana trees and Atlantic City blackjack dealers imported to turn this church basement into a high-school-prom approximation of a pre-Castro casino. "It reminds me of the Godfather movie," says Bill Rudin, megadeveloper.

Of course. What other image of late-capitalist Cuba could there be in the minds of tonight's junior committee-ettes and pomaded young preppies? What could they possibly know of its real night culture, back when Havana symbolized high-rolling high naughtiness for the moneyed set? And yet Eisenhower-era innocence makes sense when you're pledging thousands to return New York to its Eisenhower-era grandeur.

"We wanted to change New York to a happier time," shouts fragrance mogul Harry Slatkin. "That's why we tried to create Cuba."

Hugh Grant with his brother, James, at Gabriel's for the *Englishman Who Went Up a Hill* party.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST **JACOB WEISBERG**

That Revolution? It's Here

After the Democrats dared them to balance the budget, Republicans called the bluff with $1 trillion in cuts. Bad move, Mr. President.

WHEN REPUBLICANS WON control of Congress on the basis of a promise to shrink government and eliminate the deficit, there was every reason to scoff. Hadn't we been down that road before? In 1981, Ronald Reagan came to town with a program of tax and spending cuts that were supposed to lead to a balanced budget. Instead, he produced the $200 billion–a–year deficits that have plagued us ever since. In his fascinating memoir of that travesty, *The Triumph of Politics,* Reagan budget director David Stockman concluded not only that the administration failed but that fiscal responsibility was impossible so long as the GOP was dominated by what he called a "gutless herd" of ersatz conservatives.

Representative John Kasich boldly reversed years of budget temporizing.

In subsequent years, nothing happened to disprove Stockman's thesis. George Bush was as reluctant as his predecessor to trim programs. Republicans claimed they couldn't support Bill Clinton's 1993 deficit-reduction package because it depended in part on tax increases. Meanwhile, they remained on intimate terms with the congressional pork barrel. The November 1994 election hardly suggested a radical break with this tradition. Republicans were gung ho supporters of the balanced-budget amendment to the Constitution. But when the subject came around to the actual cuts needed to achieve a balanced budget, they suddenly vanished. Only with great exertion were Republicans able to agree on $16 billion in "rescissions" in February (the package Bill Clinton last week said he would veto). It made the prospect of their cutting an incomprehensibly huge seven-year total of $1 trillion from the budget seem laughable. Betting they would never come through (and smarting from the punishment exacted for his own attempt to be responsible), Clinton passed the deficit-reduction buck to Gingrich and Dole. The political message attached to the president's budget was, essentially: *After you, Gaston.*

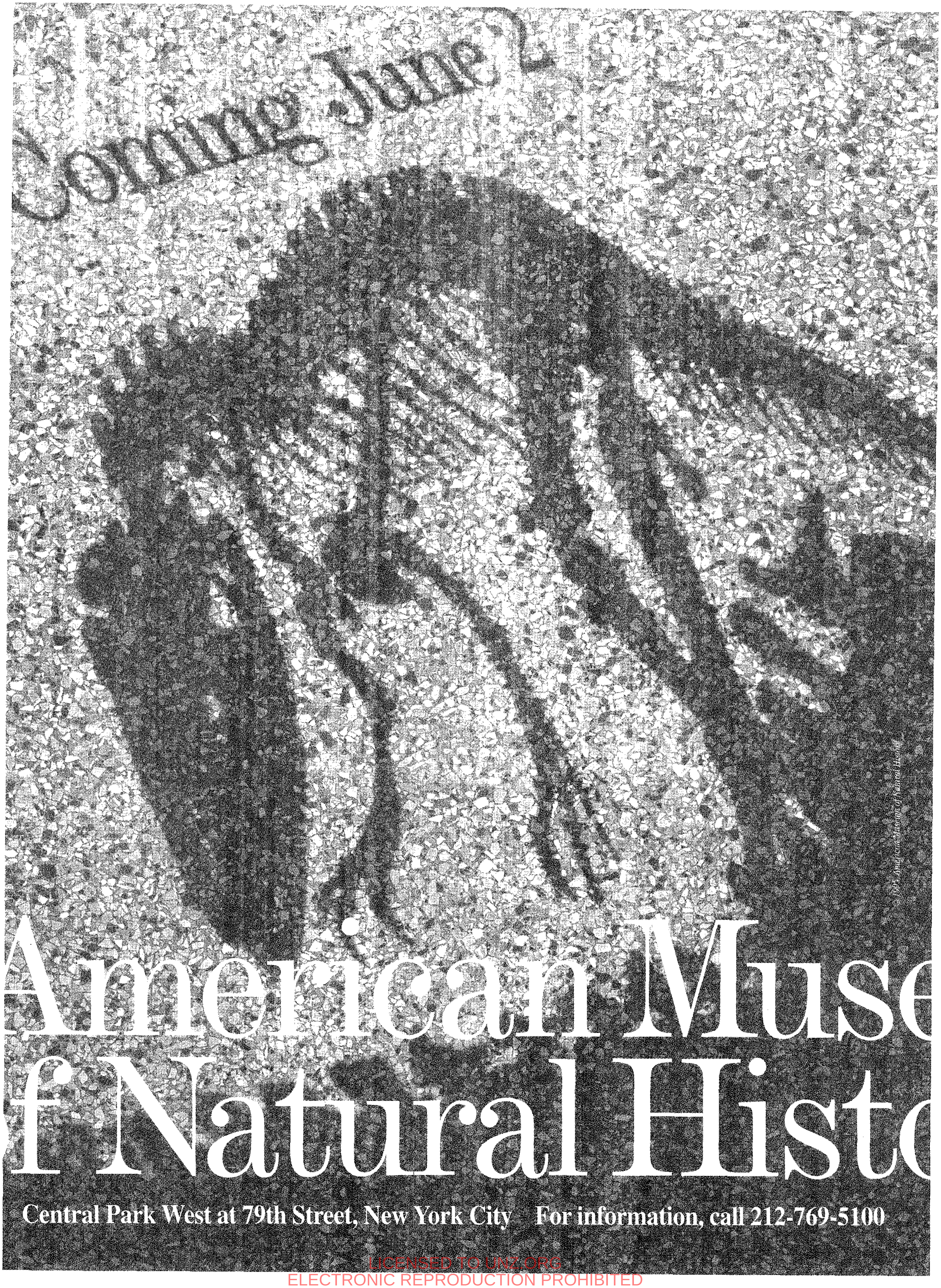
On May 10 and 11, the Republicans called Clinton's bluff. The Senate and House budget committees passed resolutions spelling out in detail their plans to balance the budget by 2002. So programmed are liberals to expect fiscal bad faith from conservatives that they still don't seem to realize what has hit them. They keep looking for their old Reaganomics friends, Rosy Scenario, Blue Smoke, Mirrors, and Magic Asterisk. Of course, there is some disingenuousness in the Republican resolutions. An enormous cut in Medicare is depicted as a valiant effort to save the program from bankruptcy. The Republicans may also manage to lose some of their tough cuts in the budget labyrinth this summer. But the plan is solid, genuine, real—an emphatic break with the Reaganite past. That revolution you've been hearing about—well, this is it. "Good God, it's unprecedented," says Robert Reischauer, the hard-nosed former director of the Congressional Budget Office who is now at the left-of-center Brookings Institution. "I give them an A for specificity under difficult circumstances. If the policies they suggest were adopted, we would have savings close to what they claim."

What turned the gutless herd into genuine, trigger-pulling revolutionaries? In the House, the key factor was Newt Gingrich's handing the gun to John Kasich, the chairman of the House Budget Committee. Kasich is a libertarian, something hinted at as much by his mop-head haircut and taste for the Grateful Dead as by his dogmatic aversion to the various functions of government. The Ohio congressman's ideological anti-statism makes him the ultimate budget bad cop. He was left alone with the federal government and—no great surprise—the suspect got beaten to a bloody pulp. The amazing thing is that Gingrich and the rest of the House leadership let him do it. Kasich didn't even bother to couch his assault in the traditional obfuscatory argot. His budget reads like a slasher movie, humming with the verbiage of fiscal violence: It would "dissolve," "eliminate," "terminate," "reduce," "cut," "rescind," "phase out," "end," "discontinue," "repeal," and "sell" dozens of programs and functions of government.

The Senate resolution, by comparison, reads more like an old-fashioned committee document and less like the work of a zealot with a calculator. Pete Domenici of New Mexico, Kasich's counterpart, prefers the comforts of familiar euphemism: He would "progressively phase back," "consolidate," and "prioritize" various programs. But the numerical results are largely the same. Domenici is not a government minimalist, but rather a believer in fiscal responsibility. In his book, Stockman portrayed the owlish budget wonk as a "Hooverite" disinclined to cooperate with Reaganite voodoo. In 1981, Domenici's complaints that he was being forced to buy "a pig in a poke" stopped only after he was bullied by the White House. The New Mexico senator pretty clearly bears a bad conscience over that episode, and now refuses to be hornswoggled again. Domenici has annoyed his more radical colleagues—like Phil "White House Madness" Gramm—by remaining adamant that there will be no tax breaks for the rich or anyone else until the work of budget balancing is done.

And what a dirty job it is. On top of cutting Medicare and Social Security, Republicans would close national parks and cut back student loans. They would dump the costs and problems of Medicaid and welfare onto the states, something Republican governors like George Pataki don't seem to quite grasp. They would slash good pro-

Photograph by Martin Simon/Saba.



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THE NATIONAL INTEREST

grams like Head Start and the Earned Income Tax Credit along with duds like the U.S. Institute for Peace, the strategic helium reserve, and agriculture subsidies. It is hard even to imagine the sheer social pain that will result if anything resembling the 30 percent cut in domestic discretionary spending they propose becomes law.

These cuts leave liberals in a position to reap the political gain. Demagoguing about old folks and kids, they hope to profit from a liberal analogue to the Republicans' "no new taxes" line. But the new GOP proposals reveal with stark clarity the intellectual bankruptcy of the Democrats. Last week, the congressional opposition appeared everywhere with poster-size photographs of "people" who would be "hurt" by the "cuts." This whine takes various forms: the drippy niceness of the Senate's Mr. Rogers, Tom Daschle; the sanctimonious thunder of working-class hero David Bonior; the Manchurian monotone of Dick Gephardt; the saturnalian leer of Chris Dodd. But what would *they* do about the deficit? No one can say, since the leadership hasn't put forth a budget of its own.

Clinton's approach isn't much more sophisticated. It's the "school lunch" strategy White House officials credit to Gene Sperling, a workaholic young aide at the National Economic Council. Sperling's tactic has been somewhat effective; cuts are bound to be unpopular among people who can be made to feel threatened, and Clinton's poll numbers are up as a result. But as Robert Shapiro of the Progressive Policy Institute says, "Strategically, it's an unsustainable position." Though Clinton no longer cares, the deficit remains the country's most pressing economic problem. And by failing to offer any coherent answer to the GOP plan, the president who once promised to eschew the "brain-dead politics of left and right" has now fully adopted the former as his own.

A credible response would mean a new White House budget: one that approached balance over a period of years, but by relying on fairer and better cuts than the Republicans have offered. Alice Rivlin and Leon Panetta know how this can be done. They can score genuine political points by taking the Republicans up on their failure, even now, to tackle the vast web of corporate tax breaks. There's another pot of money that awaits whoever dares to means-test entitlements. Attacking business subsidies means taking the heat for raising taxes; going after entitlements means being assaulted by indignant senior citizens. But Clinton and his party need to present some coherent alternative. Otherwise, for all their bellyaching, when the orphans are turned out into the snow, when the "people" are actually "hurt" by the "cuts," the Democrats will share the blame. ■

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NEW YORK POST

SOURCE: ABC FAS-FAX FOR 6 MONTHS ENDING MARCH 31, 1995 vs. MARCH 31, 1994

MEDIA RICHARD TURNER

Addicted to Advice

The desperate need to know where to invest is fueling a boom in personal-finance magazines. But financial advice can be a dangerous drug.

P.O.V.
HEY KRAMER, GET A JOB
LIVE LIKE $70,000 WHILE MAKING $35,000
OPEN YOUR OWN BAR
BIKING ACROSS AMERICA
10 WINES FOR $10
MUTUAL FUNDS YOU CAN AFFORD
PETER LYNCH Is It Time to Buy Gold?
Worth
FINANCIAL INTELLIGENCE
NEW FUND MANIA!
NEARLY 2000 MUTUAL FUNDS WERE BORN LAST YEAR. MOST LOST MONEY. BUT INVESTORS WHO CHOOSE WISELY TODAY CAN STILL WIN BIG.
PLUS: A SPECIAL REPORT RIPOFFS ON
from the editors of Money
your future
a new kind of personal finance magazine
Tame your TAXES
Escape from DEBT HELL
Balance your JOB and your LIFE
Yes!
Investing Made Easy
This magazine is for them and for you.
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL MAGAZINE OF PERSONAL BUSINESS
SmartMoney
Where to Invest Now
Growth or recession? Either way, here are five investments that will thrive.
Foreign Funds: How to Get In Cheaply
Five Ways To Make Next April Less Painful

Dazed and confused: Information overload afflicts the personal-finance category.

THE WAY THE STORY GOES, it was in Cuba, in the fifties, that Walter Annenberg had a revelation. The imperious billionaire publisher noticed that every morning, throngs of people in Havana would gather at the docks and gaze hungrily out to sea, waiting for a ship to come in. What were they waiting for? The horse-racing sheets.

Annenberg's insight was that there are types of information people are addicted to. They get jittery in the morning without their fix. Annenberg wound up with two of the three great essential-information franchises: *Daily Racing Form* and *TV Guide*. The *Wall Street Journal* remained in other hands.

The *Racing Form* no longer stirs quite such passion, and *TV Guide*'s power has eroded. But the hunger for financial information grows ever more ravenous. Personal finance is the sexiest, most competitive new category of magazines. The Sunday New York *Times* business section is newly called "Money & Business" and dominated by investment advice. *Newsweek* and *U.S. News & World Report* are obsessive about the subject. *Money* and *Kiplinger's* have been joined by the more upscale *SmartMoney* and *Worth* magazines. They shriek DOUBLE YOUR MONEY IN 5 YEARS and SEVEN STOCKS FOR THE NEXT DECADE. They love numbers and lists; the message is quantify, simplify. In chorus, though, they often seem to end up making everything more complicated.

As with any powerful drug, the feeling of well-being produced by these mega-doses of financial information is only temporary, and followed quickly by confusion, anxiety, and possibly financial ruination. While the magazines preach the virtues of long-term, simple investing, they cram each issue with zillions of short-term ideas that often contradict one another. They trade on fear and anxiety about the multiplicity of investment choices—then they give more choices.

Too much advice, of course, is the same as none at all. "How many times can you pick 'the best stocks for the next five years'?" asks Dean Rotbart, who runs the financial-journalism newsletter *TJFR*.

"I see people building these bizarre portfolios," says Lynn Hopewell, president of the Virginia investment firm the Monitor Group, "these eclectic collections of things they've picked up that make no sense because they're listening to too much noise and they don't have a plan."

A major, intrinsic problem with these monthly magazines is lack of timeliness. In a world where people complain that market information is already out-of-date by the time the *Wall Street Journal* hits their desks, how can magazines with lead times measured in weeks hope to give readers an edge? Finances also are highly personal; computer services can better customize much of this information. The magazines are already slicing and dicing the readership. Comparatively downscale-looking *Money* publishes *Retire With Money;* new magazine launches include *P.O.V.* and *Your Future,* both for Gen-Xers. *Your Future* sets new standards for pandering by quoting the lyrics of Snoop Doggy Dogg and Green Day on finance.

This is the other issue: With so many voices out there, whom should you listen to? This matter came to the fore when James J. Cramer, a money manager who writes a column for *SmartMoney* and is the person behind many of the magazine's successful market calls, recommended some thinly traded small-company stocks that proceeded to go through the roof and give his fund big paper profits after the February issue of the magazine came out. *SmartMoney* was caught by surprise, and admits it blew it by not better flagging the fact that Cramer was a professional investor, not a disinterested journalist. Cramer won't be writing about tiny-cap stocks anymore, but he was savaged by journalistic competitors who professed to be shocked—shocked!—about non-journalists giving financial advice. Their jeremiads sounded a lot like anxiety about being run out of their jobs. "I knew journalism was vicious, but . . . ," says Cramer.

And indeed, from whom would you rather get tips, a professional who fights the wars every day, playing for keeps with his own considerable sums, or an ink-stained wretch who operates under strict conflict-of-interest guidelines and can't even balance his checkbook? The magazines themselves acknowledge this by trafficking in brand names: Celebrated money manager Peter Lynch is always on *Worth*'s cover; *Money* recently hired market-moving columnist Dan Dorfman (for $450,000 a year, says *TJFR*), who is now more celebrity guru than reporter. There's a good reason for journalists to cover the financial markets—they need to sift through the manipulative agendas of short-sellers and touts and other ugly Wall Street creatures. But for pure advice on what to buy, better to seek a bona fide expert.

Money had the field virtually to itself for more than a decade, partly by trying to make financial matters less intimidating by depicting average folks rather than scary-looking CEOs scowling next to gleaming mahogany conference tables. And *Money* urged people to buy stocks. It was good advice, and the magazine became the biggest-selling financial publication in the country.

But *Money* left its high-end readers exposed. The *Wall Street Journal* had wanted to use its name to start a magazine for years, but the *Journal*'s first instinct wasn't to pursue personal finance. Too boring, too déclassé. Telling Aunt Millie it's a good idea to shop around for the best life-insurance rates isn't exactly the stuff of *All the President's Men*. Even though Dow Jones's focus groups said *Journal* readers wanted more personal-finance coverage, its first two passes at a magazine were more general-interest and journalistic. Both were stillborn.

Once editors got over their snobbery and joint-ventured with Hearst, *SmartMoney* was an instant success. It tries to be sassier and more sophisticated than *Money*. Thirty-three-year-old editor Steven Swartz's favorite word is *opportunistic.* A typically contrarian *SmartMoney* ploy is to find an unpopular sector of the market, pluck out the best stock of the group, and bet on it. *SmartMoney* has picked well and is careful to admit when it misses. Circulation has soared to nearly 600,000, and the magazine is turning a small profit after going monthly only last year.

The *Money–SmartMoney* wars bristle deliciously. "*Money* magazine tells people to cut costs and clip coupons and 'be careful; we'll protect you,' " says *SmartMoney*'s Cramer. "We tell you it's possible to invest your way into riches." *Money* editor Frank Lalli says, "Some of our competitors have a macho tone . . . they think of stock investing as a game you win or lose." Cramer and Lalli have had bad blood since they worked together at an L.A. newspaper in the seventies, and Lalli attacked Cramer's ethics after the *SmartMoney* imbroglio. Lalli now is faced with the ironic prospect of working for new Time Inc. boss Norman Pearlstine, the former *Wall Street Journal* editor who was the architect of *SmartMoney* and whose protégés also run *Worth* and the New York *Times* business section.

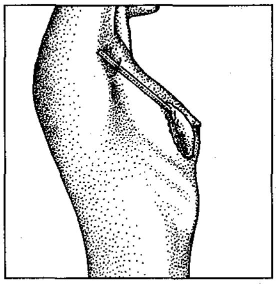
Some consider *Worth* an unfocused vanity publication for Fidelity, but I find myself atavistically rooting for it, because it's a real magazine. Whether by accident or design, *Worth* likes to think it doesn't patronize its readers or promise them jackpots. As *SmartMoney* focuses on hard-core practical advice, *Worth* retains long narrative features. Now, there's something magazines know how to do. And it doesn't make you feel like an addict. ▬

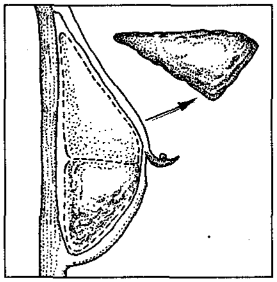
Gynecomastia.
Male Breast Reduction.

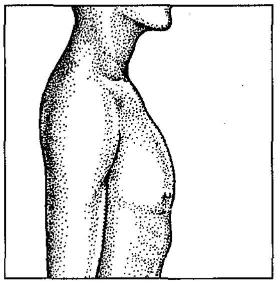
Gynecomastia refers to a condition where the male breast becomes enlarged. As many as one of three males are affected by this embarrassing problem. Gynecomastia develops from a variety of causes, but most often it is just an increase of fatty or glandular tissue due to a subtle imbalance of hormonal metabolism.

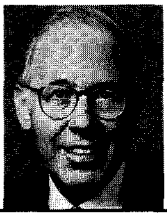
If this condition is a source of embarrassment for you, surgical correction is usually the treatment. Whether you have an accumulation of fatty tissue only, or if it's combined with glandular tissue, cosmetic surgery can give you excellent results. Many times restoring your confidence to participate in summer sports and activities.

If you have been considering cosmetic surgery, and would like more information, call me at (212) 832-0770 to schedule an appointment for a complimentary consultation.


For a man with an excess accumulation of fatty tissue in the breast area, only liposuction is needed. A special instrument is inserted through a small incision into the fat layer, suction is applied and the fat is removed.


A different procedure is used when glandular tissue causes the overdeveloped contour. The unnecessary tissue is removed in sections through a small one-inch incision around the nipple-areolar complex.


The results are excellent. The undesirable contour is removed, restoring the normal male breast shape.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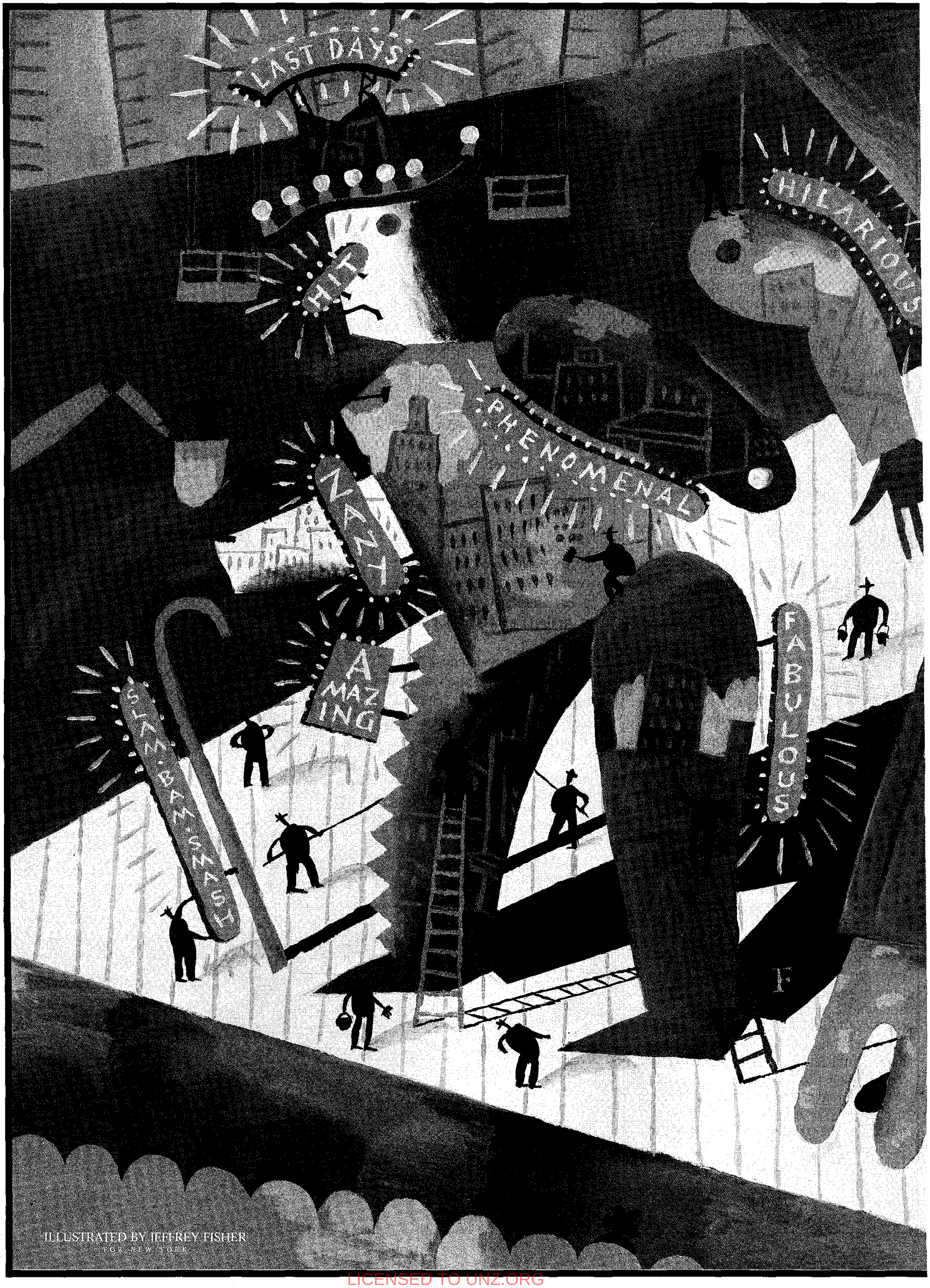
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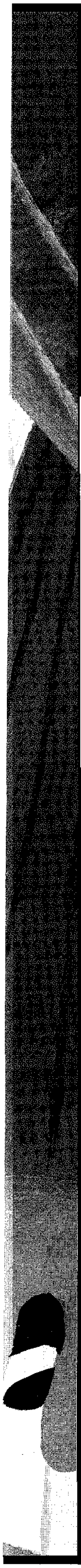


Re-Inventing Broadway

By Michael Goldstein

EVER SINCE THE ADVENT OF TALKING MOVIES IN THE TWENTIES, PUNDITS have fretted over Broadway's demise. The Great White Way is still around, continuing as it has for years—limping along, rarely prosperous, very occasionally brilliant, usually irrelevant. Broadway right now looks like a dinosaur. That doesn't mean that *the theater* is doomed, however.

That's because if theater as a whole is analogized to TV, Broadway is CBS, a fading, once-grand entity that, instead of figuring out how to evolve (like MTV or CNN or Fox, say), actually *compounds*

Hey!!!
Unbelievably Extravagant Spectacle
INSANE
WILD
SMASH
KNOCK OUT
CRAZY
BROADWAY
OFF BROADWAY
nice play

the institutional decline of network TV with its own particular blunders. If Broadway is CBS, Off and Off–Off Broadway and regional theater are, in that analogy, the 500-channel TV universe. "Anyone who sticks a thermometer in the mouth of Broadway to take the temperature of theater in America is insane," says producer Michael David (*Tommy, Guys and Dolls*). Barry Grove, managing director of the Off Broadway Manhattan Theatre Club, agrees. "From our perspective, we have a larger subscription than ever before and sell more single tickets than ever before," Grove observes. "I would reject the thesis of needing to 'fix' the theater."

But in fact, Off Broadway isn't producing much that's aggressively new, either. Rather, its present gain is only Broadway's loss: Neil Simon and David Mamet can't fill the 1,000-seat theaters in midtown anymore, so they must settle for 400-seaters elsewhere. A domino effect, consequently, comes into play. Big Off Broadway houses are occupied by the commercial A-list; that means the next tier of writers, like Sam Shepard, moves to the nonprofit theaters. In turn, the nonprofits have fewer resources to devote to new voices. The final domino—the unknown playwright, the would-be Eugene O'Neill or Tennessee Williams or Edward Albee—may never be seen. In other words, despite the protests of ivory-tower Brecht lovers, the fates of the American theater and of Broadway are inseparable, so Broadway's lethargy should worry everyone.

Next week's Tony awards close out what's been a typical late-twentieth-century theater season, at least onstage. A star vehicle opens, a Sondheim musical closes, Lincoln Center imports the latest upmarket hit, and the Tony committee scrambles for enough shows to pass off as "new." For example, contenders for Best Play include an imported British production of a 57-year-old French script (*Indiscretions*) and a Cliffs Notes–esque adaptation of a best-selling memoir (*Having Our Say*). And, as was the case last year, somehow the new musical cupboard is even more bare, with only *Sunset Boulevard* and *Smokey Joe's Cafe*.

Offstage, however, this season was weird. Events that at first looked like economic breakthroughs quickly betrayed their promise. Broadway producers who plotted to bust the powerful, fat-cat stagehands' union during this coming summer's contract negotiations now seem to be retreating. Sondheim and playwright Arthur Laurents hatched an ambitious secret effort to bring the various Broadway factions to the bargaining table and shame them into cutting costs, but after the first such roundtable, at least, the plan seems akin to the doomed White House efforts to end the baseball strike. Finally, *Love! Valour! Compassion!* was hailed as the first financially successful play produced under the auspices of the Broadway Alliance, the group behind a five-year-old plan whereby unions accept cuts in wages or staffing quotas, and landlords waive rent until a producer's investment is recouped, in order to minimize start-up costs and reduce ticket prices for small plays. That production, however, was a transfer of Off Broadway's hottest ticket, so its success is an anomaly. This season's other Alliance play, *My Thing of Love,* closed to withering reviews after just 27 performances.

Many of Broadway's problems are sociological, too large for the theater to confront as a business institution: the departure of thousands of suburban Jews, who have traditionally been among Broadway's biggest audience constituencies, for destinations Floridian; AIDS's devastation of the theater community; pathological nostalgia mania in all the arts. And let's face it: Baby-boomers, the bulk of the available audience, grew up on TV and movies. They're cheaper. They're more convenient. They accommodate foodstuffs beyond hard candies and warm orange drink. And they're often, well, *better.*

But other Broadway problems are the result of abysmal industry leadership: spiraling production costs, lousy customer service, box-office corruption, and pathetically low levels of investment in audience development and industry promotion. Understand:

Broadway showmen do not get along. If they cooperated, these problems would not be insuperable. Broadway theaters will never house what some academics and intellectuals want. But the institution can be revitalized to once again generate its traditional mix of shows: mostly pure entertainment, occasionally art. If Broadway can learn some lessons from other industries—like pro basketball and steel, which confronted similar ailments—it can, experts argue, stop the steady bleeding. "Theater isn't dying," says Nancy Coyne, a partner in Serino, Coyne, Broadway's leading ad agency. "Theater is on a binge. It's not a fabulous invalid; it's a fabulous drunk, with self-perpetuated excesses. As soon as it hits bottom, that's when recovery begins."

So rather than doing any more *kvetching,* let's sketch a new beginning for Broadway. What follows is a twelve-step program of places to start, based on interviews with over twenty industry leaders.

WHEN IT COMES TO **controlling** COSTS, PRODUCERS HAVE BEEN COLLECTIVELY **passive**. IN UNION **negotiations,** THEY MAY TALK LIKE RUDY **Giuliani** BUT ARE MORE LIKELY TO ACT LIKE DAVID **Dinkins**.

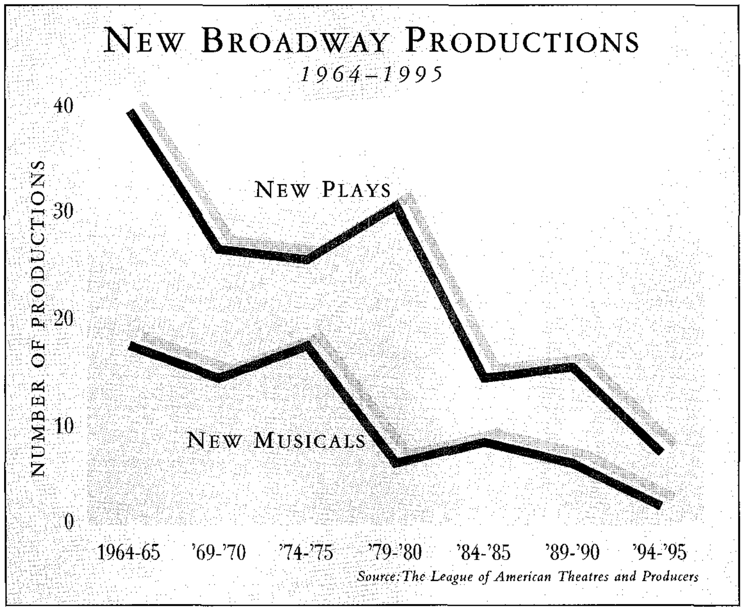
1. Admitting that Broadway has a problem that must be confronted.

2. *Finding a leader.* *Broadway needs a czar.*

No, not an artistic director—a commissioner. "What's wonderful about Broadway," says David, "is that it has a life of its own no matter what you or I or Frank Rich or anybody wants to do about it. Anything can happen if someone's fool enough to spend the money." Agreed. A managing director of sorts, however, could handle permanent institutional headaches with something approaching real authority. That person would need the cash, power, and prestige of a Warren Buffett, the cost-cutting instincts of a George Pataki, and the vision of a Bill Gates. Pro basketball, which has such a leader, is arguably becoming the national sport and eclipsing baseball, which does not.

But who could lead Broadway? A landlord? After all, theaters are permanent; shows are not. Their owners should pursue long-term interests. Yet the landlord-controlled League of American Theatres and Producers has capitulated time and again to the unions and has done shockingly little to promote its product. Its marketing director, Susan Lee, is widely respected, but her budget is puny compared with those of other industries' promotional groups. (One prominent producer says, "She ought to be dead right now from beating her head against the wall for so long.")

To quote—God help us—Ross Perot: "I come from an environment where, if you see a snake, you kill it. At GM [General Motors], if you see a snake, the first thing you do is go hire a consultant on snakes. Then you get a committee on snakes, and then you discuss it for a couple of years." Some of Broadway's landlords would feel at home at the GM Perot derides.


NEW BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS
1964–1995

Source: The League of American Theatres and Producers

To be fair, from the landlords' perspective, things aren't so bad. By virtue of the handful of *Sunset*-size musicals, their theaters operate in the black. So who needs the pocket change smaller shows provide? One producer laments, "The greed has reached eighties proportions. The theaters now charge you for the use of the loading dock. Excuse me? How do I get the set in? They used to share expenses, ad costs, and the like. Now they give you four walls and a roll of toilet paper."

If a landlord will not lead, then will a producer? The frequently heard argument that "there are no producers" is a canard; Ziegfeld himself could not have flourished in today's economic environment. Still, when it comes to controlling costs, producers have been collectively passive. Recently, however, a loose-knit alliance of top producers, including Andrew Lloyd Webber's Really Useful Group and Cameron Mackintosh Inc., has formed. In the past few months, this coalition wrested some labor-management-negotiating authority away from the landlords. But it may be instructive to recall that a similar movement, the Producers Group, began in the mid-eighties and faded in just a couple of years, with little accomplishment. In addition, when it comes to union negotiations, the producers may talk like Rudy Giuliani but are more likely to act like David Dinkins. Last year, during contract talks with musicians, the new band of producers threatened to stop featherbedding once and for all. Their tough talk was about as effective as Clinton's promise to "end welfare as we know it."

THE FOLLOWING FOUR STEPS ADDRESS A POINT THAT MAY BE HARD TO swallow: Broadway's problem is *not* high ticket prices. The truth is that while Broadway ticket prices have risen relatively slowly, production costs have ballooned, Medicare-like, and must be tamed. (See "Production vs. Ticket Costs.")

Would cheaper tickets help fix Broadway? In other words, if costs could be cut by, say, 25 percent, should prices be cut by 25 percent? Or would those savings be better used either to encourage producers to take more risks or to promote the industry?

There's no easy answer; price sensitivity is tough to measure, and would affect various shows differently. But intuition and anecdotal evidence suggest that cheaper tickets won't help much. Who would come to *Show Boat* for $55 who doesn't come now for $75? Not the expense-accounters. Not the well-to-do suburban women and the husbands they drag with them. Not the tourists who choose to visit New York precisely because of Broadway.

What's that I hear—the sound of the "cheap ticket" lobbyists cranking up their word processors for angry letters? They point to *Les Misérables, Miss Saigon,* and *Tommy,* which just had "successful" winter sales. These half-price tickets were snapped up immediately. Economists know, however, that such discounting is tricky. The airlines have learned this lesson the hard way: A succession of fare wars created expectations in some customers, conditioning them to wait for sales and avoid tickets at the regular price. If more of Broadway offered easily accessible advance-purchase tickets at half price, the perverse effect might be to turn some full-price customers into discount ones.

Furthermore, it's not as if *Les Miz* discounted right out of the gate; millions had seen it before this "sale." True price sensitivity would be reflected by a show that couldn't sell $65 seats but prospered when tickets were dropped to $40. That's never happened.

"THEATER **owners** AREN'T EVEN AS **supportive** AS STUDIO HEADS," SAYS FRED ZOLLO. "LAST YEAR I HAD A PLAY BY DAVID **Mamet.** *DAVID MAMET.* THE **Shuberts** SAID, 'WE'RE NOT INTERESTED. WE **don't** THINK IT'S THAT **good.**' "

Broadway's pricing is a serious image problem, where many reporters reduce a complex problem (Broadway's decline) to a simple one (ticket prices). Cost-cutting is needed, not to lower prices but to make new productions more economically attractive to producers and investors.

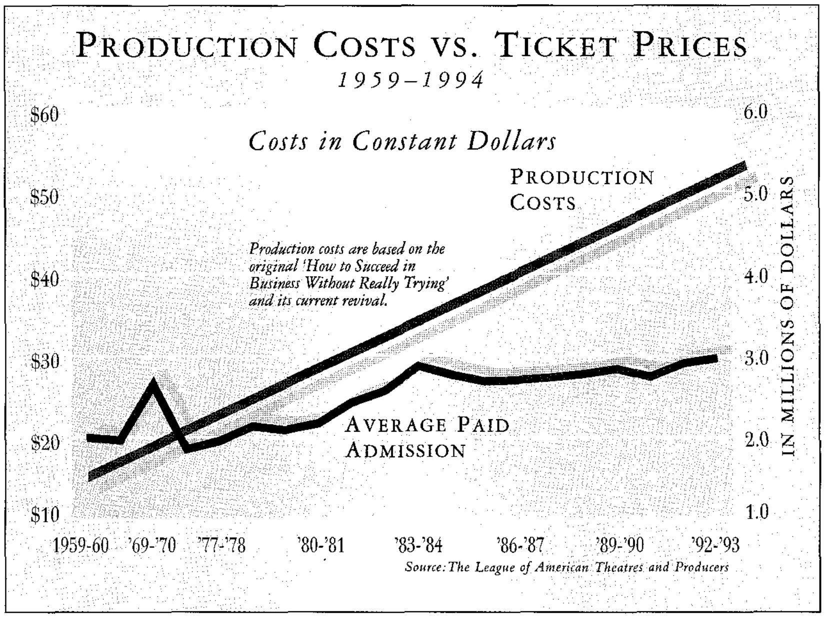
3. *Taking on the* Times. The *Times* charges more for Broadway ads than for those of any other industry. It's worth repeating: Ads for movies or books or Wall Street securities or resorts or underwear or computers or jewelry or grocery stores all cost less than ads for Broadway. There is an exception: Ads for medicines and alcoholic beverages are even more expensive—presumably some sort of *Times*ian sin tax.

The *Times* can absorb up to three quarters of a typical show's print-advertising budget. It can jack up theater rates virtually as high as it wants, and the explanation is quite simple: Regular theatergoers read the *Times*. (That also accounts for its critics' power.) What's worse is that, despite free daily listings for radio and TV, the stage theater directory ("ABCs") is the only listings section for which the *Times* charges. These teeny listings alone can cost a producer close to $4,000 a week. Meanwhile, *Times* writers constantly carp about ticket prices. Indeed, an editorial this spring actually cited "high advertising costs" as a contributing factor; meanwhile, the paper's business office continues to gouge Broadway producers. Hypocrisy? Just asking.

It's hard to blame the *Times*, though. It's just taking business advantage of the industry's failure to address the narrowing audience. The old adage was "Atkinson [the *Times* critic] fills your orchestra, while Chapman [of the *Daily News*] fills your balcony." Those days are long gone.

The League could pressure the *Times* for better rates. Not through a boycott: That would violate restraint-of-trade statutes. Instead, the producers might unite to pursue other media outlets, indirectly reducing their dependence on the paper. (*Newsday* tried to lure new theater-ad dollars a few years ago, with little success.) Or perhaps a deal could be struck whereby the *Times* could cut rates with the provision that producers would pool the savings to buy *Times* ads promoting theatergoing.

4. *Just saying no to designers.* Critics whine about the "Disneyization" of Broadway, that it's been "reduced" to smoke machines, falling chandeliers, and grand staircases. These purists miss the issue. Broadway has reached the point where its comedies are second-rate sitcoms, its dramas are After School Specials, and its music is locked in the forties and fifties. People want special effects because that's the only thing Broadway does well.


PRODUCTION COSTS VS. TICKET PRICES

1959–1994

Costs in Constant Dollars

Production costs are based on the original 'How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying' and its current revival.

Source: The League of American Theatres and Producers

Broadway has always been about glitz, so that's not the problem per se. The problem is that although not every musical calls for such expensive sets (most plays certainly don't), many producers are intimidated by their set designers into buying lavishness for its own sake. One need look no further than Fran and Barry Weissler, Broadway's top producers of revivals, who, braving the disdain of rival producers, have staged several successful shows with bare-bones sets, including the Rosie O'Donnell–Brooke Shields *Grease!* and the Richard Chamberlain *My Fair Lady.* The Weisslers understand that stars, songs, story, and staging are the core of their product. If they deemphasize trimmings—sets, lights, costumes—they save money and still sell seats.

On the flip side is *Angels in America,* the most celebrated serious play of the past twenty years. It lost $600,000 in its Broadway run, which became Exhibit A for pundits predicting Broadway's demise.

But *Angels* had an elaborate set it didn't need. Before *Perestroika* (Part Two of *Angels*) debuted on Broadway, it was done as an NYU graduate-student production. I saw it. It was remarkable. Okay, so the angel didn't descend from the heavens. She stood on a ladder. So what? If there was ever a play that could stand on its own literary merits without elaborate physical gadgetry, this was it.

5. *Busting unions.* "Blame the union." It's the rallying cry for all would-be industry reformers. Though Upton Sinclair would have had a field day with the Broadway of yesteryear, today's unions have turned the tables. They exploit their bosses. Actors, stagehands, and musicians account for most of the fixed labor costs. But not all three unions are created equal.

Actors' Equity Association is the most reasonable of these, though that's not saying much. The stagehands' and musicians' unions are the real problem. Unlike Equity, these unions are essentially closed—friends or Uncle Bob get you in. From their perspective, Broadway still creates enough jobs, especially since violinists moonlight quite lucratively playing operas or parties, and carpenters work daytime and late-night TV shows. Both unions have blocked any meaningful changes to their sweet deals, which include great benefits, base salaries around $1,000 a week for far less than 40 hours' work, and crazy work rules that allow members to earn much more.

Minimums is Broadway slang for that most common of union practices, featherbedding. Each musical must hire a minimum number of musicians—usually around two dozen, depending on the theater. This prevents producers from using small bands, let alone synthesizers and recordings to replace live musicians. What's the profound difference in sound

quality between today's orchestras, which are typically miked and tucked beneath the stage, and tapes? Unionists and purists argue that audiences *demand* large, live orchestras. If that's true, eliminate minimums and let the market decide. If the purists are right, producers would keep fat orchestras as a business necessity. If not, the $40,000-a-week savings would go a long way toward making Broadway production more affordable.

The stagehands, meanwhile, operate under regulations even more inane. Take the curtain man, for example. That's his job. He raises and lowers the curtain.

Last season, the set for Brian Friel's *Wonderful Tennessee* cost $100,000 to load into the theater. Must have been big, right? After all, real houses that people actually live in are built for that much. So what was this giant set? A wall. No wonder many stagehands earn six figures. No wonder Glenn Close is engaged to the carpenter on *Sunset Boulevard*.

The stagehands' and musicians' unions today are similar to the steel unions of the seventies. A steel-industry analyst who insisted on anonymity (his firm advises the unions) explains, "Steel unions are powerful because the plant costs $500 million. So it's not like management can pack up and go anywhere." Neither can Broadway. "For decades, the steel industry, an oligopoly [like the theater owners], caved in to the unions and simply raised prices to pay for them [as has Broadway].

"Then the eighties came," he continues. "There were technological breakthroughs allowing for the creation of mini-mills and cheap Japanese steel [a very loose equivalent, perhaps, of Off Broadway and/or movies]. But the unions wouldn't budge; they couldn't see that the cost structure had changed."

The stagehands' and musicians' agreements should be scrapped; the new contracts would pay these guys to log in shirk-free 40-hour weeks, without irrational work rules or prohibitions on automation. Is such union-busting feasible? Quite possibly. Some producers predict actors will realize their interests diverge from stagehands' and cross picket lines—Equity president Ron Silver is a tough-minded Giuliani supporter, after all. And there's no shortage of technically skilled scabs ready to work hard for $1,000 a week. The stagehands' agreement expires on July 31. A tough stand by management would almost certainly provoke a strike, a short-term nightmare but a long-term good. Will it cave in yet again?

6. *Securing tax breaks for new shows.* No entertainment business can survive without new product. CBS Records, for example, learned this at some cost. In 1987, it was the industry king. The problem, though, was that CBS was minting money with two giant stars, Bruce Springsteen and Michael Jackson: old acts. Meanwhile, its main rival, Warner Records, had been busy launching new acts like Anita Baker and Madonna.

By 1989, the chickens had come home to roost: Warner had rocketed to a 40 percent market share, and CBS was down to 16 percent. Again, the analogy between Broadway and CBS (in 1987) holds: Where Springsteen and Jackson gave music executives a false sense of security, Rodgers and Hammerstein satisfies today's Broadway landlords while the guts behind the expensive façade slowly disintegrate.

"Theater owners aren't even as supportive as studio heads," says Fred Zollo, a Hollywood and Broadway producer whose last credits are *Quiz Show* and *Angels in America*. "Castle Rock is supportive. They back our new ventures with huge amounts of cash. They hope they'll get a motion picture, but there are no guarantees. They may invest millions and get nothing. On the other hand, last year I had a play by David Mamet. *David Mamet.* The Shuberts said, 'We're not interested. We don't think it's that good.' "

This sort of talk drives Gerald Schoenfeld, chairman of the Shubert Organization, crazy: "They want us to take risks. What about

Passion, The Grapes of Wrath, Safe Sex, Nicholas Nickleby?" Certainly, however, Schoenfeld and other landlords might take more risks with a real-estate-tax break—a temporary abatement, though, granted only when their theaters were occupied by new shows, not revivals.

7. *Opening the Tony awards to Off Broadway.* The Tony awards are Broadway's longest-running black comedy. Every show that opens is virtually guaranteed a nomination for Best Something-or-Other. This year, the Tony committee took the pathetic state of the awards a step further: They changed the rule requiring at least two entrants in every category. Now, as in the old Soviet elections, *Sunset Boulevard* will "compete" against No One to win Best Book and Best Score.

Meanwhile, many of the best plays are Off Broadway. Yet they are ineligible, despite years of editorials in the New York press arguing for their inclusion. The Broadway establishment contends that Off Broadway competition is "unfair"—that for some reason, an actor earning $500 a week playing to an audience of a few hundred people shouldn't compete against one earning $1,000 playing to an audience of a few hundred more. The real motivation, of course, is to hog the media exposure and maintain a weak field.

This year, the League did propose one lame "special" Off Broadway award, retaining the rule that only Broadway shows could compete in the regular categories. The Off Broadway producers rejected the proposal. Though the official spin was that the small theaters couldn't accommodate all those comp-ticketed Tony voters, the truth is that producers feared that the unions would use the awards as an excuse to expand their presence Off Broadway.

If the Tonys included Off Broadway, this year's contenders would include Vanessa Redgrave, Ed Harris, Beverly D'Angelo, Christopher Walken, Tony Kushner, Neil Simon, David Mamet, Linda Lavin, Woody Allen, A. R. Gurney, Kenneth Branagh, and Stockard Channing.

It's **worth** repeating: New York **Times** ads for movies or **books** or Wall Street securities or resorts or **underwear** or computers or **jewelry** or grocery stores all **cost** less than ads for **Broadway**.

The only hope is CBS—them again!—which broadcasts the Tonys. It could easily require Off Broadway's inclusion, boosting the show's cachet and potentially its ratings, and doing a mitzvah in the process. Maybe Connie Chung could interview David Mamet's mother. Surely *he's* called Hillary all sorts of names.

8. *Introducing the virtual box office.* Buying Broadway seats can be a grotesque hassle: surly service, monster service charges, confusion about seat locations.

TicketMaster forces exclusive arrangements with its venues, but it's being investigated for antitrust abuse. A successful prosecution could free up Broadway theaters to use an automated system like MovieFone, the 777-FILM people. If popular, an automated service would pressure TeleCharge to follow suit. Scalping and box-office-clerk crankiness would be curtailed considerably. And MovieFone is profitable at just $1 per ticket.

It's also time for the half-price TKTS booth to hop on the info superhighway. How many people can stroll over to 47th Street, stand in line for 30 minutes, and get back to work in the middle of the afternoon? Producers rightly wonder about cutting into full-price sales, but the availability of discounted tickets (not on sale, for example, until 5 P.M.) and the size of the discount (perhaps 30 percent instead of 50 percent) could be adjusted as required.

9. *Scalping one's own seats.* Broadway needs *higher* prices—for the choicest seats. It's one of the lessons that helped NBA revenues grow by 600 percent over the past ten years. Rick Welts, executive vice-president of the NBA, says, "There was a corporate market we weren't addressing. Somebody discovered that businesspeople were willing to overpay, to pay very premium prices, for what was, in their view, special treatment. We learned that in any entertainment business, you should be able to provide a disproportionate amount of revenue from the choice seats." Since that insight, NBA execs have reconstructed the playing facilities of 18 of the 27 teams, rebuilding venues to cash in on the price-insensitive slice of the market.

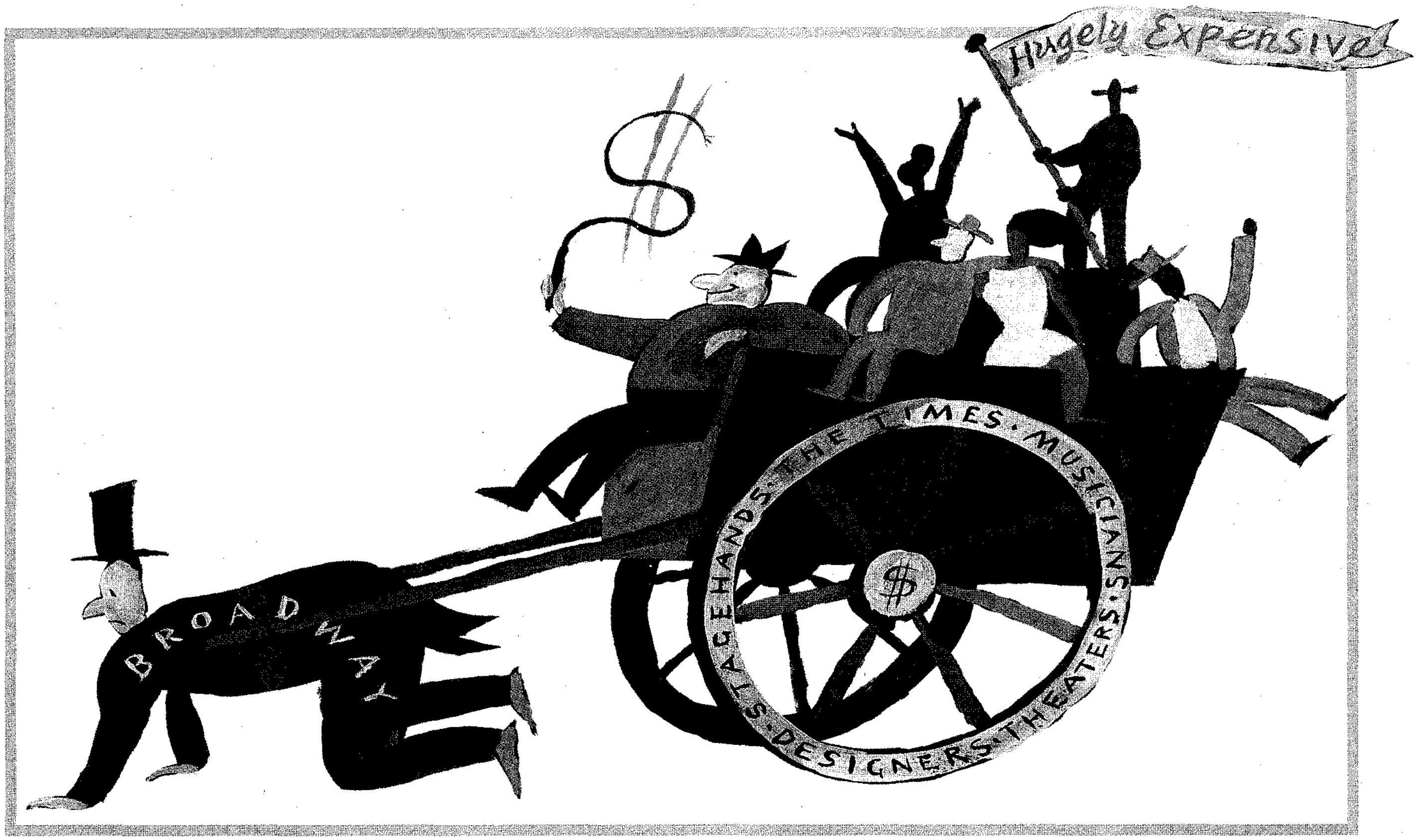
By contrast, Broadway offers nothing special for money-is-no-object customers. No separate entrance or parking. No special program or private bathroom. No members-only greenroom. Ask the NBA's Welts about it, and he muses, "Well, I saw *Tommy* and *Carousel.* I couldn't help but wonder about those boxes. Why couldn't they provide waiter service up there, or even champagne? I know they're not considered good seats. But still . . ." Not good seats? Who cares? Some people will sit in the damn parking lot as long as no one else is allowed. But even without new perks, great Broadway seats are still sold at a premium. The difference is that while NBA teams pocket huge sums for their best tickets, Broadway producers let the scalpers take that money. A so-so seat to see the Knicks or to see *Sunset Boulevard* costs around $70. But the best seat in Madison Square Garden, courtside, has a face value of $500. The very best seat for *Sunset* has a face value of $70.

Yet that *Sunset* ticket is scalped for $175 or so on a Saturday night. So why don't the landlords set aside, say, 40 great seats per night with every possible perk, at $300 a pop? The producers fear alienating their $70-ticket buyers, that's why. But anyone who sits two rows behind the big shots and saves $230 won't be complaining. It's important that these special seats be $300 and not, say, $100; the goal here is conspicuous consumption. This is New York.

10. *Creating profit-sharing plans.* As mentioned above, the Broadway Alliance is a terrific idea that doesn't go far enough. Broadway needs a true profit-sharing plan. Employee ownership has worked for companies as diverse as Avis and Polaroid by spreading risk and giving all involved a stake in the enterprise's ultimate success. On Broadway, you might start by cutting almost every expense in half: all cast and crew salaries, all administrative staff, all equipment rentals, all advertising costs, etc. The remaining half of each salary would be redeemed in equity. Take a play that, at regular, full wages, cost $100,000 a week and paid an actor $1,000. Under profit-sharing, he'd get one percent of the week's gross, up to the break-even point. So in a slow week of $70,000, the actor would receive just $700—though the play's expenses would be lowered proportionately, too, and thus the show wouldn't lose much money. During a profitable week, however, where the play grossed more than $100,000, the employees would share the surplus 50-50 with the investors. So if the play grossed $140,000, the actor would get his $1,000 plus a dividend of $200.

This plan would *not* attract any show with blockbuster potential; there's no way Andrew Lloyd Webber, for example, would want to share the upside of his next project with the, uh, little people. But a producer with a marginal show could use a profit-sharing plan to get an otherwise stalled project off the ground.

11. *Serving up McTheater.* An industry without substantial audience development can't reverse the neglect in a few months. Sure, many theater pros concede a need to lure the literate, yuppie entertainment-consuming non-theatergoers of today. But how? Some pundits propose creating new product by commissioning new, "socially relevant" plays. Others believe in a pure repackag-


Hugely Expensive
BROADWAY
STAGEHANDS · THE TIMES · MUSICIANS · THEATERS · DESIGNERS ·
$

ing effort to make younger consumers buy the same old product.

Neither strategy will work. Commissioned plays are too often lousy, produced without the literary Darwinism of script-vs.-script competition. The problem with sending a younger audience to see what's on Broadway is the shows themselves. The trick is to take the few indigenously created contemporary plays (usually from Off Broadway) dealing with edgier, baby-boom- and Generation X–oriented subject matter—Howard Korder's *The Lights,* Eric Bogosian's *subUrbia*—and make them more widely available.

One answer is a national chain of theaters offering $10 plays. Nothing new need be constructed. After a play is produced in New York, it's typically licensed to theaters nationwide. What if some of those regional theaters agreed to select exactly one play per year to be simultaneously licensed by each member theater across the nation? On October 1, for example, Bogosian's play might be staged from Seattle to Chapel Hill.

Exposure is essential. None of the glossy national magazines are much interested in theater. Theater is the only kind of entertainment that *Entertainment Weekly* almost never reports on; when *Time*'s theater critic died last year, he was not replaced by a full-timer. Same with CNN, MTV, *Entertainment Tonight.* A national chain would gain such exposure, not only informing the public about a play but validating it in the contemporary mass-pop sense. The $10 price is crucial. That's the great thing about a movie: If it stinks, no (well, few) hard feelings. The price is feasible, too. There's no shortage of actors who'll work cheap in order to do what they love, and maybe even improve at it. Lots of $10 or $12 plays pop up in New York for a few weeks, but nobody knows about them. Perhaps some megafoundation can stop throwing away money on yet another nonprofit theater "dedicated to new American plays." How about a new American audience first? The playwrights will follow.

The theatre is dying,
The theatre is dying,
The theatre is practically dead!
The ones who are backing it
Take a shellacking,
And never get out of the red.

"INTERMISSION TALK," FROM *ME AND JULIET,* BY RICHARD RODGERS AND OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II (1953)

12. ***Bringing in new music.*** Forty years ago, Frank Loesser's songs were pop music. But guess what the last No. 1 Broadway-cast album was? *A Chorus Line*? *Fiddler on the Roof*? It was 1964's *Hello, Dolly!* Which was, symbolically enough, supplanted on the *Billboard* charts by *A Hard Day's Night.* Musical theater today is everywhere but Broadway. Quentin Tarantino's films, Snoop Doggy Dogg's *Murder Was the Case,* and Alice Cooper's *Last Temptation* all use songs to tell stories.

It will be hard to get interesting modern pop onto Broadway stages. All the landlords and most of the producers hate it. Most of the critics hate it. The die-hard Gershwin devotees hate it. Your mother, Broadway's best customer, hates it.

Tommy only proves the point. By all rights, it should be a runaway hit. *Tommy* has a proven (26-year-old) score, top producers, a stellar creative team, even hot special effects. The producers tried to attract both older, Hammerstein-loving core theatergoers and the younger, larger group of rock fans. But an entire new customer base can't be built on a single show's ad budget. *Tommy,* which got all the breaks, wasn't the big success everyone expected. (Last week, a notice was posted saying that the production would leave Broadway in September for a London tour.) If it can't work, what can?

Bringing rock to Broadway will take producers with vision and persistence, chasing the likes of Lou Reed and Elvis Costello—even the Artist Formerly Known As Prince. (The Joffrey Ballet's 1993 *Billboards,* performed to his music, was a smash success. Also on deck is Paul Simon's *The Capeman,* based on a true story about the 1959 slaying of two teenagers in Hell's Kitchen and scheduled to open on Broadway in the fall of 1996.) Theme albums could be the key: Rockers have to record anyway, and could write songs around a story line.They'd have a chance for additional royalties and exposure, with few drawbacks. If even one of these albums turned into a success, the record companies would flock to create their own. With all of these media giants' investment capital and cross-promotional access, Broadway would finally tap that huge audience that doesn't want Sondheim. At last, Broadway could join the nineties.

Or at least the sixties. ■

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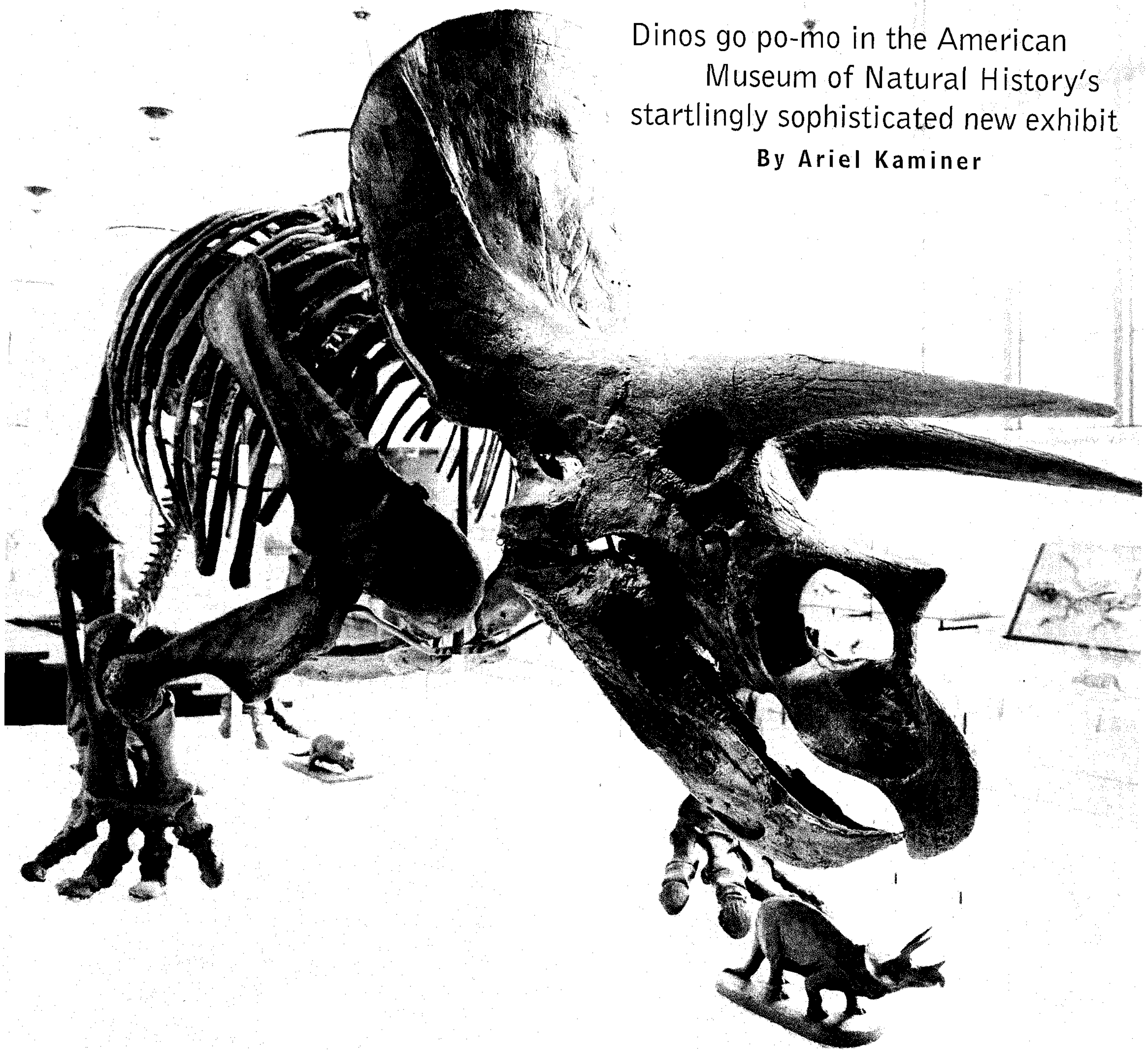
The LIZARD KINGS

Dinos go po-mo in the American Museum of Natural History's startlingly sophisticated new exhibit

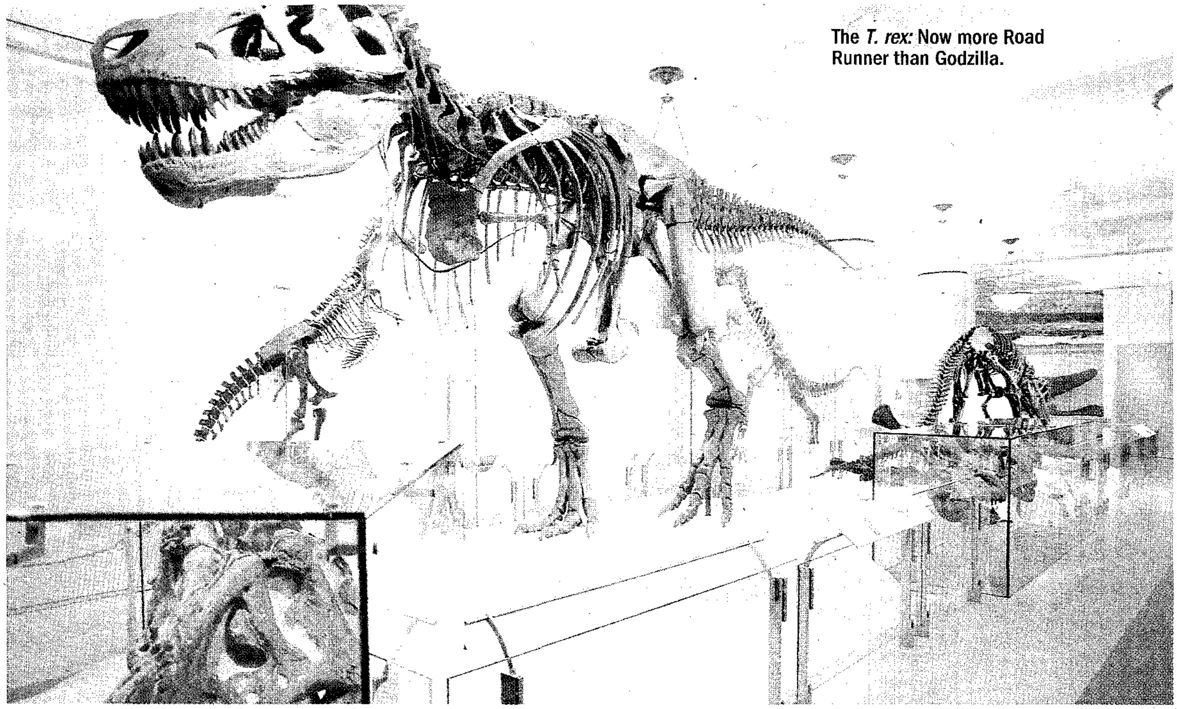
By Ariel Kaminer



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MUNDY
FOR NEW YORK

Striking a fashionable pose: *Triceratops horridus* (left), *Tyrannosaurus rex* (right).

TO EVERYBODY WHO HAS MADE THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE AMERICAN Museum of Natural History, and to lots more who haven't, its dinosaur halls are so deeply embedded in this city's cultural patrimony, they seem almost mythical. The endless dark rooms, the musty, stark displays, the otherworldly, looming skeletons—all these have become such a comfortingly eternal presence that it's hard to distinguish their prewar style from their prehistoric content. So when the museum announced in 1989 that the dinosaur halls would close, then open again in a different form, the news



The *T. rex:* Now more Road Runner than Godzilla.

ANYBODY OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE paid full price to 'Jurassic Park' will be bowled over by how much has changed.

struck devotees—scholars, *Flintstones* fans, hobbyists, even third-grade field-trip aspirants—as a catastrophe almost as big as whatever killed the beasts in the first place.

In 1991, sensing the delicacy of the situation, the museum installed one baby and two adult skeletons in its main rotunda, hoping against hope that these would be a sufficient fix for the dinosaur jones. Then, a year later, the museum's staff, along with Ralph Appelbaum Associates, the high-profile design firm responsible for the main exhibit at the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington and much of the Ellis Island Immigration Museum, began a thorough overhaul of the museum's six fossil halls.

When they're completed, these will tell the complete story of vertebrate evolution; for now, they've been opening two by two, in reverse evolutionary order. Last year, "Mammals and Their Extinct Relatives" debuted to much acclaim, and next year comes "Vertebrate Origins." But for "Saurischian and Ornithischian Dinosaurs," the wait ends next Friday, June 2.

Anybody old enough to have paid full price to *Jurassic Park* will be bowled over by how much has changed. Right off the bat, the rooms are unrecognizable: The windows are huge, providing panoramic views of Manhattan as well as lots of light, and the claustrophobia-inducing dropped ceilings are gone, in favor of the original vaults. The old wood-and-glass display cabinets have been replaced, too, by sleek, minimalist glass cases, their pale-green tint echoing light-green highlights in the terrazzo floor. "We tried to achieve the overall elegance of the original structure while minimizing the distance between viewer and display," says Ralph Appelbaum. That's quite a radical change for so staid a museum, which had always maintained that distance at just about the one that separates lowly supplicants from holy relics.

Of course, the relics remain: The museum's fossil collection is the largest in the world, and the 5 percent actually on display includes some of the rarest dinosaur fossils ever found—a mummy with petrified skin, a cannibal with a fellow creature's bones in its belly, the only known *Velociraptor* skull. But this is an exhibit as much about the evolution of science as about the evolution of dinosaurs, and at every turn, it encourages viewers to think about the monsters the way researchers do—as a mystery to be solved, a maze to be negotiated.

The standard approach to learning about dinosaurs has long been the "walk through time": Start at some early point in the history of life, and see what species appeared era by era. But evolutionary theorists no longer think of change in terms of a steady linear progression; they view it as something that occurs in fits and starts, linking species across large spans of time. The new halls literally follow that crooked pathway: A wide black stripe with a stainless-steel spine embedded in the floor (it looks, at first, like ornamentation) not only guides visitors through the exhibit, it also embodies the trunk of the dinosaur family tree. Visitors navigating the various displays trace the uneven and divergent course of dinosaur history as scientists envision it.

That's a high intellectual return on so low-grade an investment as a stylish line in the floor. As Appelbaum explains, this organizing device "places visitors inside the exhibition's interpretive structure . . . by turning the public circulation space into the main intellectual and physical structuring device for the entire exhibit."

"It's a window into the scientific process," says Lowell Dingus, the paleontologist in charge of the renovation, a little more simply. "A lot of mysteries remain." That idea—that science is made, not born, that most "discoveries" are really just steps in an ongoing debate—is sometimes conveyed through the use of explicit disclaimers that the curators call "surgeon general's" warnings: sidebars posted on display cases bearing such caveats as "We cannot be sure how *Pachycephalosaurs* used their skull caps, because theories about the behavior of extinct animals cannot be tested." More often, however, the sense that none of this is gospel comes across through the sheer volume of information, available in a dizzying array of media, that is crammed into these halls.

Everywhere you turn, there's text to read, maps to interpret, time lines to scan, riddles to solve, videos to watch, even real fossils to rub. In a bit of Hollywood-style robotics, the jaws of two huge mechanically animated skulls chew in tandem; only when the ends of their snouts swing away do you see that, in fact, one chews by slicing, the other by crushing. And that difference turns out to have been surprisingly important for the way those two groups evolved. "It's our way of trying to give the public an insight as to how scientists' minds work, how they develop hypotheses," says Appelbaum.

Appelbaum et al. cleverly diffract this insight along a broad spectrum of sophistication. At the least technical end are flippable signs mounted at knee level (eye level for their intended readers) with simply worded answers to such perennial questions as "Were dinosaurs dumb?" (Rough answer: They lived a long time, didn't they?) On the other end of the spectrum are a dozen interactive CD-ROM installations with short video interviews of curators discussing nearby displays.

It can be a bit much to absorb, but then, the exhibit has a lot to catch up with—all the vast changes that have occurred since the first time these big beasts were laid out, which is to say, 1902. Anyone who thinks *cutting-edge paleontology* is a contradiction in terms is in for a surprise, because just about everything you ever learned about the evolution of dinosaurs is so hopelessly old-school that any of the packs of dino-crazed preadolescents who clog up the museum's hallways would laugh you out the door if they heard you spouting it.

Paleontology's most important advance in recent years is a new methodology called cladistics, which was largely developed by the museum's own scientists. Cladistics focuses on physical similarities among species rather than on simple chronological progression. The unlikely physical characteristic common to all dinosaurs is the hole in their hip socket that allowed them to walk upright. That trait forms the trunk of the family tree, the one that's represented by the stripe on the gallery floor. The tree then branches out with the appearance of successive physical "innovations"—the jaws that clench, the claws that snatch—and the first two branches correspond to the two halves of this exhibit (the rather birdlike saurischian dinosaurs, which are defined by the shape of their hands, and the more classically reptilian ornithischian dinosaurs, whose pubis bones tilted backward). Under this scheme, species are said to be closely related when they share a lot of physical characteristics, no matter how many years may have separated the animals' presence on the earth. And this allows scientists to answer questions for which the fossil record is of no use—what the animals ate, how they behaved—by making comparisons with animals that are either better studied or still alive.

Being able to do this allows paleontologists to overturn many of the discipline's longest-held tenets. Surely the biggest shock of all will be the news that dinosaurs never actually died out. Cladistic analysis has led scientists to believe that birds—regular old pigeons and parrots—are actually the sole living members of the once-diverse array of creatures. To be specific, they're maniraptors, a small and speedy kind of theropod (the group that includes such familiar names as *Tyrannosaurus rex* and *Allosaurus*). There's nothing new about the idea that birds and dinosaurs are kin, but the prevailing wisdom had long held that dinosaurs ended where feathers began. Cladistic analysis, by contrast, views feathers as an evolutionary innovation that's found in one group of dinosaurs—coincidentally, the only group that survived.

As news from naturalists goes, that's a banner headline, and it's had a big effect on the behemoth skeletons that remain the centerpiece of these new halls. The most visible change is that many of the skeletons have been remounted and reconfigured in distinctly avian poses. The change is most obvious in the mighty *T. rex*. Having undergone a major overhaul (the entire year and dozens of workers required to reassemble the thing are captured in a two-minute-long time-lapse video, also on display), he no longer towers above the gallery in that famously Godzillan pose of arrogant dominance. He now hunkers close to the ground, his spine—from head to tail—parallel to the floor. With one foot just about to lift off the floor, he's stalking and poised to strike. As you walk into the gallery, it's not hard to believe that you're the unlucky morsel caught in his crosshairs. The effect is slightly unnerving.

The *Brontosaurus*, too, has come under serious revision since 1905, when it was one of the first complete dinosaur skeletons ever put on display. First off, it now answers to the name *Apatosaurus*, ending a lingering confusion about this twice-named species. Along the way, it's picked up several additional neckbones, a more fitting skull, and twenty extra feet of tail.

The rotunda's *Barosaurs* also got new, cool poses; one of them rears up high on its hind legs, climbing skyward in a seemingly endless column of vertebrae. The museum has taken some flak for that display, which critics felt was too showy and dramatic for an institution of higher scientific inquiry. But as Steven Allison, a historian of science whose specialty is natural-history museums, observes, "All along in these exhibits, there's been a combination of esoteric, sober, focused science and more dramatic, speculative kinds of imaginings about how the animals might have behaved [and] how to bring the past to life." (The museum's first director of paleontology—Henry Fairfield Osborn, who went on to run the place—felt the display should be as dramatic as possible, in order to remind patrician viewers to keep their bloodlines strong lest they meet the same fate that befell these onetime rulers of the world.)

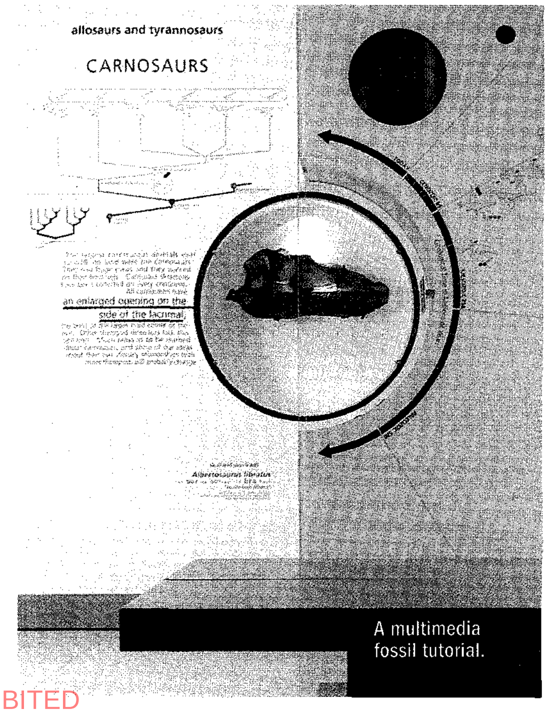
Given all the ferocious poses, as well as all the high-tech animation, it will be hard for these installations to avoid comparison with the ever-proliferating commercial representations of dinosaurs. Indeed, with all the box office that they've generated recently, here in the Late *Barney* Age, when one of the most popular museum exhibits in the entire world is the traveling show "The Dinosaurs of *Jurassic Park*," it's easy to think of the craze for dinosaurs as yet another instant marketing phenomenon. In fact, however, they've been pop stars since they were first displayed in an 1854 exposition at London's Crystal Palace. And later, when the museum's own Roy Chapman Andrews found a nest of dinosaur eggs, it was considered a matter of such general jubilation that New York welcomed him with a ticker-tape parade.

And for nearly as long as they've dominated the collective imagination, dinosaurs have also been the earliest brush that many people get with science. That means that the way the subject is presented is likely to have a big effect on the way kids learn to think about the natural world in general. With scientific issues from biodiversity to pollution control to genetics to epidemiology occupying an increasingly large portion of today's policy debates, that education takes on some pretty daunting and urgent dimensions.

Of course, it remains to be seen whether an afternoon's encounter with these concepts is enough to convey a sense of the new thinking about dinosaurs, or whether it will all just seem like lots of new bits of interesting, disparate information. But everyone involved seems appropriately humbled by the prospect—by the vertiginous slide from merely putting together an exhibit for a museum to establishing whole new structures of understanding by which to conceive the workings of science and history. And despite the measures taken to allow for subsequent revision (the displays' computer software is easily reprogrammed, and the text panels were built with detachable segments to allow for changes), projects of this scale take on an undeniable sense of permanence—the old one lasted nearly a century. Rewriting deep history is hard work, after all. But a young woman who's worked closely with the dinosaur renovation said, more seriously, "It occurred to me that this could very well be the biggest statement this museum will make about dinosaur science in my lifetime. If you love science, you want the exhibits to change frequently, but I might never see it happen on this scale again. And that's a scary responsibility." ▬

DINOSAURS NEVER ACTUALLY DIED OUT.

As news from naturalists goes, that's a banner headline.

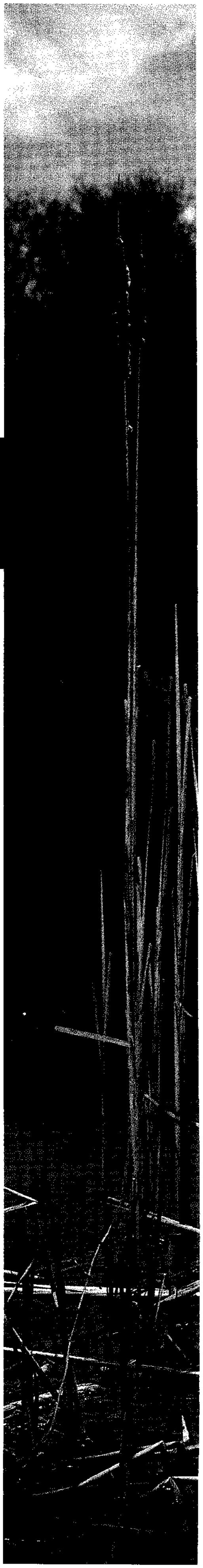

allosaurs and tyrannosaurs
CARNOSAURS
an enlarged opening on the side of the lacrimal
Albertosaurus libratus

A multimedia fossil tutorial.

TENNIS WITH AMIS

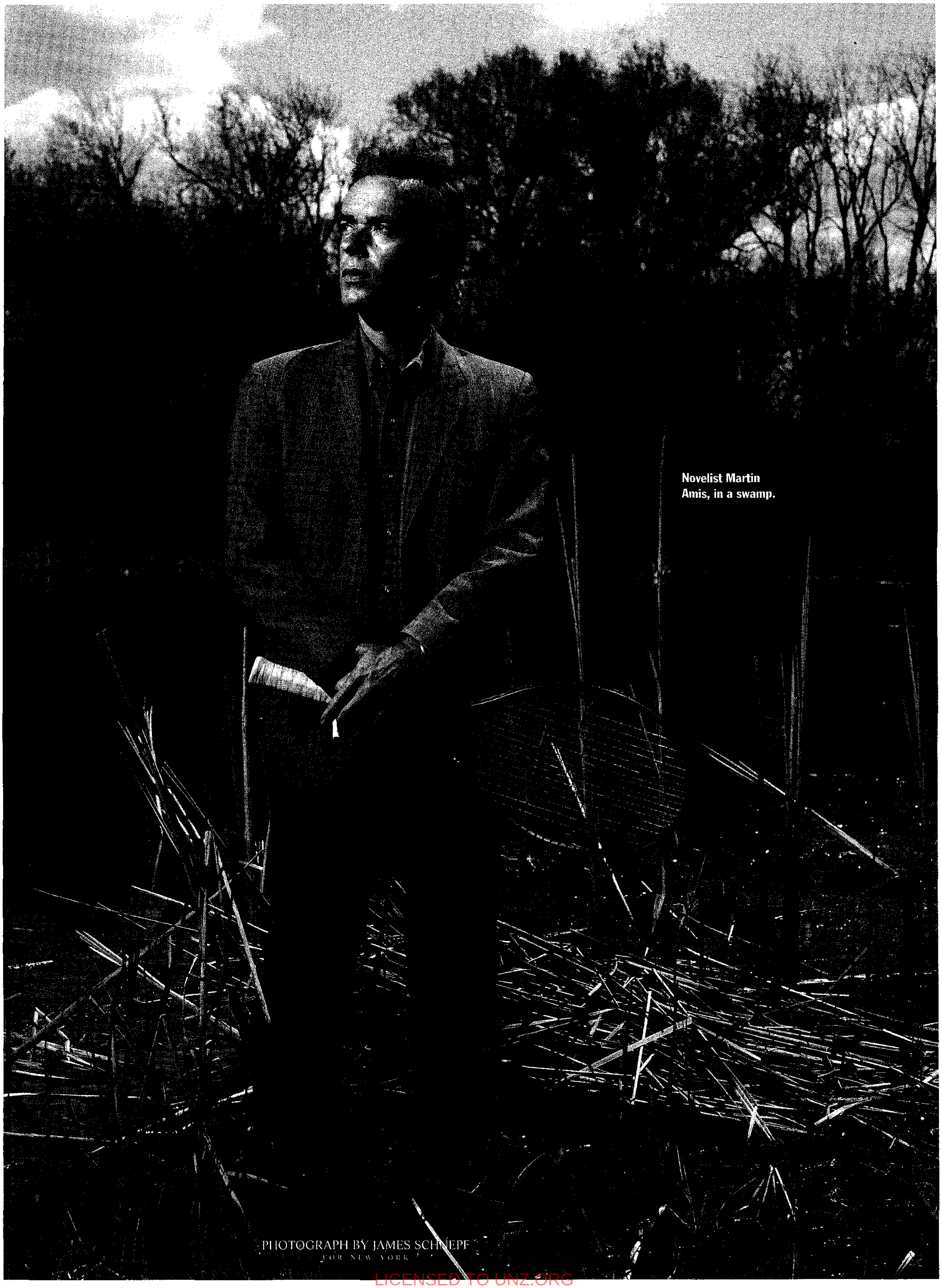
The question: Are writers really driven by a powerful need to humiliate other writers, as Martin Amis has suggested? The game: singles tennis. The answer: Read on.

By James Kaplan



> “ ‘What we want to know,’ said the Features Editor, ‘is what every reader wants to know: what’s he really like.’ . . . More generally, the Features Editor went on, Richard should examine the pressures facing the successful novelist in the late 1990s.”
>
> —MARTIN AMIS, *THE INFORMATION*

Martin Amis came to town like the circus. To put it in simplest terms, Amis was in New York to kick off the publicity tour for his new (and now best-selling) novel, *The Information.* But then, simplest terms don’t begin to capture it. It? What? All right, let’s be realistic. In terms of sheer demographics, of



Novelist Martin Amis, in a swamp.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SCHNEPF
FOR NEW YORK

brute numbers, Amis might not even tickle the American interest meter. Q rating: zero. But in end-of-century New York City, at a certain, not uninfluential sociocultural level—Martin Amis came to town like the circus.

He was ubiquitous. He carpeted the high-end outlets. NPR. WNYC. *Charlie Rose.* The *Times.* (Michi raved.) The glossy ladies' magazines. (Jim Atlas raved.) The defining event was the first one: Amis's cheek-by-jowl New York book party, at Match Uptown. What a party! If (God forbid) someone had thrown a bomb in there, next morning the world of the printed word, of books and magazines, would have been a supremely quiet, kindly, boring place. This was a *fête des fêtes,* a roiling shark tank of naked status display, fervent networking, and ostensible congratulation that—it was unavoidable—seemed to have jumped straight off the pages of a Martin Amis novel.

Not irrelevantly, it was also the smokiest party in years—the smokiest party, probably, since Bogie at El Morocco. Amis is a famous, roll-your-own smoker: He set the tone. A theme party. Clusters and tables full of toffs and toffettes, in black, with those hedgerow haircuts, moppy on top and short around the sides, all of them with about three cigarettes going at once.

And here in the back room was the man himself, a small glum eminence in a chalk-stripe suit and tieless lavender shirt, conferring, like some Oxonian Godfather, with Tina, with Sonny, with an oddly mobbed-up-looking Andrew Wylie. Here was Martin Amis, coping with the Pressures Facing the Successful Novelist in the Late 1990s. Pressures generated chiefly by the very publicity necessary to create the success: postmodern irony No. 1.

Few writers know as much about the pressures of publicity as Martin Amis. As the son of Kingsley Amis, Britain's pioneering Bad Boy novelist, he arrived pre-famous with the publication of his first novel, *The Rachel Papers*, in 1974. The book won the Somerset Maugham Award, which might very well have spelled the end of Martin: flameout, *finito.* But, unlike the underachieving offspring of so many well-known writers, this one liked the attention. And the work. Something—some combination of shortness, family unhappiness, and brilliance—goaded him on relentlessly, made him determined to outdo Dad in every respect, bad-boyness included.

He was cute as a button, for one thing, and witheringly intelligent (third in his class in English at Oxford), and not particularly ingratiating. (*Private Eye*, the satirical British magazine, used to call him Smarty Anus.) The combination made him eminently packageable, and devastatingly attractive to a whole slew of Oxbridge/high-culture women. (At the book party, I ran into an Englishwoman I know, a media type, and asked her—party talk—whether she knew Amis. She smiled that smile women smile. "Oh, very well," she said. "In the same sense that Tina and Anna and Gully Wells and Emma Soames have known him.") In the small, hothouse world of Britcult, he became a legend, a kind of Jagger of letters.

And he's kept it up. For two decades and nine novels, Amis has stayed famous, and notorious, continuously, all the while professing bafflement about why he personally should be of any interest whatever. But nothing else he's been through compares to the last two years: the years leading up to the publication of *The Information.*

But you knew about all this. You knew about it, more or less, even before Martin Amis landed at Kennedy. You knew because here in the Age of Publicity, even Martin Amis's publicity gets publicity. You heard about the tempest in England, two years ago, when Amis left his wife and mother of his two sons, a wealthy, dark-haired American (Antonia Phillips), for another wealthy, dark-haired American (Isabel Fonseca, known to the British tabloids as the Funseeker).

You shivered deliciously late last year when the tempest originated by Martin Amis's midlife crisis boiled into a kind of critical mass of scandal (those Brits know how to do things right!) as Amis (1) asked for a £500,000 advance for *The Information;* (2) fired his longtime agent, Pat Kavanagh (also the wife of his tennis, snooker, and chess chum, the novelist Julian Barnes), after she couldn't secure him said advance; (3) secured the services of New York agent Andrew Wylie, known in the British tabs as the Jackal; (4) had $30,000 of reconstructive work done on his teeth in Manhattan; and (5) was fired as chum by Julian Barnes, in a pointedly angry letter (the contretemps was reported at length in *The New Yorker,* accompanying an excerpt of the novel).

You knew, and know (whether you've read it or not), that *The Information* is an amazing book, a masterpiece, a devastating, satirical portrait of literary envy, the story of two British novelists—ostensibly good friends and amiable rivals in tennis, snooker, and chess—entering middle age as one of them (Gwyn Barry) becomes suddenly, overpoweringly successful and famous while the other (Richard Tull) remains poor and obscure.

You know that people are saying *The Information* is a *roman à clef,* that the insufferably smug, careerist novelist Barry is based, somehow, on Julian Barnes, while the shambling, booze-addled, impotent, self-defeatingly obscure novelist Tull is somehow based on Amis. That Amis insists he himself is both Barry and Tull. . . .

Time out!

As we who scribble fiction on this side of the Atlantic, or who read it, briefly pause in wonderment. Who can imagine the American interest meter flickering over the—strictly theoretical—amours or indiscretions of, say, T. Coraghessan Boyle? The word *Elaine's* might stir some vague interest somewhere outside Elaine's—maybe even (who knows?) here and there in strange pockets of what we call, with such a sinking feeling these days, the heartland. But in general, the lives, and the works, of our native fiction writers appear to occupy a niche approximately as compelling as, oh, numismatics. Or marquetry.

So you know all that. But do you know what Martin Amis is *really* like?

AMIS WON HIS SERVE, AND BROKE MINE, AND WON AGAIN. SUDDENL
ME? I HAD A PRETTIER GAME, I HIT THE BALL HARDER. I KNEW IT

"In twenty minutes [Richard] was due upstairs: to listen in on Gwyn being interviewed. Then, when that was over, he was going to arrange to interview the interviewer about what Gwyn was like to interview."

—*The Information*

"Now, Hilary," Martin Amis said to his publicist. "Remind me what-level-brow this radio show is."

"High," Hilary said.

"Oh, God," Amis sighed.

Many of the ironies of *The Information,* a book about a famous writer written by a famous writer, are in the hall-of-mirrors, postmodernist vein. And the hall of mirrors was just where I seemed to be as I rode downtown, sitting in a limo with Martin Amis and his sleek young publicist, to watch Amis get interviewed on the radio about *The Information.*

As a semi-successful author, I found *The Information* disquietingly brilliant, found the pungent portrait of Richard Tull's literary envy disquietingly . . . disquieting. And one of the tasks set Tull, in his descent through the circles of literary hell, was to write a 5,000-word profile of his soon-to-be-former friend Gwyn Barry.

So I felt keenly the ironies of watching Tull's creator get interviewed. And insofar as I *felt* envy, I wanted to *study* it. I wanted to *wallow* in envy. It was pretty easy. I'd spent the past week wading through a gigabyte of Amis-iana: 2,716 mentions on Nexis alone!

It was the morning after the book party; we were inching through a Broadway traffic jam, under a lowering Manhattan sky, down toward Centre Street, where Leonard Lopate was going to interview Amis for WNYC. A passage in *The Information* came to mind: "Richard knew what America was capable of doing to

British writers. Timid rubes who crossed the Atlantic, timidly blinking, were immediately swept up in the indigenous panic of make-or-break. They twirled right out of control, like Dylan Thomas and Malcolm Lowry, done in by dread and drink. This appeared to be Richard's strategy. Or else (this was Gwyn's) they rigged themselves up with temporary personalities, new smiles, new laughs, so it felt okay to walk the streets all night waiting for the reviews in the papers, like Broadway impresarios."

Amis certainly had a new smile. And the reviews had been fantastic. And the press was overwhelming. After Lopate, Amis would proceed back to midtown to play pool with a reporter from the *Post.* People were playing pool with Martin Amis. People were playing darts with Martin Amis. People were writing about Martin Amis getting written about. . . .

That was me. But I was also going to do something else. Taking one-on-one to a new level, I was going to play tennis with Amis. (Singles. Social doubles had already been done in *Vanity Fair.*) This was my big idea, my own little corner on the Amis market. Amis is famously crazy about tennis. He put a memorable tennis scene in *Money;* he put more tennis scenes in *The Information.* They said he played for two hours every day, in his London club—a club said to be not unlike the raffish club in the new novel. And *raffish* also seemed to go some way toward describing Martin Amis's tennis game. He was reputed to be ill-tempered on court. He questioned line calls, it was reported. "I don't really consider myself good, but I am hard to beat," he'd said. And Gwyn had told Richard, in *The Information:* " 'I'm actually much better than you at games. Much better than you at tennis and snooker. Even chess. This sometimes happens, you know, after a great worldly success. There's a power rush. It overflows. Particularly into the . . . sexual and competitive spheres.' "

Good God! And as I sat in the front seat of the limo worrying, Amis and the publicist sat in the back whispering. They whispered while I tried to overhear, while I tried to avoid whirling around and asking perky questions from the front seat. Whirling around to ask perky questions and feeling envy (strictly for reportorial purposes, of course) being difficult to bring off at the same time.

Amis and Hilary had gone briefly audible. They were talking about the book party. "Tina looked *staid,*" Amis said.

Tina . . . staid, I wrote in my notebook.

The sound of my pencil scratching the paper suddenly seemed very loud.

A long silence followed. I sat silent in the front seat. It felt like a chess game. And Amis was a master. (He's also a chess player.) *He* wasn't about to blurt out anything else good.

In the radio studio, Leonard Lopate was tense, motherly, watchful: ultra-alert to possible wobbles of the visiting comet. He had plainly read the book, and read it closely. It had, he admitted, made him laugh out loud on the subway. Yet something about this New York–y hovering, apparently, wasn't to Amis's liking. His baritone Oxonian rasp—a big voice in a small man—was dry, ungiving. He might have a new smile, but it wasn't for Leonard Lopate. He grew especially testy when Lopate broached the inevitable question of Julian Barnes's place, if any, in *The Information.* "To write a 500-page book that takes five years to write, about my *mate,* seems to me the depth of frivolity," Amis said.

On the ride uptown, things got a little chattier in the limo. "Tell me more about your tennis game," Amis said from the back seat.

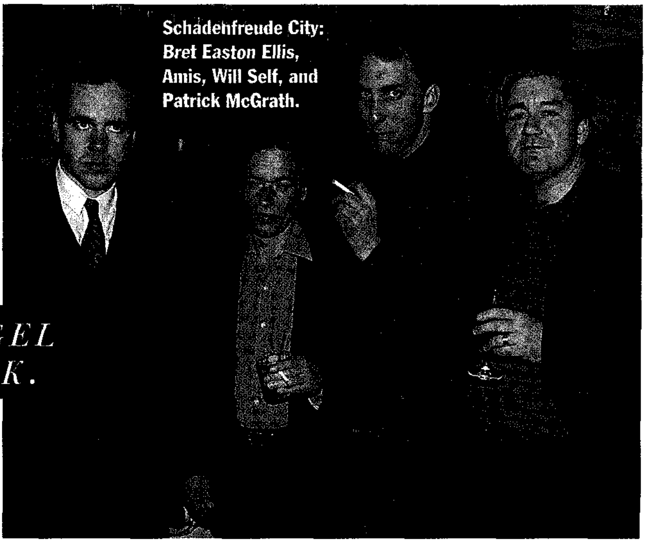
"Tell me more about *your* tennis game," I said.

He did. He told me he'd recently won a Pro-Am tournament in London with John McEnroe's former doubles partner Peter Fleming. He told a story about the final round in the tournament, when he'd lifted a lob over the head of one of his opponents, a tall American "with teeth like Chiclets" who managed to hit the overhead but then collapsed with leg cramps, out of the match. Amis took an odd sort of relish in the story. As a tall American with good teeth, I took this as a bad sign.

THE FAMOUS TENNIS SCENE in *Money* is about a humiliation. The novel's anti-hero, John Self—fat, out of shape, and looking ridiculous in a red tank top, black socks, and skintight, checked Bermuda shorts—is up against the fabulous Fielding Goodney: "Fielding was good. Oh, he was good. And there were differences of health, muscle-tone and coordination to be accounted for too. Fielding, tanned, tuned, a king's ransom of orthodonture having passed through his mouth [teeth *again*!], reared on steaks and on milk sweetened with iron and zinc, twenty-five, leaning into his strokes and imparting topspin with a roll of the wrist . . ."

Goodney, of course, creams Self—and more. At one point, when Self has the bad judgment to come to net, a Goodney drive hits him smack in the face and knocks him onto his backside. All this before a grinning gallery of onlookers behind an observation window. So that the humiliation isn't just personal but public.

EGAN TO SWEAT: *WAS* HE GOING TO BAGEL
EW IT. *BUT* THE BALL KEPT COMING BACK.



Schadenfreude City: Bret Easton Ellis, Amis, Will Self, and Patrick McGrath.

The funny thing about the famous tennis scene in *Money* is that it is based on an actual tennis match Martin Amis played, about fifteen years ago, with *New York* contributing editor Michael Stone at the old Lincoln Plaza Racquet Club. "I'm a pretty decent player, and Martin was just starting tennis," Stone says. "I think he was expecting a friendly, English, casual game. He did indeed show up in black argyle socks."

Stone remembers the occasion with a chuckle, but embarrassment and envy are fuel for a novelist's engine. "That [match] spurred me on to do something about my game," Amis has said. It also evidently conditioned a certain feeling about the emotional underpinnings of tennis.

There are observers, and there is humiliation, in *The Information.* And there is more. Much more. There is hatred. "Was *it possible to hate too much? [Tull thinks.]* At all times he hated Gwyn on the tennis court, even when he was winning easily: even when he sent him from corner to corner like a lab rat. . . . Hatred was part of his game."

And elsewhere: "Writers *should* hate each other. . . . If they mean business. They are competing for something there is only one of: the universal. They should want to go to the mat."

This tennis game was starting to worry me in a pretty serious way. Envy, fear, hatred: Who needed it? I thought, longingly, of a nice, easy movie-star profile. . . .

MARTIN AMIS LOOKED AT MY KNEE BRACE. I'd just come out of the locker room at the indoor tennis center in Philadelphia, and Amis eyed my knee brace and said, "I'm glad to see that apparatus. I was afraid this was going to be like the tennis game in *Money,* and you were Fielding."

Martin Amis smiled when he said this. The messages were mixed: I resembled, and didn't resemble, Fielding Goodney. Amis was concerned, and relieved. One thing was clear: John Self's creator didn't

Photograph by Patrick McMullan.

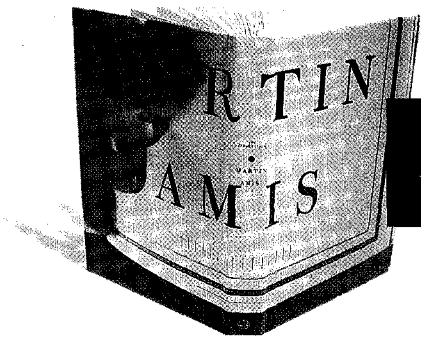
look a bit like John Self. He looked sleek in his tennis clothes. He had a wiry, prepared air about him. He carried his racket bag coolly. And, it suddenly occurred to me, Ken Rosewall and Michael Chang are short, too. I remembered a passage from an Amis profile of John Updike: "However genial, [literary interviews] are always anxious and exhausting, with the interviewer fielding about 80 percent of the nerves."

We took the court.

"Do you yell when you play?" Amis asked me.

I told him I don't, much. I play better when I don't, I said.

"Well, I do," he said.



"*WHEN ALL THE FUSS STARTED [ABOUT THE DIVORCE], IT HURT MY GAME," AMIS TOLD ME BETWEEN SETS. "MY WILL WAS DEPLETED.*"

Now, here's the thing: On paper, I had myself the favorite in this match. Even if Amis plays a lot, he hadn't been playing while he was on tour, I reasoned. And I play a fair amount, and I have two years on him, and at least eight inches in height. Better reach. I'm not too slow. And—I live clean! All that grand-scale misbehavior, that high-class British literary unhappiness, might make great copy, but it didn't make great *training*. Those famous hand-rolled cigarettes, the Golden Virginia tobacco in Swan cigarette papers . . . the parties, the legendary hangovers . . .

But then, here's the other thing: With tennis, *you never know*. It's gospel: On a given day, just about anyone can beat anyone. Tennis, like sex, is at least half in the mind. And Amis's words kept ringing in my ears: *I don't really consider myself good, but I am hard to beat.* I know that kind of player. He *is* hard to beat.

We began to hit.

He mishit a forehand.

And another.

My heart leaped. . . . I imagined the note of smarmy sympathy in my voice as I went to net to shake hands.

Then I hit him some backhands. They kept coming back. Then the forehands started coming back, too.

Amis won the toss and elected to serve. And he won his serve. And then broke mine. And won his serve again. This all seemed to go very quickly. . . . Suddenly I began to sweat: Was he going to bagel me? I had a prettier game; I hit the ball harder. . . . I knew it, I knew it. *But the ball kept coming back.*

Martin Amis was tough. Not fast, not picturesque, but tough. Back and forth he ran, chasing everything down and not missing much, swearing lustily when, infrequently, he did miss. I kept looking for the effects of cigarettes and alcohol, those two extra years, that shorter reach. I kept looking.

And then it occurred to me: This was the real thing. No publicists, no microphones, no postmodern irony. This was war. We were *going to the mat.*

First set to Amis, 6–4.

I was pleased to see, as we paused for a drink, that he looked as sweaty and tired as I felt. His hand was trembling a little as he drank his Gatorade. I liked that. And he seemed friendlier than before. The match had brought us closer together, in, perhaps, more of a D. H. Lawrence sense than a Martin Amis sense. We discussed the mechanics of the service toss. We discussed the limits of tennis as a distraction from real life. "When all the fuss started two years ago, it hurt my game," Amis said earnestly. "My will was depleted."

His will, I could see, was something to reckon with. But, liking him better, I went ahead 3–1 in the next set.

That was when the publicist showed up.

Hilary and a Philadelphia P.R. woman placed themselves in folding chairs on a deck above the court. And that was when I learned something else about Martin Amis: He likes an audience.

I tried to like being watched as much as Amis liked it, but he plainly liked it a lot. We struggled; he came back. And finally, with the games at 5–5—as I kept waiting for those cigarettes to kick in—I decided enough was enough. For one thing, I still had to *interview* Amis—about what it was like to get interviewed so much, among other subjects. And while nobody was going to get humiliated here, we had been to the mat, in our fashion. And Amis had won! The demons had been kept at bay. "Peace with honor?" I called across the court.

"Good," Amis said.

"WHAT IS JULIAN BARNES'S TENNIS GAME like?" I asked. We were sitting on the terrace at Amis's hotel, in the harsh afternoon light of Philadelphia. Showered and fresh, rolling another cigarette, my tennis partner had returned to interviewee mode: shy and a little sour, not inclined to show off those expensive teeth of his. I thought of Alexander Pope, also short and wicked; I thought of Amis's idol and admirer Saul Bellow, also small and shy and tough, also popular with the ladies.

I thought of Pope and Bellow, but I asked about Barnes, even though this was dangerous and well-trodden ground, because, well, in the midst of The Publicity, *you couldn't not ask.*

"Um—you'd think he'd be much better," Amis said carefully.

"Is he a good athlete?"

"Pretty good," Amis said. "Not very fast around the court. But strong. I talked to one guy who we both had lessons with. He said, 'He should have done much better, really. He has lovely *hands.*' His serve is *pitiful* for his strength. Because he's quite, sort of, *big.* Big shoulders. You'd think he would've had a biggish serve, and could've taken it further."

"Did you beat him?"

"He always used to beat me. And then I had some lessons and sort of made the effort. I went from a playing-every-Sunday-morning kind of player to playing pretty well every weekday. And playing some good people. Every part of my game went up a gear. And I beat him in singles, and he never played me in singles again."

He puffed on the hand-rolled cigarette and blinked, his expression impenetrable. Gwyn Barry, of course, had done exactly the same thing: worked on his tennis with a pro so that he could beat Richard Tull. Envy may be the main theme in *The Information,* but humiliation, and its reversal, aren't far behind. But somehow it wouldn't quite do to bring this up. Amis reminded me, all at once, of a two-headed face card in a poker deck: jaded tough over hurt schoolboy. It struck me freshly that there isn't much love in Amis's books. But then again, the world isn't a very lovely place these days. Maybe you need a face like that to stare the unloveliness down.

"How do you go back to writing after all this?" I asked at last. "After all the lionization and vilification?"

"I think it makes you defiant," Amis said. "It's seemed like a continuous thing for the last two years. I left home two years ago. And there was a very great deal of stuff about that. Pullouts, you know, in the *Daily Mail.* Double-page. There was a journalist in a van outside my flat. A journalist in a van outside my wife's house. A journalist in a van outside my *girlfriend's* flat. For some weeks.

"All that extremely painful and scurrilous stuff when I left home affected not just me—I'm pretty thick-skinned about all that. But, you know, my wife isn't. And my children weren't.

"So when the fuss with the advance happened, all the divorce stuff, of course, came back again. They pulled out the file on me and [said], 'Ooh, there's this too.'

"So I say to myself I'm looking forward to going back to a quiet life when this is all over. But, you know," Martin Amis said, "maybe there *isn't* a quiet life anymore."

It was then that, as if by magic, virtually every speck of my envy faded away. What perfect hell, I thought, The Publicity is. ■

Photograph by Monica Buck.

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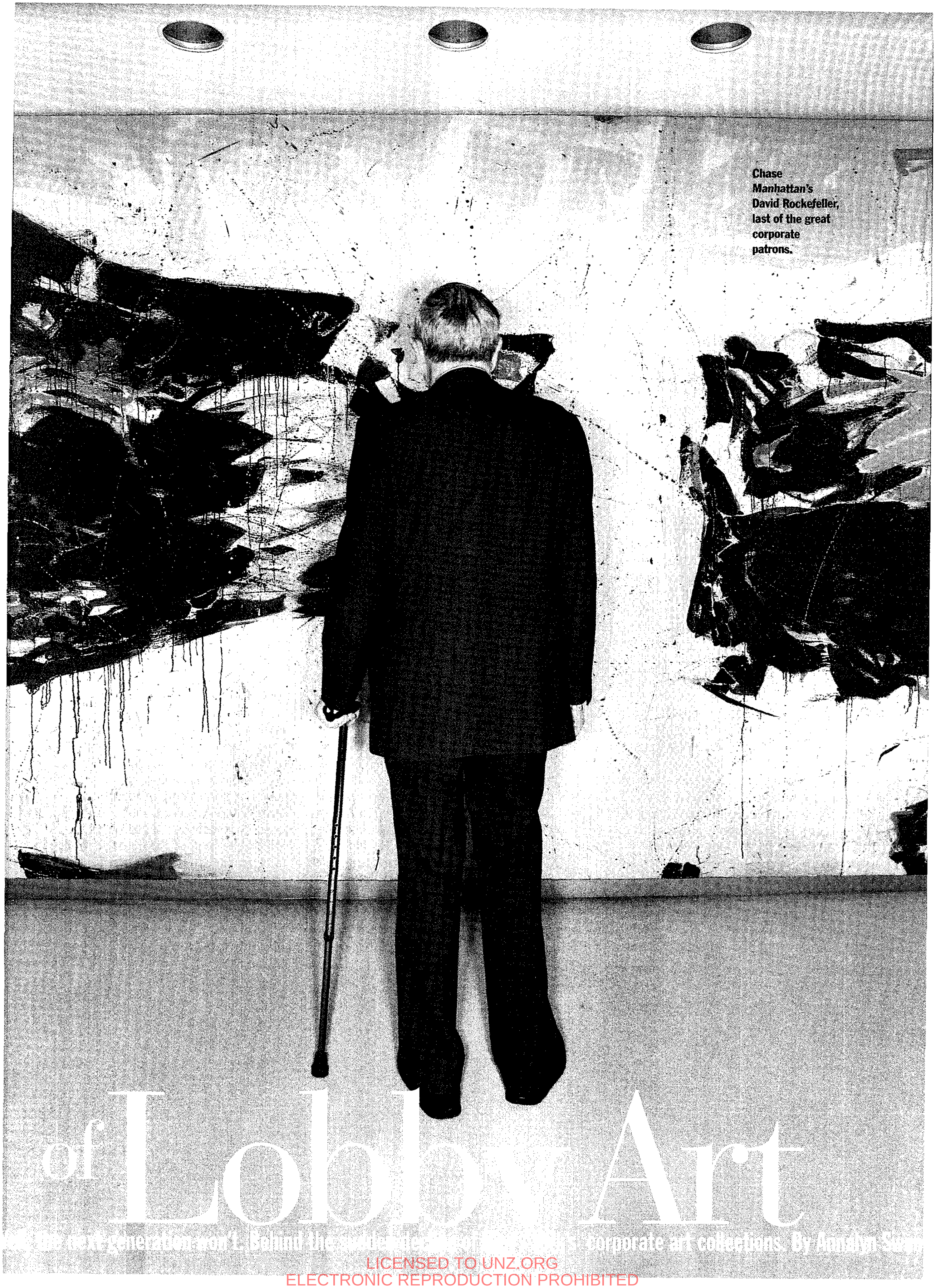
IT WAS THE FIRST OF THIS YEAR'S BIG spring sales at Sotheby's, and the vast, modern auction room overflowed with the usual crowd—the serious collectors, the seriously rich, and the seriously wannabe—in a sea of fashionable black. Lining the walls were works by some of the biggest names of the past 50 years: a bright, playful Calder mobile; a giant red-and-black abstraction by Adolph Gottlieb, aptly titled *Splatter*; a monastic gray-on-grid painting by Agnes Martin. The spirit of the room was, as always, rather like that of a racetrack, with the highly competitive players exchanging hot tips—who was on the ups, who the dark horses were.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BARRY
FOR NEW YORK

The Rise and Fall

Remember the IBM Gallery on 57th Street? Mobil's 20,000-item-plus collection? The Whitney at the Equitable Tower



Chase *Manhattan's* David Rockefeller, last of the great corporate patrons.

# of Lobby Art

the next generation won't. Behind the sudden [illegible] of [illegible] corporate art collections. By Annalyn Sw

Top Ten Collections in New York

Corporation	Total Pieces	Status	Patron
Chase Manhattan	13,200	limited acquisitions	David Rockefeller; CEO Thomas LaBrecque
Deutsche Bank	500 (in N.Y.C.)	limited acquisitions	Dr. Herbert Zapp, board member (retired)
Dreyfus	833	not acquiring	CEO and Chairman Howard Stein
Equitable Life	600	not acquiring	Co-Chairman Benjamin Holloway (retired)
Forbes	100,000	acquiring	CEO Malcolm Forbes Sr. (deceased)
Gilman Paper	5,000 photos	acquiring	Chairman Howard Gilman
PaineWebber	650	limited acquisitions	CEO Donald Marron
Pepsico (Purchase, N.Y.)	44 sculptures	limited acquisitions	CEO Donald Kendall (retired)
Reader's Digest (Pleasantville, N.Y.)	9,000	limited acquisitions	Lila Acheson Wallace
Seagram	2,600	not acquiring	Phyllis Lambert (daughter of Seagram founder)

What was unusual about this particular night was the poignancy of the occasion, for, to those in the know, this sale also marked the end of an era, the close of a certain strand of the American Century. Eleven of the 43 contemporary paintings and sculptures on sale came from the legendary collection of the IBM Corporation, which had stood as the very model of the modern corporate art collector ever since 1939, when Thomas Watson Sr. assembled for the World's Fair an exhibit of paintings from each of 79 countries in which IBM did business. All told, in a series of auctions that culminates this Thursday, IBM is expected to raise $25 million from the sale of 300 paintings, prints, and drawings, from a stunning collection of Mexican painters (Diego Rivera, Frida Kahlo) to one of the finest collections of American works ever to appear in an auction house, including four Winslow Homers, two paintings by George Bellows, and several superb examples of the poetic Hudson River School.

IBM holding a garage sale? It's not as curious a sight as it would have been a decade earlier, when corporate palaces were going up all over New York and art collections were deemed necessary by status-conscious CEOs. Just a few years ago, the tony IBM Gallery on 57th Street—the heart of the uptown gallery world—demonstrated, in one impressive show after another, how fuzzy the line was between museum and corporate patron.

Tales of the decline of Big Blue—the obsolescence of its big mainframes, the workforce cut by 150,000 employees, the sale of its Manhattan headquarters—are by now clichéd, and indeed, passé: As a radically retrenched, born-again business, IBM is suddenly clicking again. But treasure troves of art are clearly no longer part of its M.O. "The decision [to sell the collection] was made at a time when the company had just lost $8 billion," says Harold Brown, counselor at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, D.C., and an IBM board member, dryly. Or, as an IBM manager puts it, "Life has gotten so difficult that, if anything, people's reactions to the art sale have been 'Thank God it's *inanimate*.' "

In this, at least, IBM is clearly following the trend. Since the recession began five years ago, virtually every company has stopped or cut back its collecting or put much of its art on the block. In 1990, the USX Corporation in Pittsburgh—formerly U.S. Steel—auctioned off 64 works at Christie's. Transco, a Texas oil company, followed in 1992, with an auction of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American watercolors that had been the pride of its former chairman W. J. Bowen. Then came the collapse of the savings-and-loans. "A lot of their collections were fire-saled—sold at a huge loss," says Shirley Howarth, editor of the *ARTnews International Directory of Corporate Art Collections.*

Art is no longer a very safe way for a corporation, or a CEO, to signal power and status. Hard times and the conservative attack on the National Endowment for the Arts have successfully made the corporate acquisition of art look somehow froufrou. As the late Jack Boulton, for years the art advisor to Chase Manhattan Bank, once put it, "Corporate art is almost an oxymoron, like jumbo shrimp. Art is about the subjective, and management is about the objective."

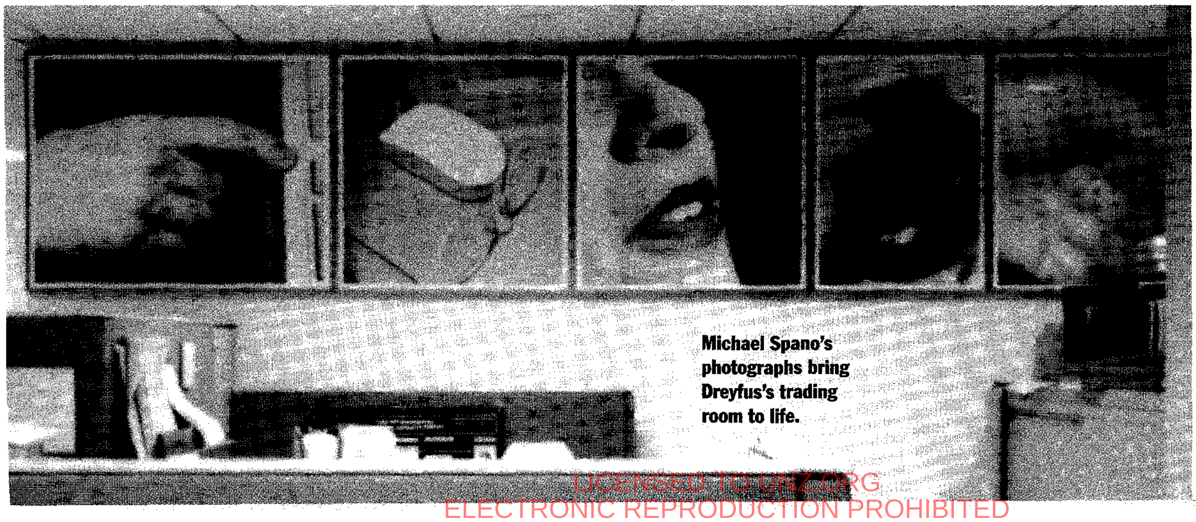
NOWHERE IS ALL OF THIS MORE evident than in New York. The city has already lost a significant part of its corporate presence, and, as the buildings go, so do the paintings and sculptures. The biggest loss is Mobil, whose vast collection dates back to the sixties; it has moved to Virginia. Exxon is gone as well. The diminution is even greater than it first appears, for many of the remaining corporate headquarters are considerably downsized, with the bulk of the business elsewhere. Seagram, to cite one prominent example, no longer owns its Mies van der Rohe skyscraper on Park Avenue, that impeccable monument to modernist purity. Seagram's prized collection of flacons, flagons, drinking horns, and glass vessels, as well as works by Picasso, Léger, and Miró that date from the late fifties (when the building was built) are now housed on three floors, rather than the ten that Seagram once occupied.

And New York's downsizing will probably only continue. Over at the midtown offices of the Business Committee for the Arts, whose 150 or so members form a powerful corporate lobby for the arts, president Judith Jedlicka sees "a lot of big empty skyscrapers" in New York's future. "It's called survival," she says bluntly. "We're going from an industrial to a technological age, and companies are reengineering themselves, which means radical change."

What's also clear is that, as corporations move elsewhere, or new companies emerge, art collecting is taking on a different, more local profile. Of course, there's always a European presence. It's very telling that one of the few companies in New York that is delighted, these days, to show off its art—a fine collection mainly of works on paper by German and American artists—is Deutsche Bank. Not only is Deutsche Bank riding high on the crest of the deutsche mark; like many European corporations, it is quite simply committed to art.

RICHARD BERGLUND SITS IN A BARE OFFICE IN the IBM building in Manhattan. Built in 1982, it was a trophy skyscraper designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes. Now it is almost Dickensian in its bleakness. The building was sold last year. Outside, signs in the windows advertise 500,000 SQUARE FEET OF OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE. Downstairs, just off the lobby, the once flourishing IBM Gallery has been closed since last summer.

Bespectacled and reserved, Berglund was



Michael Spano's photographs bring Dreyfus's trading room to life.

Photograph by Evan Sklar.

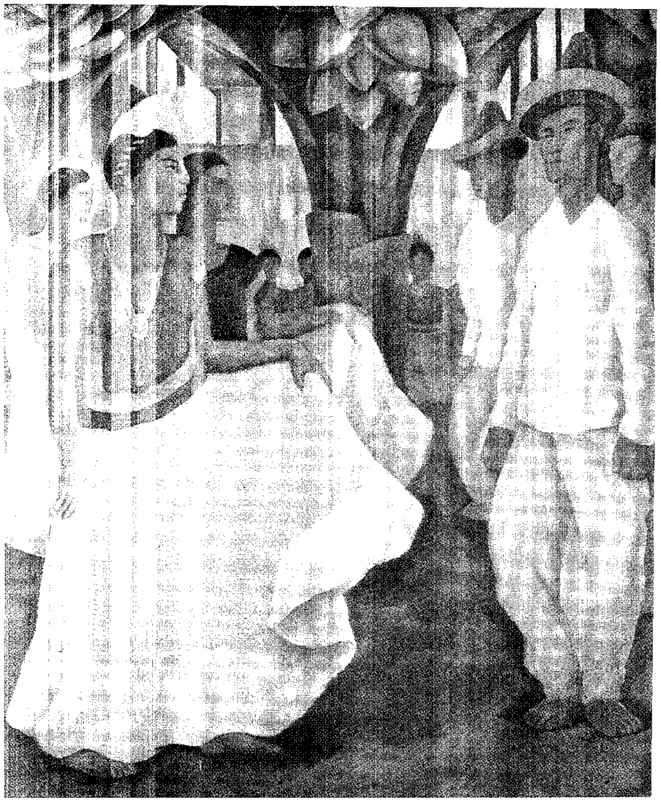
IBM's director of cultural programs for the last 14 of his more than 30 years with the company. As such, he oversaw the company's historic core collection. Now, he has the unenviable task of "de-accessioning," as artspeak would have it, that same collection. Understandably, Berglund is a bit defensive. "It's not to the bare walls," he says of the current sales. "We're keeping as much as we need." Of the 100 key works in IBM's core collection, however, he acknowledges that the company is keeping only ten or fifteen. As we shake hands, his body language, more than anything that Berglund has said, conveys the defeat that he feels.

Of all the places where corporate interest and the eighties art fever intersected, the Equitable Tower, at Seventh Avenue and 51st Street, stands as the most resplendent example. Also designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes, the 54-story, $200 million building, built in 1985, is intended as the modern version of a palace in Florence. Walk into the lobby, and Roy Lichtenstein's cartoony universe greets you, a 68-foot-high, eye-popping mural that completely dominates the vast space. In the corridors behind it hangs a multipaneled mural by Thomas Hart Benton from half a century earlier. It, too, is heroic in scale, a panoramic paean to America in the Jazz Age. All told, Equitable spent a now-unthinkable $7 million on its trophy art. It also turned to the Whitney Museum to oversee the building of its corporate collection and provided exhibition space for the Whitney in its lobby.

But today, the Whitney branch at the Equitable Building is gone; the talk around the art world is that Equitable simply didn't want to foot the bill any longer. Equitable has since converted one of the exhibition spaces into its own gallery and is still acquiring art—but on a limited basis—for real-estate projects in New Orleans, Boston, and Atlanta. "It will never be on the scale of this," says Pari Stave, the current curator, gesturing somewhat wistfully to the walls around her. "Because this was the mid-eighties. And this was the flagship."

Several blocks away, Beatrix Medinger of Viart, one of the leading corporate art-consulting firms in the city, sits in her conference room, more resigned than wistful. Things are really bad—the worst they've been, says Medinger with a stoic shrug, since she entered the business in 1976. "In the aftermath of the market downturn of '87, there was a very immediate reorganization of budgets," she says. "That loosened somewhat in 1990–'91, when a large number of our international clients based in New York had global expansion.

"But now? Right now, one is seeing almost a total freeze on the acquisition process. And my personal feeling is that the downturn will not be over anytime soon." That downturn, notes Medinger, has also transformed the gallery world. "An enormous number of galleries have closed, or downsized," she says. Corporate buying was never that important for "big-ticket sales," but corporate collectors did buy in bulk.



An IBM masterpiece for sale: Diego Rivera's *Baile en Tehuantepec.*

WHAT THE DEMISE OF THE IBM collection has taught the art world is that there is no such thing as corporate loyalty to art—only CEO loyalty. There remain today a few great corporate collections in New York and elsewhere, and almost all of them depend on the vision of a single person.

In the case of Chase Manhattan Bank, whose collection is as renowned in our era as IBM's was in its heyday, that person is David Rockefeller. In 1959, the year that Chase began to collect, IBM had abandoned its pioneering role in favor of a more historical collection, and was busily selling or trading much of its original work. No one else was buying contemporary art on a significant scale. When the architect of Chase's downtown building told Rockefeller, then head of Chase, that the new buildings seemed cold, Rockefeller decreed that a new art-buying program, focusing on contemporary artists, be put in place to liven up the spaces. Rockefeller, of course, was born to the role of patron; he is an old-fashioned aristocrat. But he also recognized, shrewdly, that art was good for public relations. He wanted to dispel the image of bankers, he has said, as "glassy-eyed, hard-hearted people."

Chase's initial budget was a then-huge $500,000, which grew, by the eighties, to hundreds of thousands of dollars spent each year on art. The philosophy was not to buy the priciest artists of the moment but to focus on emerging artists of interest or those whose work was undervalued—a strategy that has led, not incidentally, to a dramatic increase in the collection's value as the careers of those artists later took off. "We helped establish a market for a lot of young artists," says Manuel Gonzalez, Jack Boulton's knowledgeable successor—among them Mark Tansey, Eric Fischl, and Barbara Kruger. "When Chase bought, everybody listened."

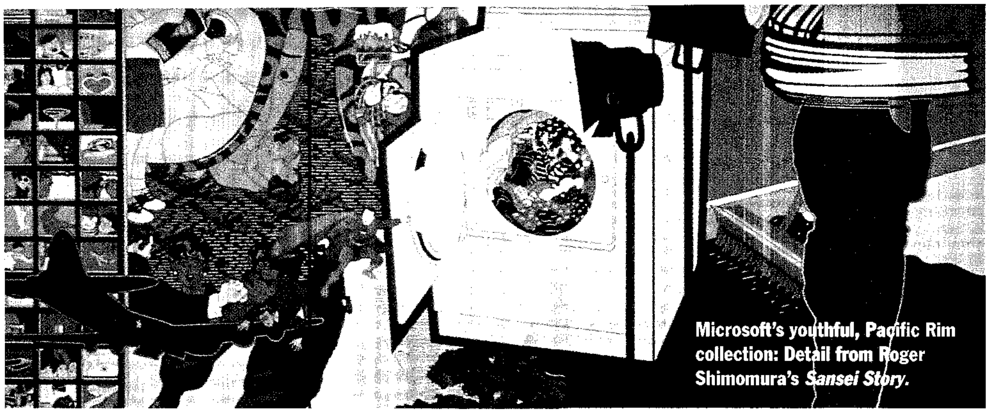
...is no longer a way for a corporation to signal power. If anything, the Republican attack on the NEA has made corporate art collecting look froufrou.

Today, Chase's collection includes some 13,200 objects, spread worldwide. And it is extraordinary. The first thing that you see, as the elevator opens on the fifth floor of 410 Park Avenue, Chase's uptown headquarters, is the art—big, bold, and in-your-face, nothing like the sort of discreetly decorative art that tiptoes down many a corporate hall. Straight ahead, directly in your line of vision, is an elegant scrawl by Cy Twombly, painted in Rome in 1959. Around the corner are more masterworks on parade—a huge Christo that sprawls across one wall of a reception area, a long, narrow painting by Roy Lichtenstein that resembles an architectural frieze, some Warhol Marilyns.

And that's just the fifth floor. A private elevator takes you to the floor below, with its vast reception hall and corporate dining room. Here, a huge portrait of Philip Glass, by Chuck Close, seems to glower at conservative-suited visitors. From there, you proceed down hallways and past dining rooms stocked with museum-quality works to, finally, the *pièce de résistance*—a 38-foot-long mural by Sam Francis, a swirling, whirling vision of intense colors and forms that dates from 1959, the high-water mark of Abstract Expressionist abandon.

But Rockefeller's vision did not stop at his own lobby. In 1967, he and some of his closest associates founded the Business Committee for the Arts. "David and some of the business leaders actually went out and buttonholed corporate America, the Fortune 500 CEOs," says Judith Jedlicka. "They respected David. But they probably thought, 'Gee, business and the arts don't

Photograph courtesy of Sotheby's.



Microsoft's youthful, Pacific Rim collection: Detail from Roger Shimomura's *Sansei Story.*

have a lot in common. This is really strange.' It was a new concept."

Even more important was the role played by the National Endowment for the Arts, which had been founded two years before in a wave of Kennedy-inspired cultural boosterism. Suddenly, CEOs who didn't know their Manets from their Matisses were delivering grandiloquent speeches about the new role of corporations as modern Medicis. Now, they argued, it was the turn of America's leading companies to assume the mantle of art patron previously worn by church, aristocracy, and robber barons.

But it was in the roaring eighties that corporate collecting grew exponentially, paralleling the glittering trajectory of the economy in general. By the late eighties, well over 800 companies were collecting art, according to the *ARTnews International Directory*. With art prices shooting up, buying was seen as not only prestigious but also savvy—social climbing that made money. "CEOs were into buying investment-potential collections," says Jean Belt of the Alabama-based Corporate Art Source.

The question now, however, is what will happen to the remaining great corporate collections when the CEOs committed to art die, leave, retrench, or lose interest. The most forward-looking corporations—including Chase—have already adapted to the times by turning their focus from acquiring art to working the existing collection. For the past two years, "Photoplay," a cross section of pieces of art and photographs from the Chase collection that play off one another, has been on tour in Latin America. "It has been a tremendous success in promoting the corporate image of the bank," says David Rockefeller.

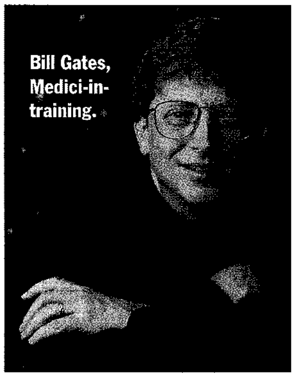
With Rockefeller still onboard, and current CEO Thomas Labrecque visibly interested, the Chase collection seems secure, for the moment. Other companies, however, are not as lucky; inevitably, transitions are tricky. As one art director puts it, "The danger is in the continuity." In the future, even more than in the past, corporate art collecting will depend upon CEOs with a passion for art.

Take PaineWebber, whose CEO, Donald Marron, is a man who has modeled himself after David Rockefeller. A former president of the board of the Museum of Modern Art, he is a passionate collector. Together with a curator, Marron has built a first-rate collection that begins with Abstract Expressionist works on paper and continues with Susan Rothenberg, Sandro Chia, and Francesco Clemente, as well as almost every other leading name of the past 30 years.

Marron insists on whizzing people personally around the executive floor of the PaineWebber building on Sixth Avenue, where every available bit of wall is covered with giant canvases. As he goes, Marron, who is tall, thin, and cranelike, flaps affectionately at each work: "I'd been looking at Fischl for years. I bought that right from his dealer." "I get a kick out of that Basquiat [*Tobacco Versus Redchief,* one of Basquiat's graffiti-ish inspirations that dates from 1981–'82]."

Another diehard CEO-cum-collector is Howard Stein, the chairman of the Dreyfus Corporation. In the late eighties, Dreyfus almost left New York. "But through the efforts of Mayor Koch, we stayed," says Stein, "and out of that desire to stay grew an interest in photography of New York." Today, the collection, which comprises more than 800 urban images and several major commissions, papers every nook and cranny of Dreyfus's headquarters in the MetLife Building. "We caught the bug," says Stein.

But Dreyfus and PaineWebber are not oblivious or immune to the changing times. Marron has scaled back his buying. He points to a lovely new Brice Marden work on paper at the entrance to his office as the most ambitious purchase of late—down substantially in size and price tag from the series of stunning oils just outside. "Art is usually very good for business, in terms of marketing and exposure," says Marron, repeating the mantra of the nineties. At Dreyfus, Stein has had tougher going. Since Mellon Bank bought Dreyfus last year, acquisitions have stopped. So committed is Stein to cutting-edge photography, however, that he has now founded a separate corporation, CameraWorks, that will do the collecting Dreyfus no longer does.



Bill Gates, Medici-in-training.

GO WEST, YOUNG CURATOR. THE future of corporate art now lies outside New York, in what Shirley Howarth of the *ARTnews International Directory* calls "grass-roots collecting." "It has moved to the smaller, midsize companies," says Howarth, "like accounting firms, hotels, and hospitals. It's support on a local level, buying local artists. It's not in urban areas or well-publicized. But I think it's a good trend."

There has also been a continuing surge of status-seeking collecting on the West Coast, where fame and fortunes can still be made in technology, real estate, and show business. Michael Ovitz's Creative Artists Agency has a collection of contemporary art. So does SunAmerica, a financial-services company. Its chairman, Eli Broad, has decreed that only Southern California art be collected by his corporation, and believes firmly in buying art "within ten years of when it was produced."

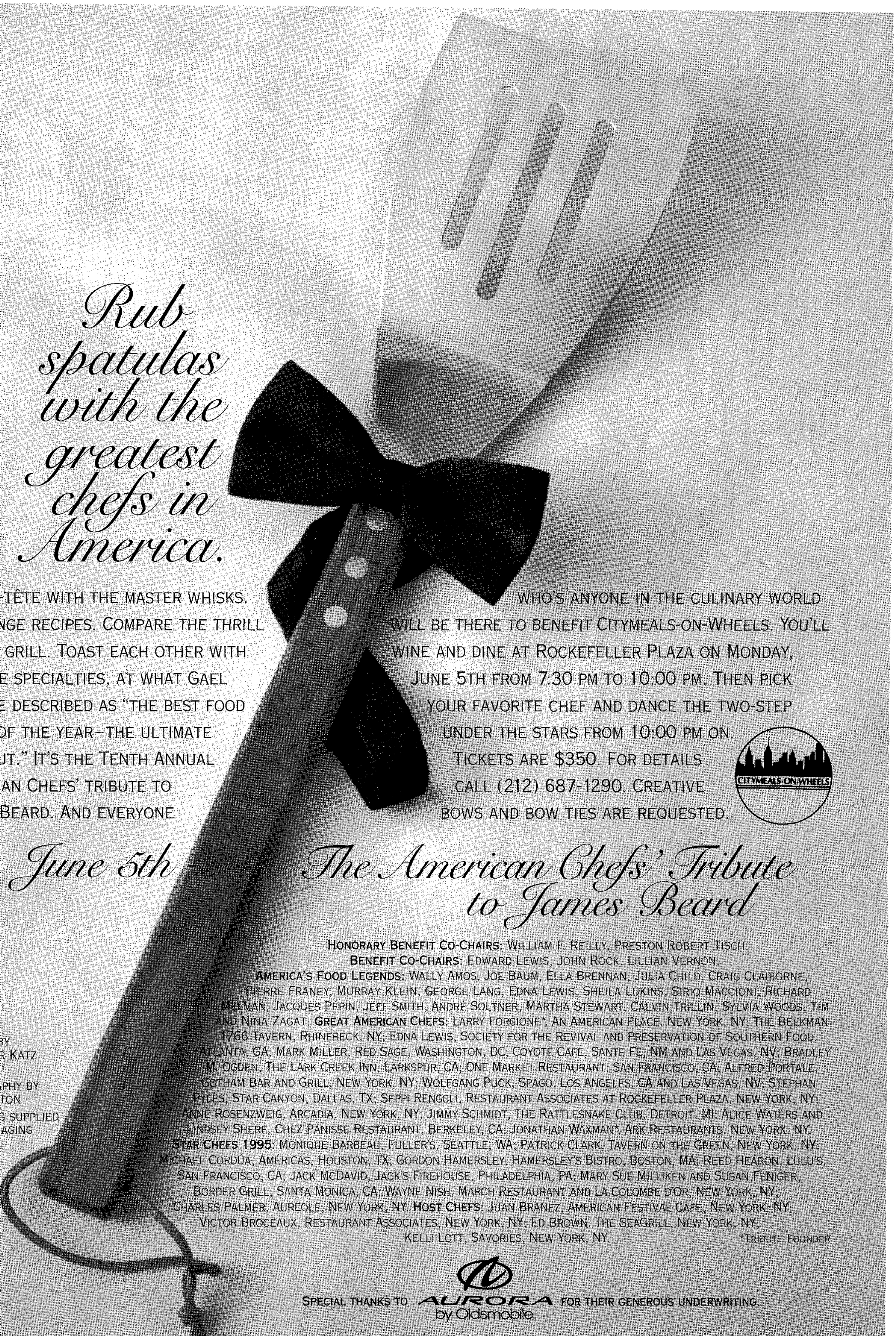
In a nice example of corporate symmetry, as IBM retreats, Microsoft plunges happily ahead with its own version of Medici-ism. "We're a vastly growing entity," says Deborah Paine, Microsoft's enthusiastic art administrator. "We have 26 buildings here on campus, on 260 acres. And we just started a new campus nearby."

Along with the buildings off the Puget Sound has come the art. In 1987, the year Microsoft began to collect, the company bought twenty works. Eight years later, it owns about 1,600 pieces, and the internal art committee can barely keep up with demand. No one would confuse the result with one of New York's blue-chip collections. But it has a youthful Pacific Rim vigor of its own. Works range from a collection of Japanese prints, vintage and contemporary, to *A Sansei Story,* a post–Pop Art vision of East-West culture by Japanese-American artist Roger Shimomura.

While Paine says that it's "not an investment collection," she muses, in the next moment, about a more ambitious future. There are even signs that Microsoft chairman Bill Gates—who famously never looks up from his computer screen—is reaching out to art, albeit through science. Last year he purchased, for a rather extravagant $30.8 million, the Codex Hammer of Leonardo da Vinci, a scientific manuscript illustrated with more than 300 drawings.

Breaking with Microsoft's tradition of hanging art only in public spaces, Paine and her cohorts recently hung what she calls an "ethereal" figurative painting in Gates's office—not that he requested it or anything. "I asked his assistant's permission," says Paine. "I think he's noticed it." ■

Photographs: top, courtesy of Microsoft; bottom, Brian Smith/Outline.



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BEST BETS

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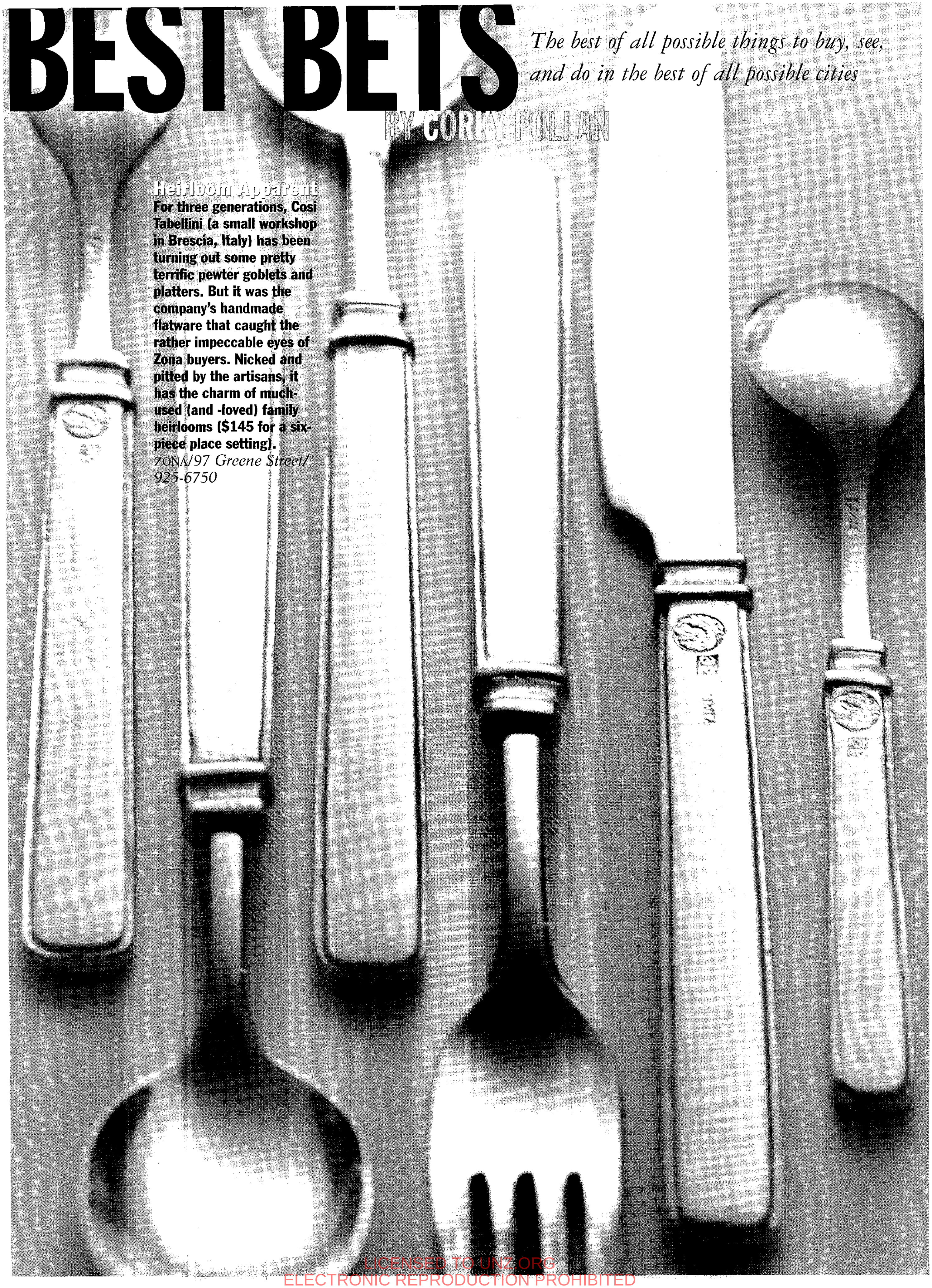
BY CORKY POLLAN



Heirloom Apparent

For three generations, Cosi Tabellini (a small workshop in Brescia, Italy) has been turning out some pretty terrific pewter goblets and platters. But it was the company's handmade flatware that caught the rather impeccable eyes of Zona buyers. Nicked and pitted by the artisans, it has the charm of much-used (and -loved) family heirlooms ($145 for a six-piece place setting).
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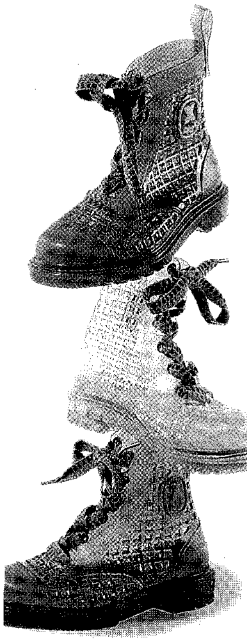

Boot Camp

Left to themselves, kids would wear jelly sandals year-round. Now they can: Xuxa, a Brazilian company, has come up with jelly high-tops. The boots are perforated—so they breathe—and come in sizes to fit 3- to 9-year-olds ($25).

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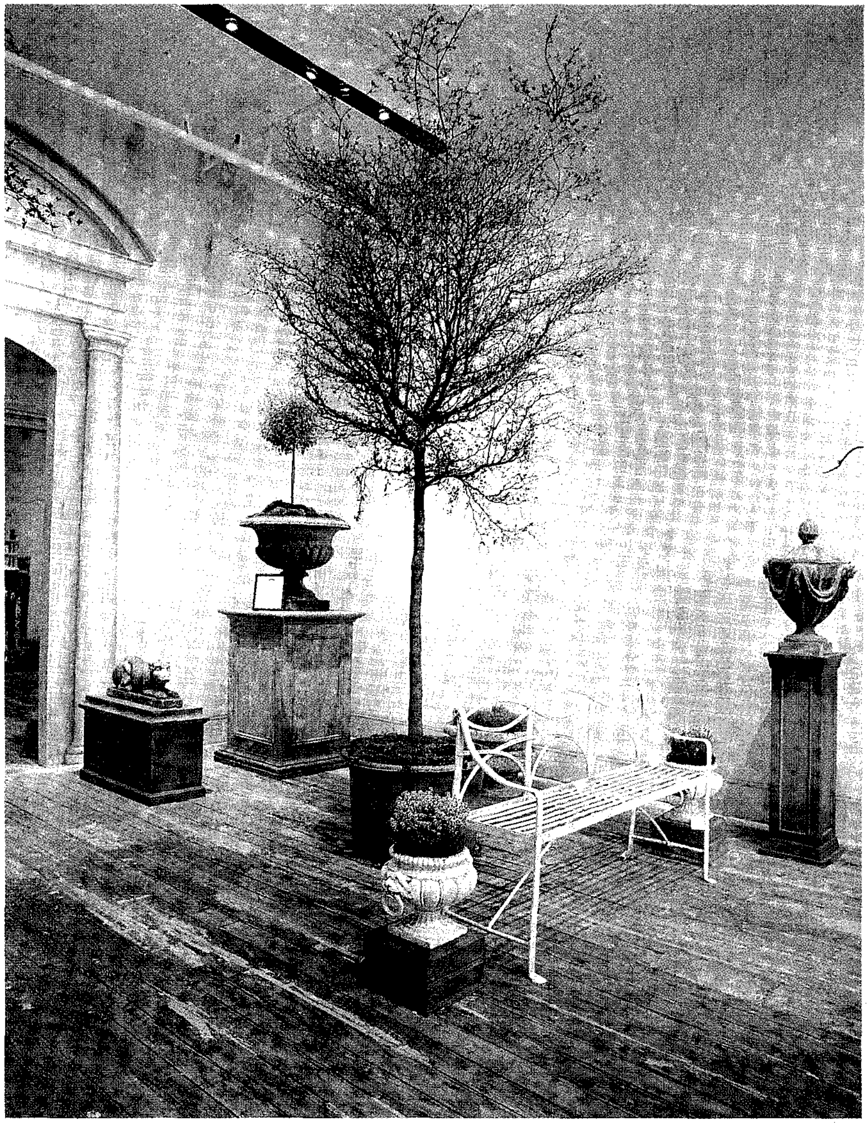


In Praise of Folly

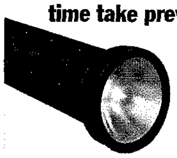
A folly, in the eighteenth century, was a whimsical, useless structure found on the English landscape. Folly in the late twentieth century is Susan Lyall and David Easton's loft-size gallery of extravagant garden antiques. Lyall, a longtime collector, loves garden ornaments for their weight and permanence; Easton is an interior and exterior designer who unites architecture, decorating, and landscaping in his work. Together, they've created a fantastic interior (painted by Corrine Gilbert) in which to display their rare and costly collection: mid-eighteenth-century carved French limestone finials, eighteenth-century bathstone griffins, turn-of-the-century American cast-iron urns, a Scottish Regency garden bench. (Follies were and are an indulgence of the well-to-do: from $850 for a section of a Portland-stone balustrade to $1,800 for a lion fountainhead to $3,300 for an Indo-French birdhouse to $40,000 for a pair of medieval stone beasts.)

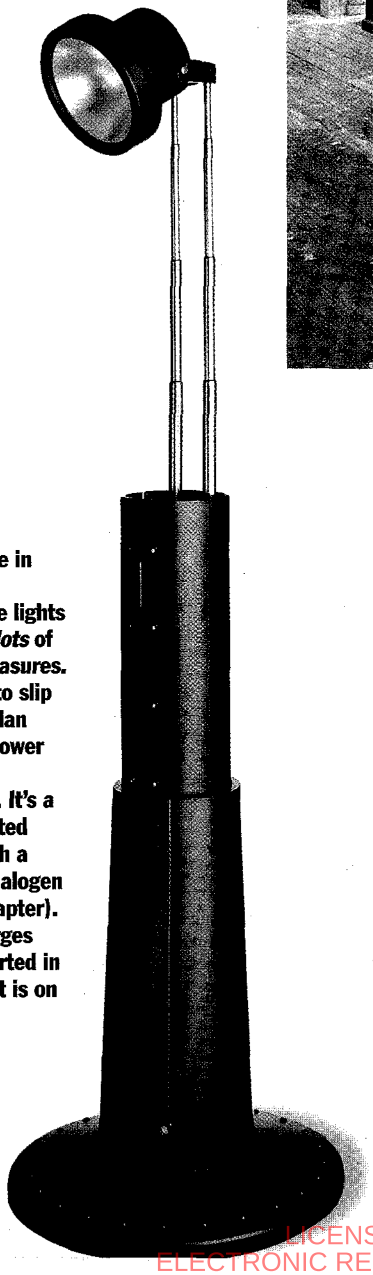
FOLLY/*13 White Street, near Church Street/925-5012*

A Light Packer

Those who have spent time in the country know how exasperating it is when the lights go out. Those who spend *lots* of time take preventative measures. One tack is to slip designer Alan Yip's Lightower into your overnighter. It's a flashlight, a battery-operated portable reading light (with a retractable head), and a halogen desk lamp (with an AC adapter). The built-in battery recharges when the flashlight is inserted in the base, whether the light is on or off ($70).

HENRI BENDEL/*Frank McIntosh/Second floor*



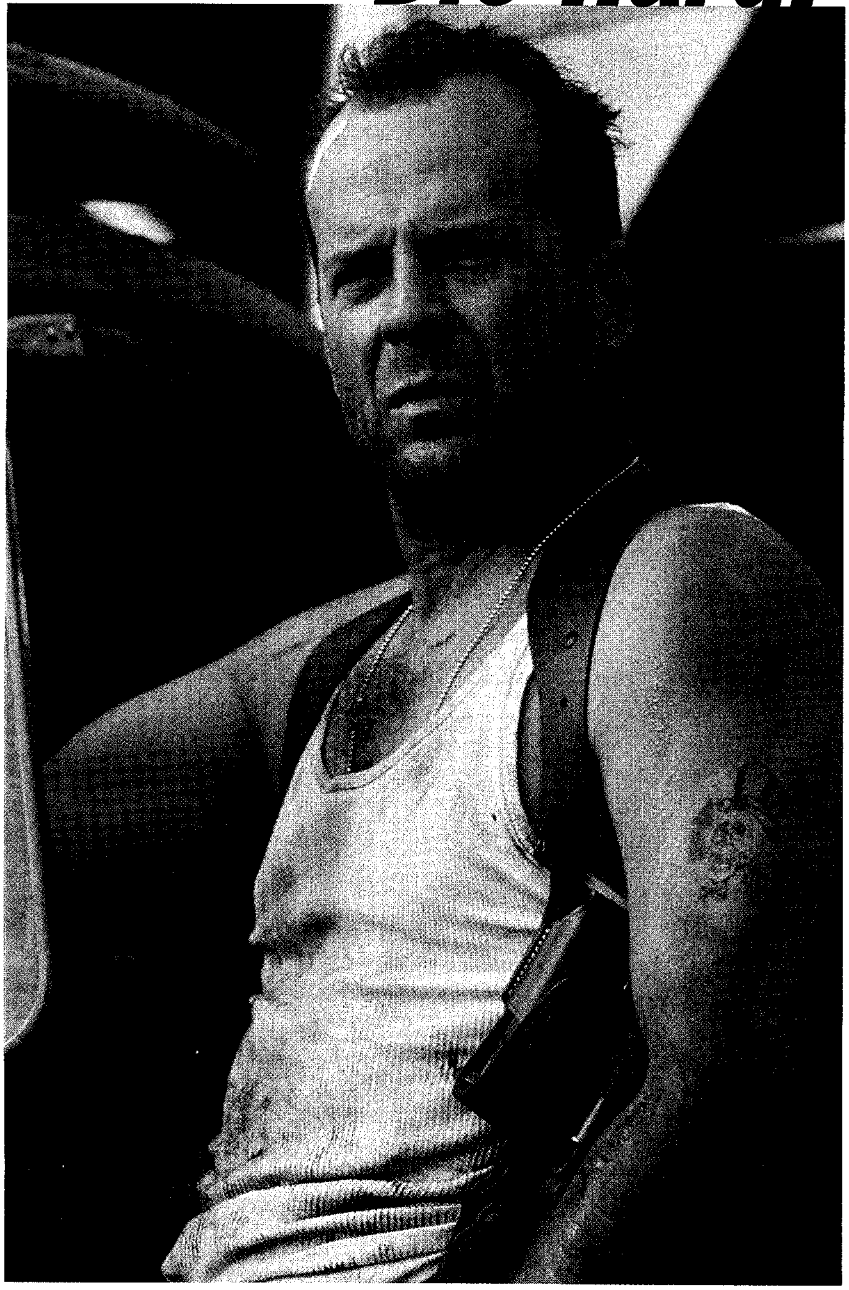


Jonathan Gross; Kenneth Chen; Steve Wisbauer (2).

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Die Hard, R.I.P.

The idea was old with 'Die Hard 2.' With 'Die Hard 3,' it's mutilated, and D.O.A. to boot.



Bruce Willis is Lieutenant John McClane—the hero as some sort of weird, sick joke.

WE SUFFER, IN THIS COUNTRY, FROM AN INcreasing sense of unreality. It didn't require an actual event in Oklahoma City to make me feel greenish and depressed about watching **Die Hard With a Vengeance,** another $75 million movie about a mad bomber. My mood takes a swan dive at the beginning of every summer season, though I admit I found pleasure, last year, in *Speed,* a movie that extended and embellished a small number of physical possibilities with the disciplined virtuosity of a great silent comedy. But the latest *Die Hard* is a mess, a shapeless, nonsensical exploding thing, with Bruce Willis trying to stop a fiendish bomber from terrorizing New York, and getting mangled and bloodied along the way. Covered with gore, Willis takes punishment in a blown-up subway car, a turned-over automobile, a tunnel filled with rushing water, the hold of a ship, and so on. The hero's function here is merely to endure; he gets mashed so often the movie turns into a weird, sick joke—James Bond as Jason the unkillable. In fact, *Die Hard* stops making any kind of sense after about an hour. The movie leaves Manhattan, which had given it a nominal unity, heads for the bridges, and becomes nothing more than one generic disconnected thrill after another. (As recently as three weeks ago, the filmmakers were still trying to reshoot a sequence of a car jumping off the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway—the scene never made it into the movie.) Watching *Die Hard,* and knowing that however ridiculous the movie may be, the media will promote it into a huge hit, because it's big, it's happening, and there's nothing else out there but *Crimson Tide,* one begins to think the country may be suffering a nervous breakdown. Oklahoma City doesn't make *Die Hard With a Vengeance* into a bad movie, but it certainly makes it a preposterous one.

Bruce has a sidekick this time—Samuel L. Jackson as a touchy black man with a good, honest soul beneath his rage. Jackson, as always, gives a forceful performance, and grounds the movie in whatever reality it has, but he doesn't have much to work with. Anyone can see that he's there to bring in the black audience and possibly a bit of *Pulp Fiction* cachet, as well as to provide the all-male buddy-buddy movie's obligatory equivalent of a romantic quarrel. Like *True Lies,* this monster movie is pasted together from bits and pieces that have worked before in other contexts. Jeremy Irons, as the bomber, manages to be everywhere at once, just like the villains of last year's mad-bomber movies (*Speed, Blown Away*), and he makes threats in the form of elaborate riddles that require the hero to run all over town—as if terrorists excelled at organizing scavenger hunts at camp. As always, goodness is straightforward and evil is effete, intellectual, and baroque. Willis's Lieutenant John McClane is a tough Irish prole who sweats and bleeds, and Irons, literate, witty, and ironic, plays a blond East German—a generic Nazi. (In pop-cult junkland, a German accent remains a sign of vileness a half-century after V-E Day.)

The movie uses New York as an obstacle course, which is not the same thing as using it well. In the best sequence, a subway car, uprooted by bombs, goes skidding across a platform, a scene that re-creates the terrifying dynamic of unbound physical force. But a lot of the action sequences feel fragmentary and fake. The director, John McTiernan (who made the original, much better *Die Hard*), stages a savage, tearing taxi ride across the lawns and rocks of Central Park but keeps the camera so close in, and the shots so brief, that one can't get much sense of what's actually happening. A shoot-out inside an elevator turns out to be unstageable. Photographed from very close, even routine movements will seem eruptive, and editing can cover all sorts of gaps. The unreality of the thrills, combined with their pointlessness as narrative, adds to one's sense of unease. We

Photograph by Barry Wetcher/20th Century Fox.

never see any blood except on Willis, who wears it proudly, as makeup. The explosions are just for fun. But who's supposed to be having fun? I love action movies but explosions do nothing for me. I really don't get their appeal. When an ersatz Bonwit Teller blows up, early in the movie, the scene looks exactly like what it is—a staged stunt. Movie bombers use advanced technology and play complicated mind-bending games. But all it takes to wreak actual havoc is a couple of guys filling a rented truck with fertilizer and fuel oil. In this country, fear and an exhilarated fascination with weapons and technology grow together like evil twins. The big summer movies only add to the dissociation, to the growing sense of panic.

LAST WEEK I COMPLAINED ABOUT THE UNspeakable spoken narration in Gregory Nava's *My Family,* which added a glaze of sanctimony to oversimplified scenes. But I'm hardly against narration in general. Forties Hollywood, in its fatalistic, deep-shadowed *noir* period, depended on it heavily, and Woody Allen has used intermittent narration to charge up some of his best movies. In Billy Crystal's pleasant but bland romantic comedy, **Forget Paris,** the narration is perhaps the most intricate and creative element. *Forget Paris* is about a contemporary couple, Mickey (Crystal), an NBA referee, and Ellen (Debra Winger), an airline executive, who are both right and wrong for each other and who keep falling apart and then coming back together. In a New York restaurant, Mickey's best friend, a sportswriter, Andy (Joe Mantegna), tells his nervous bride-to-be, Liz (Cynthia Stevenson), how Mickey and Ellen met (we see the meeting) and then fell apart; and then, as Liz gets more and more alarmed (the story of the wayward couple seems to reveal to her the truth of her own impending marriage), other friends show up for dinner and relate further adventures and misadventures of Mickey and Ellen, each bit of narration leading into the scene itself. Will Mickey, who's working the Knicks game at the Garden, show up, too? Is he still together with Ellen? Liz is virtually in a state of nervous collapse before the last question is resolved. The lovely joke of the movie is that the narrated frame intrudes more and more on the picture, and finally becomes the picture itself.

Forget Paris is a huge improvement over Crystal's first film as director, the lugubrious *Mr. Saturday Night.* This time, Crystal, directing the screenplay he wrote with his longtime collaborators Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, works in fast-moving anecdotal style, with short scenes fitted to the narration. There are some wonderful moments. A great sports fan, Crystal captures the pressured excitement of basketball but from the unlikely point of view of the ref. A little white guy bursting out of a knot of jubilant black colossi, blowing his whistle and disallowing a crucial basket, Crystal's Mickey is a Napoleon on the court, holding his own with Charles Barkley or David Robinson, answering taunts and complaints with joking threats. He's as fast with his mouth as they are. Mickey is happy in his work and his hotel-centered bachelor life—until he falls in love, that is, and becomes miserable, and the fans screaming at him seem like morons with swollen red faces.

In the love scenes, Crystal's direction is far more tentative. Walking around Paris with Debra Winger, Crystal makes nervous jokes, as if he thought he didn't have the right to leave stand-up comedy behind and play a lover. We feel less of Mickey's anxiety (will this woman accept me?) than of the actor's anxiety (will the audience accept me?). Crystal has to learn to use himself boldly, even crassly, as Woody Allen does. Allen is unashamedly masochistic and unashamedly sexual, and it's the sexual aggressiveness that pushes the audience past the embarrassment of watching an unprepossessing man at the center of a movie. At the moment, Crystal is too cuddly, more a husband than a hungry male, and since the tough, smart Debra Winger seems to need a strong masculine presence to play against, they don't quite click together. He makes jokes, and she laughs and seems too intense and emotional for him. She's a good sport, and plays her role. But what is her role? Ellen seems like your generic intelligent, modern working woman.

Second-rateness is built into the filmmakers' conception of the marital drama. After some jokes about naïve Americans discovering Paris, Crystal goes ahead and uses Paris in an entirely conventional way as a picture-postcard background for love. The Eiffel Tower! The Pont Neuf! Crystal and Debra Winger pose, spooning, in front of monuments. Back in the States, the newlyweds run into trouble. No fault on either side: Jobs pull them in different directions, and Ellen, having given up Paris, is trapped in Mickey's bachelor apartment, which she doesn't like (we're trapped in it, too, for many scenes). The screenplay tries for realism, and occasionally achieves it all too well and lands in banality. There are funny bits (gravel-voiced William Hickey turns up as Ellen's infuriating, muttering old dad), but Crystal hasn't figured out yet how to push the dialogue scenes beyond good television.

Do we want Ellen and Mickey to stay together? Yes, but not as much as we're supposed to—not as much as Liz, the woman in the restaurant who's hearing this story. I enjoyed the sociable, gossipy quality of *Forget Paris* (even strangers in the restaurant come over to talk to the people waiting for Mickey), but the marital-discord stuff is underpowered. *Forget Paris* is nice movie—maybe too nice. A more lyrical camera, a touch of bittersweet anguish, a woman whose charm possesses an intellectual edge. . . . Crystal is close, but he's not quite there yet. ▬

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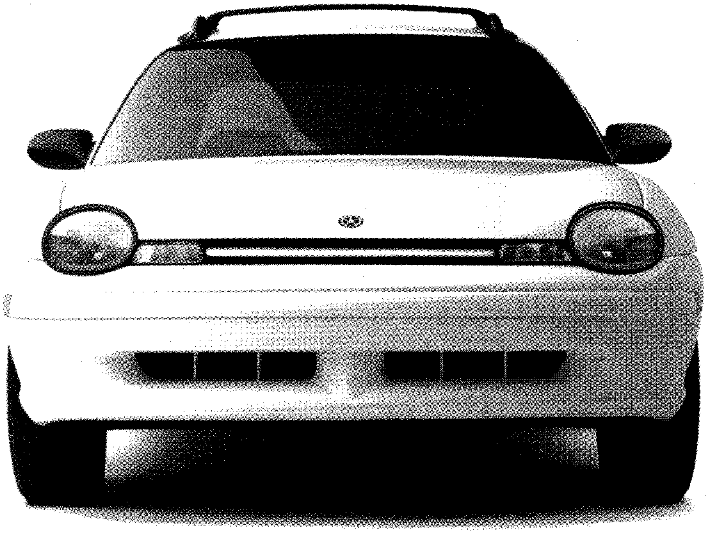

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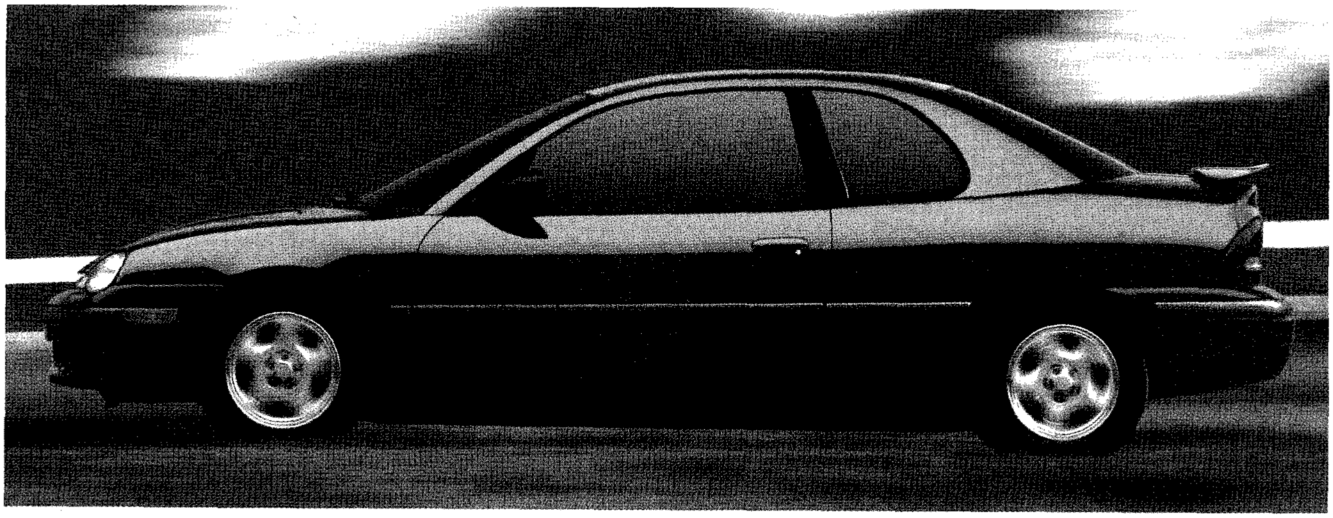

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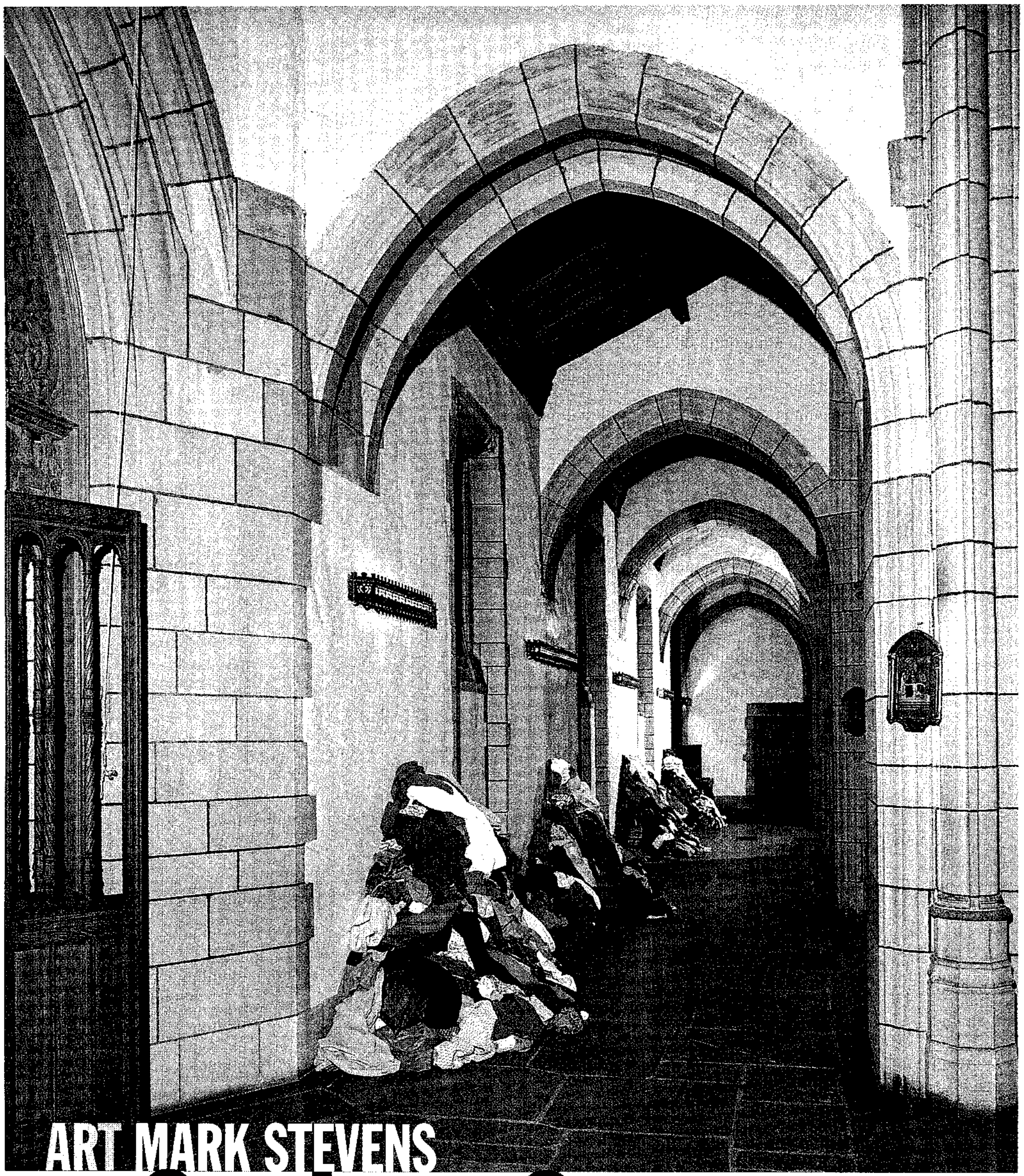

Dispersion, **at the Church of the Intercession in Washington Heights.**

ART MARK STEVENS

Orphan Spaces

At four historic landmarks, Christian Boltanski probes some forgotten corners of New York's collective memory.

THERE IS A GREAT ATGET PHOTOGRAPH OF A small Parisian bedroom in which the truly palpable element is what's not there. An armoire, a headboard, and a small bedside statue are full of character, but it is the two indentations in the mattress—the shadowy imprint of a couple—that sends the soul-shiver through the body. Objects do not forget; often, they remember too much. In our century of migration and exile, objects frequently convey displacement—the loss of home, usefulness, and life. This culminates in the Holocaust photographs of heaps of toothbrushes and suitcases.

Christian Boltanski is a French conceptual artist who works with this particular form of feeling. At the invitation of the Public Art Fund, he has come to New York to make four installations in different parts of the city. As the prototype of the twentieth-century city, New York is obviously rich pickings for an artist of Boltanski's interests. This is—famously—the city of change and immigration. Old and new collide, the past is broken into the future, the object is loosened from its context. New York, for all its faith in the future, also harbors many washed-up things and homeless people. And New York often forgets to remember.

For his sites, Boltanski, who is 50 years old, has selected four great stone piles: Grand Central Terminal in midtown, the Church of the Intercession in Washington Heights, the Eldridge Street Synagogue on the Lower East Side, and the New-York Historical Society on Central Park West. Each of these buildings has a grand old-world aura, or at least a nineteenth-century stolidity. Each seems firmly centered. Each is devoted, in one way or another, to the preservation of memory. For Boltanski, each can therefore serve as a telling foil—a theatrical backdrop—to a poetic modern gesture of displacement.

His most effective work is *What They Remember,* at the Eldridge Street Synagogue, just below Canal Street. Built in 1887 by Jewish immigrants from Russia and Poland, this ornate synagogue is now a symbol of the powerful waves of immigration that have crossed the Lower East Side—a monument in stone to what Irving Howe called, in the title of a book, the "world of our fathers." Alas, with most Jews having left the Lower East Side, the synagogue is now in ruinous condition and cannot find enough money for restoration. (So do the sons remember the fathers.) Today, it serves mainly as a teaching tool about immigration. Visiting schoolchildren often ask why the Jewish people built a synagogue in Chinatown.

Since ruins are already powerful objects of memory, Boltanski wisely saw that nothing visual could be added to this synagogue without diminishment: Modesty, he said, is necessary in such a place. Instead, he heightened the metaphysical whispering of the building. Neighborhood children were interviewed about the immigrant backgrounds of their families; quiet recordings of these interviews were then placed among the tattered pews. Memory, a murmuring lost in a space that we long to call sacred, is nowhere more poignantly rendered than in the voice of a child. In one piece of this sound collage, a child describes a relative from another country who has mastered English—except for the past tense.

At the other sites, Boltanski has inserted incongruous or deracinated objects into monumental spaces. At the Episcopal Church of the Intercession, a large structure in Washington Heights built in 1906 in an English Gothic style, he piled freshly laundered secondhand clothes donated by Goodwill Industries into eight groups, four on each side of the nave. The contrast that the piles in *Dispersion* make with the majestic stone church is abrupt,

Photograph by Dorothy Zeidman.

but not as harsh as one might suppose, since the colors in the clothes make an almost comical, low-church rhyme with the stained glass.

Besides, the church itself is already a marvelous anomaly in Washington Heights. A model of English elegance in a drug-gutted Hispanic neighborhood, the church is certainly fluent in the language of social paradox; Audubon is buried in the spacious cemetery where homeless families sometimes set up house. While the supply lasts, people will be able to clean up the church by purchasing bags for two dollars and filling them up with clothes. Not surprisingly, the rags have provided the priests with a useful symbol for sermons, which can begin with a smile about contemporary art, continue with a discussion of loss and disarray, and end with resurrection.

At Grand Central Terminal, the commuter's cathedral, Boltanski has chosen to commemorate what is forgotten in the modern rush. Here, too, he enhances a familiar irony. The great American train stations are monuments to movement—yet nothing seems so rumpled, tired, or still as a station waiting room, where time is dead, the air unchanging, and a forgotten humanity finds a place to sprawl. Near Track 42, Boltanski has set up *Lost Property,* a metallic cage with rows of shelving that holds a vast array of things that people have left on trains: a dictionary of Swahili, boxes of CDs, home photographs, rumpled bags, umbrellas, toys, an Yves Saint Laurent shirt. Each object has a tag attached to it, like the toe tag that dangles from a corpse in the morgue.

For *Inventory,* at the New-York Historical Society, Boltanski took the belongings of a typical young New Yorker of the moment and isolated them in vitrines, much as the museum might in a taxonomic display of the belongings of a seventeenth-century Dutchman in Manhattan. For example, like many college graduates, this particular specimen still carts about his college books. He has read his *Iliad* but not, unfortunately, his *Anna Karenina.* This rubbishing-about in someone's things may be conceptually interesting, but the belongings of this New Yorker are also so numbingly boring—without even the note of the exotic that renders the boredom of the past intriguing—that the eye soon puts the mind to sleep.

A conceptual artist hopes to leave behind a ripple in the mind. That "the modern" has often meant the stripped, the naked, the homeless; that objects can embody absence; that our memory means loss—these are not original ideas. But Boltanski puts them well. He has a feel for the abstract intimacy of our culture. He asserts the dowdy modern against the historically grand, the human against the heroic. Still, he remains very much the melancholic Frenchman in New York. He sees the cost of modernity but does not register the brassy joy that New York takes in dispersal, change, and even indifference. ■

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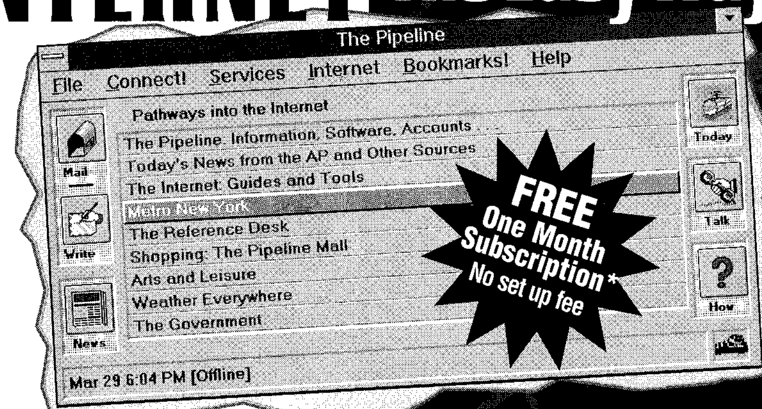

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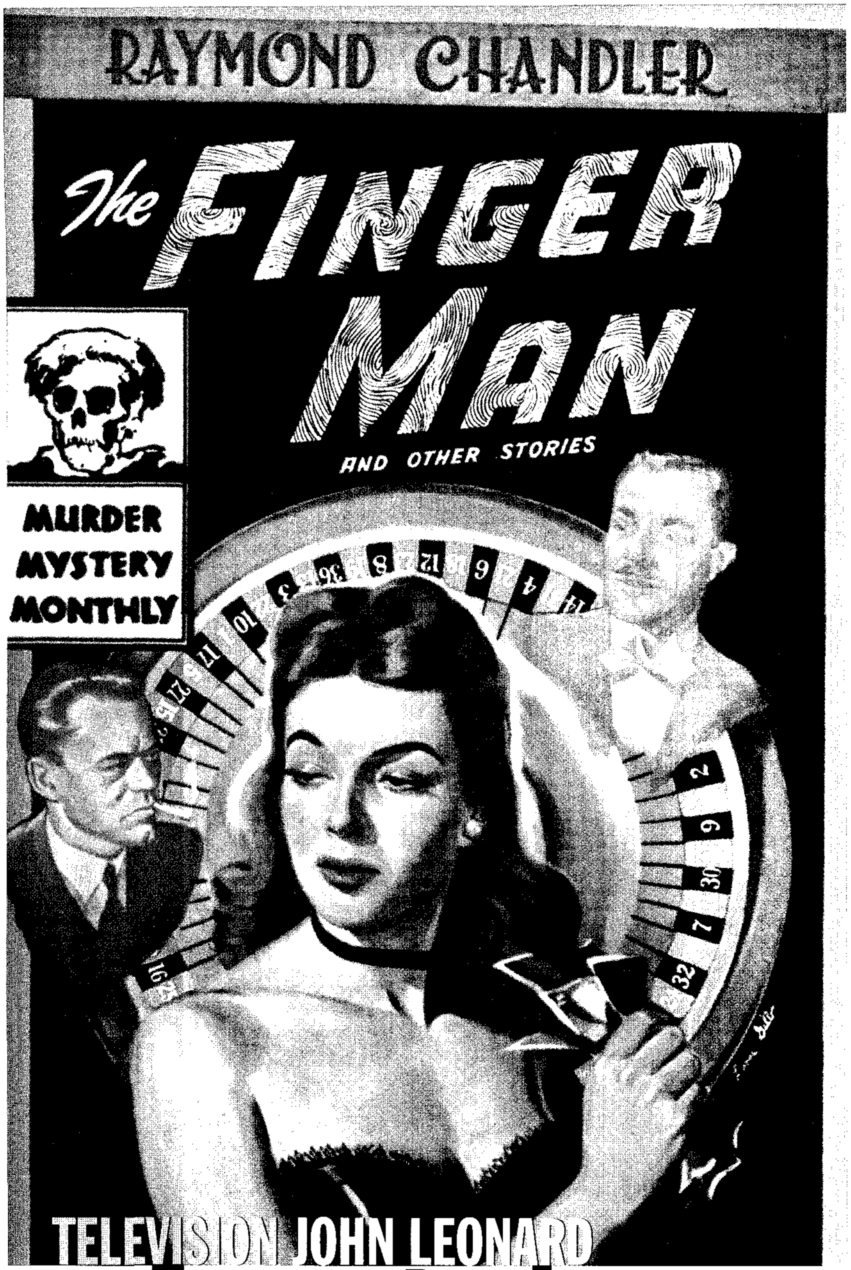

TELEVISION

JOHN LEONARD

Arrested Development

Today's TV gumshoes haven't evolved much since the paradigmatic Philip Marlowe.

Above: A mystery book by Raymond Chandler. Right: Chandler, the father of private dicks as we know them.

ABOUT WHAT AMERICANS DID TO THE ENGLISH language, Raymond Chandler was quoted as saying: "They've knocked over tombs and sneered at the dead, which is as it should be." He was English himself, a public-school boy educated in the classics, full of a schoolboy's ideals of good sportsmanship and Christian duty, and the schoolboy's fear of women. How he ended up in Los Angeles—married to a woman seventeen years his senior, wearing white gloves, smoking a pipe, and drinking himself to death at a portable typewriter where he invented Philip Marlowe as the template from which succeeding generations of hard-boiled private eyes, cracking wise and feeling mushy, would be minted—is the absorbing subject of **Raymond Chandler: Murder He Wrote** (Friday, May 26; 8 to 9 P.M.; A&E). He is yakked about by Frank McShane, his intelligent biographer; and Robert Mitchum, one of several movie Marlowes; and James Ellroy and George V. Higgins, two of his hundreds of epigones. He is even impersonated, by Robert Stephens, reading from the many letters Chandler wrote at night after his invalid wife had gone to bed. And then, of course, there are the movie snippets from *The Big Sleep* and *Farewell, My Lovely* and *The Long Goodbye*, with Bogart, Mitchum, Dick Powell, James Garner, and even Elliott Gould as loners on the *film noir* range.

From the admiralty to the apricot ranch to the oil business to *Black Mask* to Billy Wilder, Marlowe was his alter ego, the man of action with "a coat, a hat, and a gun," pledged to "protect the innocent, guard the helpless, and destroy the wicked." What he said about Dashiell Hammett applied at least as much to Chandler himself: "[He] gave murder back to the kind of people who commit it for reasons, not just to provide a corpse; and with the means at hand, not with hand-wrought dueling pistols, curare, and tropical fish." This was the Declaration of Independence of American detective fiction from the English jigsaw puzzle. But it also spoke to downward mobility, a lowering of class from Poe's declassed aristocrat Dupin and Conan Doyle's coke-addicted scientist-fiddler Holmes and such titled gentry as a Wimsey, an Appleby, and an Alleyn, through the genteel Father Browns and Hercule Poirots and Miss Marples, to the internal contradictions of European bureaucrat-cops like Maigret and Van der Valk and Martin Beck, unto revolutionary consciousness—the detective as storm bird (Hammett's Continental Op), as St. Francis of Assisi (Chandler's Marlowe), and as shrink (Ross Macdonald's Lew Archer). "Democracy," said Macdonald, "is as much a language as it is a place. If a man has suffered under a society of privilege, the American vernacular can serve him as a kind of passport to freedom and equality." Even Edmund Wilson, who otherwise disdained detective novels as "rubbish," admired the hero in James M. Cain "who carries his precipice with him like Pascal."

Which brings us back to television, where they stopped at Marlowe. Downward mobility, yes: As much as any private eye, so are the TV cops class-conscious. What in fact distinguishes the new cops on television from the old ones is that they are as sensitive as Marlowe about this class-consciousness, like Wambaugh's wounded warriors on *Police Story*. Or Furillo and Goldblume facing up to the Crisis of Liberalism on *Hill Street Blues*. Or first Caruso and then Smits on *NYPD Blue*, when they aren't coercing confessions from truculent perps. They feel as bad about evil as a soft-boiled Rockford, himself a lite Marlowe knockoff. Where are the angry feminist detectives we find in the fiction of Linda Barnes, Susan Dunlap, Lia Matera, and Sara Paretsky, and

in J. M. Redmann's forthcoming Micky Knight series? David Handler's contempt in his Stewart Hoag novels for what he calls "yushies" (young urban shitheads)? The fathering of Walter Mosley's Easy Rawlins? An American equivalent of Cracker and Anna Lee? Why no adaptation on television anywhere of Janwillem van de Wetering's Zen mysteries, in which the slave trade, the Holocaust, Freud, and imperialism all meet probability theory, uncertainty principles, and random, terrifying chance, plus a turtle?

But no: On the same mean streets, we are served the same old gumshoe—the last romantic in a corrupt world; an omelet of St. Francis, St. George, and sweet-and-sour Parsifal; a mixed grill of Quixote, Galahad, and Robin Hood; a submarine sandwich of vigilante, psychotherapist, John Rawls, and killing machine. I find I'm impatient with this week's batch of crime-and-punishment TV movies. Even about the best of them: Who cares if, in **Nothing but the Truth** (Tuesday, May 23; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), Ken Olin, a creepily handsome Rachmaninoff-playing doctor of medicine, is lying to Patricia Wettig (Olin's wife in real life), a sexually needy professor of criminology and polygraph expert, about the murders of a couple of inconvenient young women? Or if, in **The Face on the Milk Carton** (Wednesday, May 24; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), Jill Clayburgh and Edward Herrmann turn out to be Kellie Martin's parents, her grandparents, or part of a cult that stole her at age 3 from an inattentive Sharon Lawrence and a bearded Richard Masur? And why nobody except for artist-waitress-psychic Nancy Allen will believe Roger Moore in **The Man Who Wouldn't Die** (Monday, May 29; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) when he says that Malcolm McDowell is blowing up buildings and torturing people with electric drills and killing Buddhist priests because he read about it first in the mystery novels Roger used to write before his wife died and the discrepancies got him? If I wanted movies for 12-year-olds, I could spend money on serial killers at a cineplex.

It's not as if the stuff weren't out there, waiting to be adapted. If the networks are afraid of women, why not Jon Katz (the suburban detective), Tony Hillerman (the Navajo detective), or, gasp, Joseph Hansen (the gay detective)? Not to mention all of Ross Thomas and Lawrence Block. Hell, even such steadfast stalwarts of modernism as Jorge Luis Borges, Italo Calvino, and Stanislaw Lem have tried their sleight-of-hand at crime-fiction send-ups. Many years ago, when I was an insolent pup at a radio station in Berkeley, California, I told Anthony Boucher: "Ross Macdonald married Freud to the detective novel." Boucher, who for decades had written the "Criminals at Large" column for the *Times Book Review,* sighed back at me from his built-in precipice. "*The Brothers Karamazov*?" he suggested. ■

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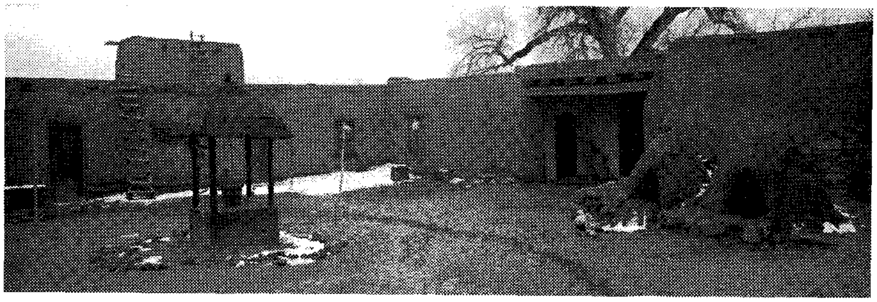

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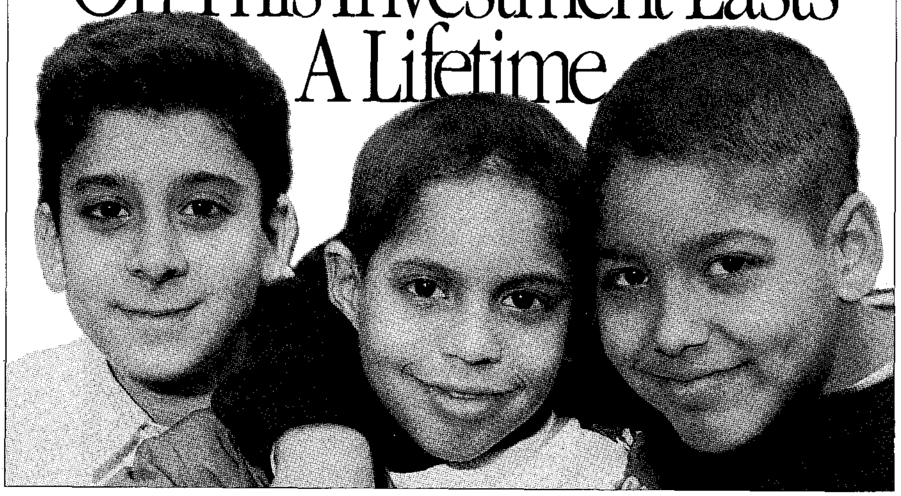

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Nice Thai

Rain sweeps into the Upper West Side wilderness, bringing the tastes of Indochina—both wild and tamed—at prices that won't blow the budget.

One night in Bangkok, courtesy of Rain.

WE BLEW INTO **Rain** DURING A WET SPRING squall and quickly forgave the Somerset Maughamesque implications: that damp must somehow authenticate the Asian experience. It's paid off for Monsoon, the hot Vietnamese joint around the corner. But what's in a name? The prevailing climate at Rain is surprisingly sunny. And we owe it all to the guys from the adjacent family-style canteen Main Street. Can this be the fantasy tropics we've hungered for? Bruised and still spooked by the lingering specter of the imagined West Side restaurant curse, I am hesitant to think it, reluctant to say it, terrified to write it for fear that this first tasting is a fluke. It's only the third night, so it's no trick that the frying oil is impeccably fresh. Solicitous waiters in black work shirts from northern Thailand hover and fuss like Mom over the scattered diners. They want to know how we feel about the banana-coconut stew. We take a poll: One passionately for. One lukewarm. One petulantly opposed.

Saturday night a week later, the vast space that was in the early eighties the kitchen of Dino De Laurentiis's doomed DDL Foodshow is jammed, supercharged. L. Bogdanow & Associates may not win architectural awards for its erratic face-lift, but there are cozy booths with Asian prints illuminated from within, a view of tree-lined 82nd Street from the bay windows, and clever Oriental runners painted on the floor. Latecomers fill the wicker club chairs in the lounge meant to feel like a veranda, tucking into Vietnamese summer rolls, dipping crisp Thai shrimp-and-chicken parcels into tamarind sauce. And the prices are right for the neighborhood. With starters from $5 and entrées beginning at $10, it's possible to put together a $25 dinner (though we can't resist half a dozen extras, bumping the bill to about $50 each, with plenty of leftovers to cart away). Danny Errico of the Equinox-gym family marvels: "I love Kin Khao on Spring Street, but this is so close to home." Up here in the western wilds, we need all the love we can get.

Granted, Rain isn't Vong. It isn't a sophisticated and masterly riff on Asian cookery. It doesn't pretend to be authentic. I've never been to Thailand or Vietnam myself. But I don't need eternal verities. All I want to know is, do I like it? And I do. I love the tapestry of flavors—ginger and coconut, cilantro and mint, the sweetness of tamarind and the old tennis-shoe musk of nam pla. (Though, at times, a heavy hand with that fish paste makes sauces taste too salty.) The deep-fried onion slivers and coconut crisps add a nutty crunch. Long ribbons of raw beet are refreshing. And stylish, too, with couturier touches like needles of chive, tassels of cilantro, and plumes of pineapple stem. If you're lucky, the shrimp chips (scoops for the peanut sauce) may be freshly toasted and still warm—possibly the first I've encountered that didn't taste like Styrofoam.

Hotheads will find most of the food too tame. That was definitely not the complaint when Bangkok-born chef Taweewat Hurapan auditioned for the Main Street gang. He'd been a sous-chef at Isabella's, but longed to cook the tastes of his childhood. "We loved his food," says executive chef Paul Zweben, "but the heat blew our heads off." Zweben encouraged him to turn down the thermostat. Now only the green-papaya salad has that fiery afterburn. But cultural assimilation has its pleasures—meat you can identify, decent-size shrimp quite carefully cooked, and the ugly made lovable. Tod mun poo, the Thai fish cake that usually mimics a rubbery hockey puck, is mostly crab here and only a little bit bouncy. Of course, you can always ask for most anything torrid.

These are appetizers to share: Sprightly spring rolls to

Photographs by Carl Posey.

wrap with mint and cilantro in dark-green lettuce leaves and dip in plum sauce. Spicy prawn salad—tell the server how spicy you want it. Charred-beef salad with lemongrass and lime vinaigrette on thin slices of plum. Vietnamese steamed crab and bean-sprout ravioli in a steamer. Classics like the pad Thai noodles seem especially fresh. Stir-fried beef in a Malaysian peanut-curry sauce is better than too-cooked sirloin, its mediocrity not quite hidden under a toss of lettuce with a scattering of lethal Sichuan pepper pods. A whole red snapper can be ordered crisp-fried, swathed in a garlicky sauce and served with too-greasy coconut cracklings you just can't stop eating. Or try bass steamed with tofu fluffs and Chinese cabbage. Freed from its banana-leaf straitjacket, the salmon is slightly rare, as requested, with a delicious citric accent. Curried beef with sweet potato, the battered chicken smothered in green curry (both in miniature woklike bowls), and stir-fried prawns and pineapple in red-curry stew please our crowd. We can't decide which rice to order—jasmine, sticky, or vegetable-fried—so we're sampling all three.

Even on that first thrilling night of discovery, there are goofs. The most expensive dish, cracked lobster and shrimp with Thai eggplant in yellow curry ($21), is impossible to eat, even with the standard surgical instruments. The arid lobster seems almost glued to the shell. Mere Handi Wipes can't undo the mess. Chicken as dry as corduroy mars what would otherwise be the best tom yam soup ever. I can only hope that these early excesses of salt and grease, the occasional overcooking, will disappear, though I've lived long enough to know that crowds banging at the door can breed indifference.

Tradition dictates that beer goes best with this food, and here there are choices from eight countries. My Danish guest is full of praise for Pete's Wicked Ale on draft (just $10.50 by the pitcher). The fruitiness of a French Pinot Gris ($19) or a modest Gewurztraminer ($17) work very well, too. What to offer for dessert is still a conundrum. The sorbet is frozen rigid. The fried ice cream and the strawberries on sticky rice have yet to be perfected. Fresh fruit is best, or try that love-it/hate-it banana-coconut stew. Given how sensitive the Rain team is to its clientele—dating singles and couples in their starter apartments—it's only a matter of time till crème brûlée and chocolate-fudge compassion somehow are adapted to the Asian idiom.

But watch for a few fireworks in the future. Hurapan has been fixing breakfast for his chef-boss every morning: Chicken livers with steamed rice and explosive red chilies is a favorite. "My threshold of heat has definitely risen," says Zweben. Can the neighborhood's be far behind?

Rain, 100 West 82nd Street (501-0776). Monday through Thursday, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Friday, 6 p.m. to midnight; Saturday, 5 p.m. to midnight; Sunday, 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. A.E., Disc., M.C., V. ■

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SALES & BARGAINS

Leisure city: Entertain at home with catering, tableware, and party goods for all occasions, or take a cruise on a catamaran in New York Harbor.

Brighton Up Your Day

THIS SEAFOOD RESTAURANT ON THE Upper East Side is making a special offer through June: At lunch, the crawfish cakes, usually $14.95 as an entrée, and mixed-green salad, usually $4.95 as an appetizer, will be $8.95 for both; at dinner, the sampler of fresh oysters, usually $15.95, will be $9.95. *Brighton Grill, 1313 Third Ave., near 75th St. (988-6663); A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V. accepted; reservations recommended for three or more people; through 6/30.*

Oh, Kaye!

LINDA KAYE'S IS A TOWNHOUSE BOUTIQUE where you can order paper party goods; if you buy by the case or dozen, the price is 20 percent less than retail. There are hundreds of patterns to choose from for children's parties, barbecues, weddings, religious celebrations, birthdays, anniversaries, and so on: a pack of 30 beverage napkins, retail $45 for a dozen packs, here $36; lunch and dinner napkins in packs of 20 and 24, retail $47.50 and $75, respectively, for twelve packs, here $38 and $60; 8-in. or 12-in. plates in packs of ten, retail $47.50 and $75, respectively, for twelve packs, here $38 and $60. A case of each of the above, retail $350, here $280. Also reduced is colorful plastic cutlery, and a Botanika 153-piece picnic hamper, which comes with a hibachi grill, cutting board, twenty platters or mats, 30 plates, sixteen serving bowls, 80 eating bowls, and three table covers (the hamper itself becomes a small table), retail $150, here $120. *Linda Kaye's Birthdaybakers, Partymakers, Inc., 195 E. 76th St. (288-7112); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; 50 percent deposit required, balance on delivery; delivery additional; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; through 7/4.*

Silk Stalkings

SILK, A 32-FOOT CRUISING CATAMARAN, IS available for a sunset-dinner charter cruise for six in New York Harbor; it departs at 6 P.M. from Jersey City and returns at 10 P.M. seven days a week, by reservation only. You'll see the Manhattan skyline and sail under the Brooklyn Bridge and by the World Trade Center and the Statue of Liberty; you get a full-course dinner, with your choice of five entrées. Through June, you can get a 20 percent discount: the cruise, usually $250, now $200; dinner, usually $40 per person, now $32. Prices include tax. *For more information and reservations, write or phone Silken Charters, 39 Maple Ave., Newton, N.J. 07860 (201-383-3117); through 6/30.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

Giorgi Girl

CLOTHING FOR WOMEN BY SUCH FAMOUS designers as Anne Klein, Donna Karan, Calvin Klein, Raspoli, and Giorgi, in sizes 2–14, is 60–85 percent off at Stanrose Co., which after 44 years is closing its doors. A few examples: silk-shantung skirt suit, original retail $960, here $239; tan washed-silk pantsuit, original retail $1,080, here $289; simple black crêpe skirt suit, original retail $1,210, here $289; cool wool suit, original retail $820 for the jacket, here $349.75; $395 for the skirt, here $139.75; two-ply-silk sweaters, original retail $220, here $49.75; silk blouses, original retail $200–$400, here $29.75–$59.75; cotton and linen shirts, original retail $150–$350, here $22.75–$49.75; famous-designer hosiery is 35–50 percent off retail, and in broken sizes and colors is $5 per pair; Donna Karan belts, retail $100–$300, here $15–$49. *Stanrose Co., 141 W. 36th St., sixteenth floor (736-3358); no credit cards; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–2 p.m.; through 6/23.*

Table of Content

THIS RENTER OF TABLE LINENS, CONTAINERS, and props to event planners and designers is offering a selection of items used at formal dinners and parties: 24-in. gold-leaf candelabra, retail $300, here $135–$145; 14-in. brass candlestick, slightly damaged, if perfect retail $100, here $50; tole cachepots, slightly damaged, if perfect retail $200, here $30–$70; silver-plated ice buckets, here $20; silver-plated chargers, here $3 and $5 (for one with gold rim); damask- or metallic-tapestry 54-in.-square tablecloths with bullion fringe, here $35; 114-in. to 120-in. table rounds of satin, damask, or cotton prints, here $20–$50. *Ruth Fischl & Company, 156 W. 28th St. (929-3586); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Mon. and Tues. noon–6 p.m.; 5/28–30.*

Love Feast

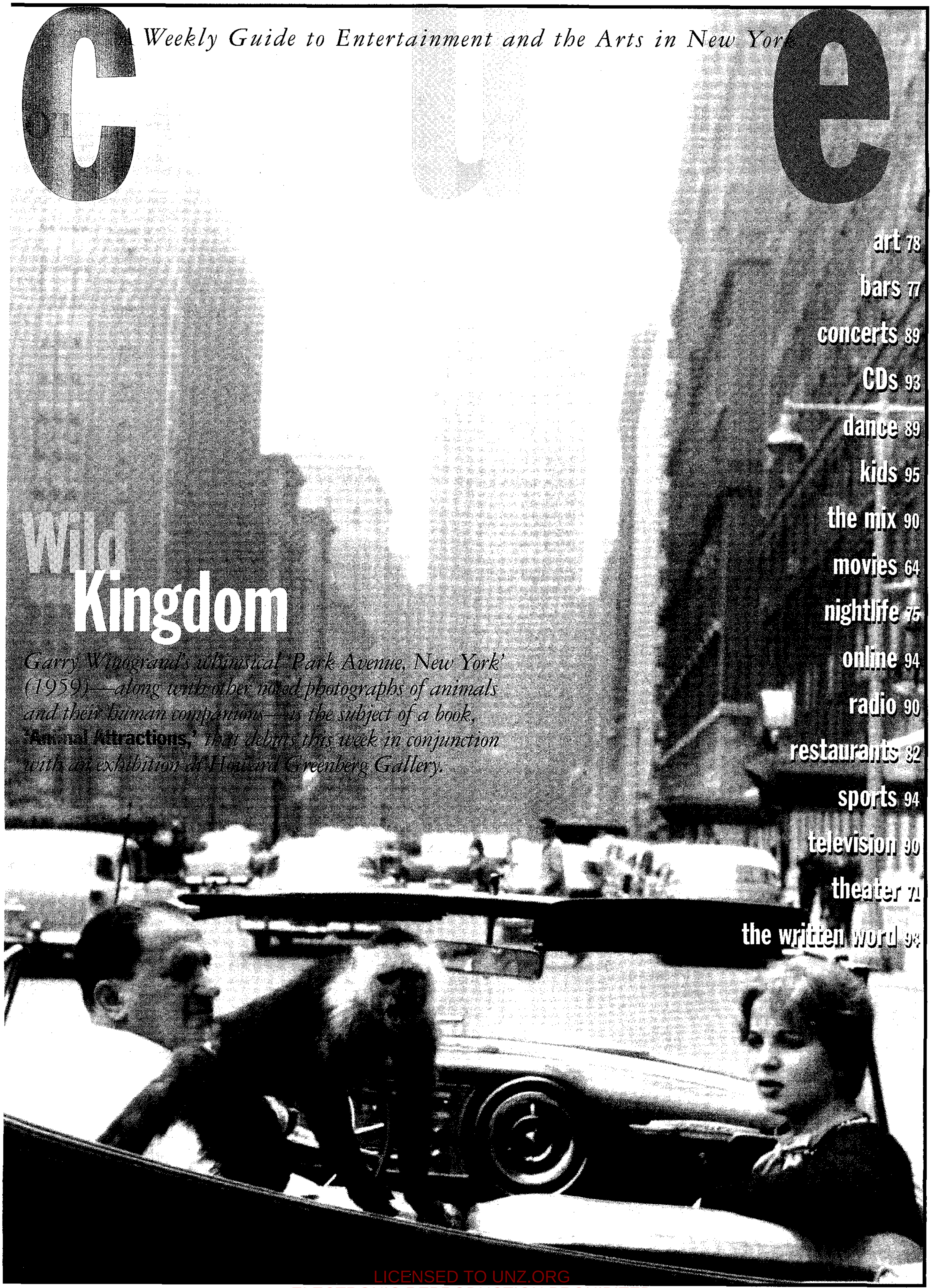
THIS CATERER OFFERS DELICIOUS FOOD AT 15 percent off its usual low prices for up to 29 people, and 20 percent off for 30 or more. Package A includes assorted café-style mini-sandwiches, seasonal spring salads, light pastas, assorted desserts, and seasonal fresh fruit, usually $13.50 a person, now $11.45 (up to 29 people) and $10.80 (30 or more). Package B includes a seasonal antipasto platter of meats, cheeses, artichoke hearts, and so on: chicken-leek tartlets; smoked-salmon mousse, cucumber, and dill on black-bread hearts; baby new potatoes filled with crème fraîche and caviar; endive filled with three-vegetable terrine; assorted desserts; seasonal fresh fruit, usually $20 a person, now $17 (up to 29 people) and $16 (30 and more). There's a $10 delivery charge in Manhattan, $20 in the other boroughs. Wait staff is available on request. *Call Beauty & the Feast (691-6135) seven days a week 24 hours a day; A.E., checks accepted; 50 percent deposit required with order, balance on delivery; through 8/31.*

Veni, Vidi, Bicci

AT BICCI BY FLORINE WACHTER, YOU CAN buy these women's current spring and fall fashions of day-into-evening-wear, in misses' sizes 2–16 and 2–12 petite, direct from the manufacturer: three-piece rayon pantsuit with long tunic jacket, retail $500, here $230; three-piece navy-and-white skirt suit in silk/linen with short spencer jacket, retail $500, here $230; three-piece rayon-crêpe dressy pantsuit with tassel-trimmed jacket, retail $430, here $200; three-piece pantsuit with silk-jacquard-and-rayon vest, long silk jacket, silk pants, retail $480, here $230; ivory linen/silk cap-sleeved dress, matching long jacket, retail $500, here $230. Fall styles are in wool crêpes, suedes, other fabrics. *Bicci by Florine Wachter, 500 Seventh Ave. (use W. 38th St. entrance), seventh floor (730-0099, ask for Jaclyn); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; by appointment only; through 6/30.* ▬

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



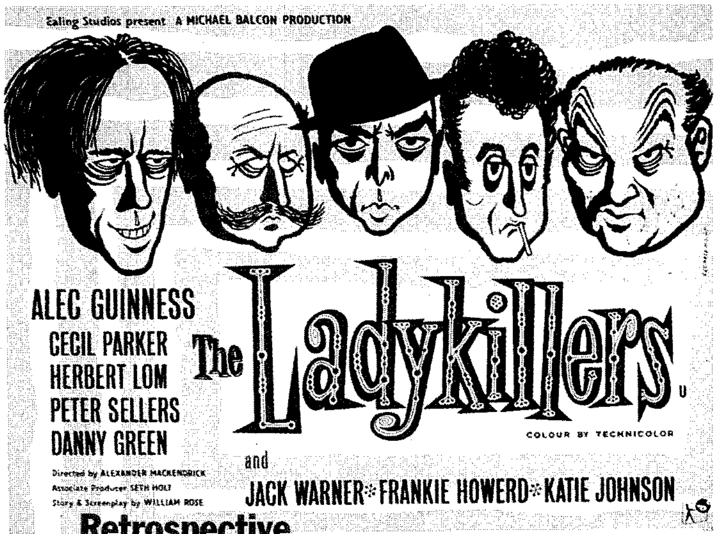
Wild Kingdom

Garry Winogrand's whimsical 'Park Avenue, New York' (1959)—along with other noted photographs of animals and their human companions—is the subject of a book, **'Animal Attractions,'** *that debuts this week in conjunction with an exhibition at Howard Greenberg Gallery.*

art 78
bars 77
concerts 89
CDs 93
dance 89
kids 95
the mix 90
movies 64
nightlife 75
online 94
radio 90
restaurants 82
sports 94
television 90
theater 71
the written word 94

movies

Chris Toughens Up…Mel Goes for Brol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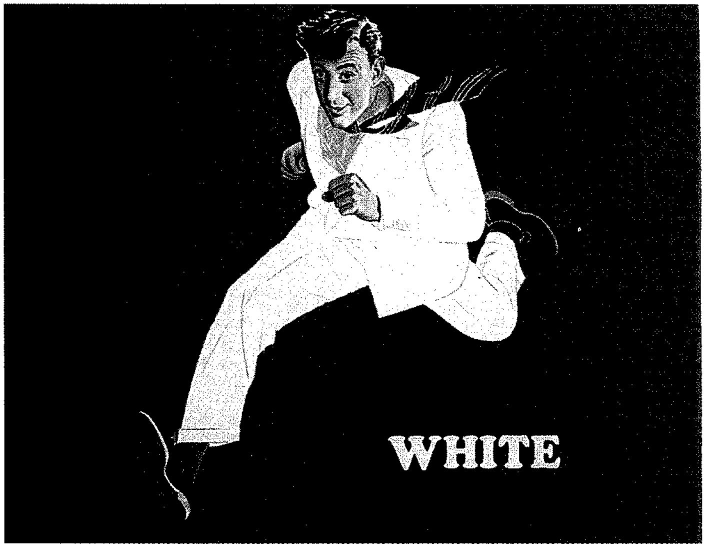
Story & Screenplay by WILLIAM ROSE
and
JACK WARNER * FRANKIE HOWERD * KATIE JOHNSON



Retrospective

That Ealing Feeling

Anyone who saw 'A Fish Called Wanda' already knows what to expect from the forties and fifties Ealing Studios comedies it was modeled on: devilishly intricate plots, eccentric minor characters, and droll wit mixed with over-the-top farce. Perhaps Britain's greatest production company, Ealing turned out classics like 'Kind Hearts and Coronets' and 'The Ladykillers,' and 21 of them can be seen at Film Forum May 26–June 15. Call 727-8110.

New Films

Amateur—Mining his familiar terrain of droll, good-looking characters engaged in sharp self-observation, writer-director Hal Hartley spins an absurdist tale about a former nun writing pornography, a vengeful porn star, and an overempathetic police officer brought together by Thomas Martin Donovan. He's a charming and handsome fellow who suffers from amnesia and appears to have been a real bastard before his memory loss kicked in. Intelligently done, with strong support from Hartley's usual collaborators. But one keeps waiting for the joke, for the cheeky spin on movie conventions—but no one seems to be kidding, at least not enough. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Plaza.*

Bad Boys—Will Smith and Martin Lawrence are buddy cops looking to bust some bad guys who stole a cache of heroin from police headquarters. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; National Twin; 84th Street Six.*

The Basketball Diaries—So slovenly and inaccurate, it seems an even worse fake than Jim Carroll's book, which was allegedly a chronicle of his life in New York from ages 13 to 16, and was filled with bravado, good times, and heroic bad times. Leonardo DiCaprio is a very talented actor, but as Carroll, he doesn't move like a teenage athlete. Nor does DiCaprio's cocky smile suggest much connection to the meaninglessly hostile and self-destructive acts perpetrated by young Jim. We never really find out why this boy is so alienated: the movie just presents him as a fully formed dark angel, and DiCaprio's performance is both strained and unsupported. (Denby; 5/8/95) (1 hr. 42 min.; R) *Village East.*

★**Before the Rain**—Writer/director Milcho Manchevski's debut has both poetic immediacy and frightening premonitory force as it tells the story of an anguished country—Macedonia—on the verge of civil war. It features three interconnected stories. Not all the loose ends are tied up, and Manchevski indulges in a few fancy touches, but the movie is a triumph. In Macedonian. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 56 min.; NR) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Braveheart—Mel Gibson directs and stars in this bloody, lusty, near-three-hour epic about the Scottish knight William Wallace, who rallied his people against the tyranny of England. From all appearances, it's far more competent than *The Man Without a Face,* his clumsy debut as a director. And since Gibson fronted millions of dollars to make the movie he wanted, one can't accuse him of being afraid to put up. It's merely the latest odd turn for a star who squandered his early gifts with *Lethal Weapon* and its kin only to surprise us with a stab at *Hamlet* and now this. (2 hrs. 59 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; New York Twin; UA East; 84th Street Six.*

Bulletproof Heart—A tough little movie about a hit man (Anthony LaPaglia) who in the course of one night falls in love with the woman he's been ordered to kill (Mimi Rogers), only to find out that she knows what he's supposed to do and wants it to happen more than anyone. A solid, quietly observant flick with two great performances and a classic fade-out—make sure you stay to the end of the credits. (1 hr. 40 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror, and by the end of it, Mikhalkov's usual mood of bittersweet sentiment has reached an unnerving pitch of anguish. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. Mikhalkov's answer is convoluted and fascinating in a way only possible within the tormented history of the Soviet Union. By the end, his theatrical excess makes perfect sense. The careless abundance of life, spilling over the edges, is about to come to an end. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Casper—Will kids still remember who Casper is? If they go, they'll see a family film that achieves its very modest goals. Bill Pullman is a psychic shrink who specializes in helping restless spirits find closure so they can move on to the next world. Christina Ricci is his lonely daughter who thinks he's gone off the deep end . . . until they move into a haunted mansion and she becomes friends with the eager-to-please Casper. His three obnoxious friends—Stinky, Fatty, and Stretch—provide

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"Cue" cover photograph courtesy of Fraenkel Gallery, San Francisco, © Estate of Garry Winogrand.

comic relief while Cathy Moriarty provides a nemesis. Perhaps the most notable aspect of the movie is how ho-hum we can be about amazing special effects in which live actors are seamlessly blended with ghouls. Not hip enough for the teens, but the jokes are there. Directed by Brad Siberling. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Circle of Friends—Chris O'Donnell maintains his charm and a gentle Irish brogue in this rather predictable romantic drama. It's the story of three Catholic girls in the fifties who go off to school and soon yearn for independence and romance. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Crimson Tide**—An absorbing and at times thrilling entertainment, this is the story of a mutiny set at a time of international crisis. In Russia, a fascist dissident modeled after Vladimir Zhirinovsky has broken with the regime, taking a part of the army and some nuclear missiles with him, and threatens to launch the weapons against America. The U.S.S. Alabama, a nuclear sub with ballistic missiles, is sent out for a possible preemptive strike. The heart of the movie is a series of remarkable struggles between the captain (Hackman), who wants to launch the strike without getting confirmation of his orders, and his executive officer (Washington), who refuses to give his formal assent. Hackman's Captain Ramsey is an extremely intelligent but limited man, jealous of his absolute powers, alert to the tiniest failures of deference in his officers; Washington's Executive Officer Ramsey, properly cautious but prideful, knows how to torment him—out of vanity at first, and then out of an overwhelming sense of necessity. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. It should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Die Hard With a Vengeance—See David Denby's review, p. 54. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza .*

Don Juan DeMarco—Johnny Depp plays a disturbed young man who claims to be the world's greatest lover, and Marlon Brando out of semi-retirement yet again is the doctor given ten days by the police to analyze him and recommend a treatment. (1 hr. 32 min.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Dreaming of Rita—Bob, a widowed cameraman, spends his days watching Rita Hayworth movies and crying endlessly. He decides to chase after the girl he loved, Sabine, who emulated Hayworth in every way, and takes off. His daughter, also named Rita, decides to help him and leaves her baby with her husband and daughter. They decide to chase after *her*, ensuring that everyone is looking for a Rita of some sort. Directed by Jon Lindstrom. (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill but Came Down a Mountain—Well, how would *you* feel if some English twit came to your Welsh village and told you that the mountain that served as a point of pride for everyone was actually fifteen feet too short to be considered a proper mountain and was, in fact, a hill? Quite outraged, of course, which is how the people of Ffynnon Garw feel, and they determine to do everything possible to keep the cartographers (Hugh Grant and Ian McNeice) in town until they can pile on enough dirt to make the cut. Amiably eccentric, it's unbalanced somewhat by Kenneth Griffith's heavy-handed portrayal of the righteous Reverend Jones. And Grant hems and haws and

"A HAUNTINGLY WONDERFUL TIME!
The effects are amazing."
Mike McKay, WBTV

"A WONDERFUL AND MAGICAL COMEDY.
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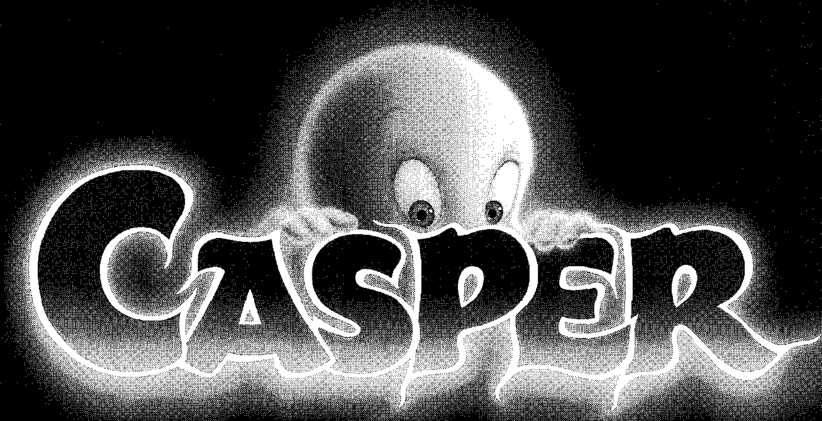
Bob Polunsky, CBS SATELLITE NEWS COOPERATIVE



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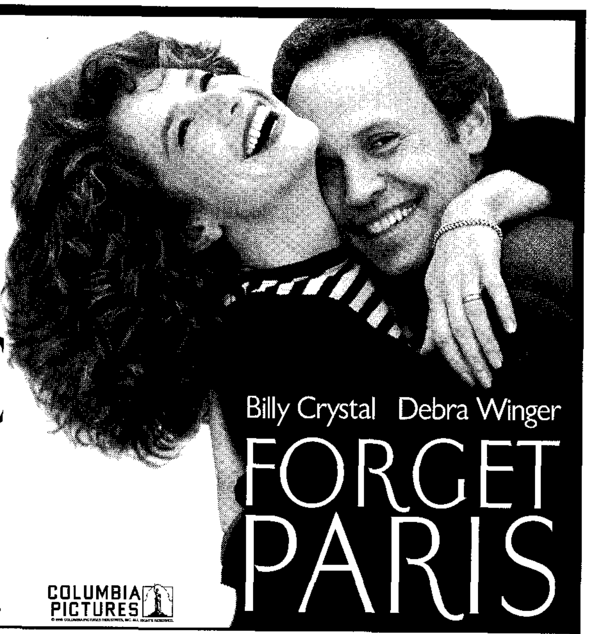
- PAT COLLINS, WWOR-TV/NEW YORK



Billy Crystal Debra Winger
FORGET PARIS

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bumbles about to near-parody: It's quite possible that he never looks his love interest (Tara Fitzgerald) in the eye. Mind you, he never quite loses his charm, either. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Sutton; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Ermo—Ermo fueds constantly with Fat Woman, a self-indulgent neighbor in their peasant village who has a hard-working husband and the town's only TV set. When Fat Woman throws dirty water on the noodles drying in Ermo's back yard, Ermo decides to do whatever she must—work nights in a town restaurant; sell blood—so she can afford an even bigger TV. Directed by Zhou Xiaowen. In Mandarin. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan sets much of the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer Mia Kirshner, opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" Bruce Greenwood, teasing and rubbing up against him. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Farinelli—More sensational than good, it takes a lurid look at castrati—the rock stars of the eighteenth century—and Farinelli Stéfano Dionisi in particular. Particularly attractive, Farinelli has a tormented relationship with his older brother, Riccardo Broschi Enrico Lo Verso, a minor composer who hangs on to his singing-genius brother as long as he can. Written by director Gérard Corbiau and his wife Andrée, *Farinelli* is emotionally violent but nevertheless irresolute and arbitrary. In French. (Denby; 3/27/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Forget Paris—See David Denby's review, p. 55. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

French Kiss—A shaggy new romantic comedy directed by Lawrence Kasdan. Meg Ryan plays Kate, a will-driven American girl whose fiancé (Tim Hutton) goes to Paris on a business trip and falls in love with a pouty French beauty. Overcoming her fear of flying, Kate gets on the plane to Paris to win back her man and is forced to endure the condescension of an overbearing, American-baiting Frenchman, Luc (Kevin Kline). The movie is moderately enjoyable, a rough variant of the travelogue romances of the fifties and early sixties that starred Audrey Hepburn and Paris. But it doesn't glisten, and except for a few scenes in Cannes, it's not elegant. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; Regency.*

Friday—It took Ice Cube and D.J. Pooh to write a screenplay about life in South Central that didn't revolve around gunplay and a sense of despair. Cube stars as Craig, who sits on a porch with his friend Smokey Chris Tucker during a typical day of staring down the town bully and staring up the cute Debbie (Nia Long). Directed by Gary Gray. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; Gemini Twin; 84th Street Six.*

Gordy—A talking pig (only people who believe in him can hear Gordy talk—others hear only pig grunt) loses track of his pig family and goes on an adventure to find them. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Hotel Sorrento—Three sisters come together for a family reunion at a seaside holiday resort in Victoria, Australia: Hilary (Caroline Gillmer), a widow who lives there with her father and son; Pippa (Tara Morice), who works in New York at a company specializing in franchising (she might open a chain of sandwich shops); and Meg (Caroline Goodall), an author who's just been nominated for the Booker Prize. With Joan Plowright. Based on the play by Hannie Rayson; directed by Richard Franklin. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Jefferson in Paris—A generalized view of the great man's years in Paris from 1784 to 1789 as ambassador, lover, and observer of revolution. A widower, Jefferson suffered from melancholy and loneliness, and he became passionate friends—documented in scads of letters—with the talented painter Maria Cosway Greta Scacchi, who was young, beautiful, and unhappily married. But screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala also offers up as uncontested fact Jefferson's love affair with the teenage mulatto slave Sally Hemings Thandie Newton, the authenticity of which has been much debated by historians. But Ivory and Jhabvala fail to bring the love affair to anything remotely approaching life. Merchant Ivory can't do passion. They never could. (Denby; 4/17/95) (2 hrs. 20 min.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

Johnny Mnemonic—Keanu Reeves tests out his new-found muscle as an action star with this William Gibson–inspired thriller about a young man given extraordinary powers—and a life-threatening risk—when a computer chip is implanted in his brain. With Dolph Lundgren. Directed by Robert Longo. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

★**Kiss of Death**—The best crime movie since Martin Scorsese's *GoodFellas.* David Caruso stars as an ex-con named Jimmy Kilmartin who's trying to "go straight" but ends up driving a truckload of stolen cars through the night. Based on a 1947 gangster *noir* of the same title, this new version shares the original's fatalism, but it's a less stylized work, more realistic and matter-of-fact. The writer, Richard Price creates an entirely malevolent world of thugs and law-enforcement officials and director Barbet Schroeder supports Price's gratifyingly nasty screenplay. (Denby; 4/24/95) (1 hr. 41 min.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Little Odessa—Writer/director James Gray makes his debut with this thoughtful, low-key look at Joshua, a hit man (Tim Roth) who reluctantly returns to the Russian emigré milieu of his childhood, Brighton Beach. His little brother, played by Edward Furlong, worships Joshua—despite his career choice—but his aging father (Maximilian Schell) won't speak to him. Vanessa Redgrave, as the ailing mother, delivers another oddly affecting performance that's quite different from her turn in *Howards End,* but just as memorable. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 84th Street Six.*

A Little Princess—This is a charming new version of the Shirley Temple chestnut about Sara (Liesel Matthews), a little girl sent from magical India to the drab Miss Minchin's School for Girls when her father goes off to fight in World War I. Even better than last year's *The Secret Garden,* this movie—like all good family films—offers hard truths and painful moments, not treacly banality, as Sara finds herself relegated to the attic and a job as cleaning girl. Directed marvelously by Alfonso Cuaron, it's especially good in the scary fantastical sequences illustrating a fairy tale Sara tells her friends throughout the movie. One of the best-reviewed films of the year so far; the only drawback is a score by Patrick Doyle that *is* treacly. Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. With Nigel Hawthorne. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Cinema 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Muriel's Wedding—Muriel (Toni Collette) is an excruciatingly shy, inarticulate slug, bullied by her father, dismayed by her beaten-down mother. She haunts the bridal stores, thinking of nothing but old Abba tapes and marriage. The film's first-time director, P.J. Hogan, seems to wallow in her troubles—her physical awkwardness, her rejection by her bitchy Barbie-doll friends. He makes everyone look bad—all the characters are caricatures, vile and loud, or so utterly depressed they might be zombies from a horror movie. (Denby; 4/3/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

My Family—A paint-by-numbers epic. Some years after the Mexican Revolution, a peasant heads north, arrives in Los Angeles, marries a Mexican woman of deep religious faith, and raises a large family in the East Los Angeles barrio. Director Gregory Nava simplifies the characters—to make them more universal, no doubt—and each member of the family represents a different possibility of Mexican-American experience. Showing up in the middle of the movie, Jimmy Smits relieves the tedium simply by conveying grown-up intelligence. When Elpidia Carrillo, playing his young wife, brings him to life, the movie begins to breathe. Carrillo, however, immediately dies in childbirth, another victim of white indifference. In the end, *My Family* has all the moral interest and spiritual excitement of a foundation-grant application. With Esai Morales. (Denby; 5/22) (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Plaza.*

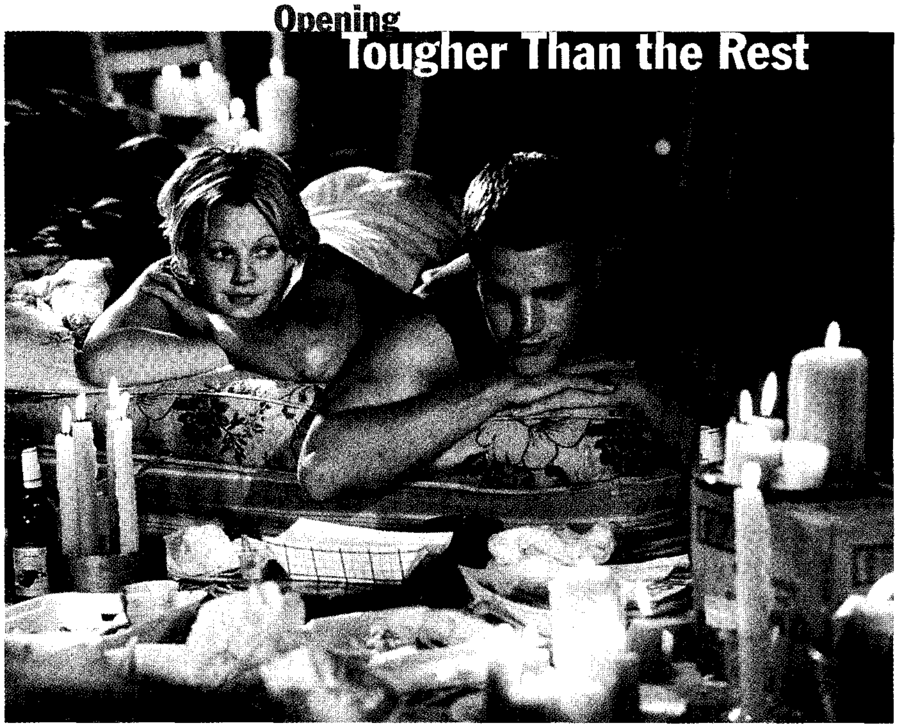
★**Once Were Warriors**—Jake Temuera Morrison, a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife Rena Owen adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Only the Brave—A debut feature from lesbian filmmaker Ana Kokkinos looks at the lives of two young Australian girls of Greek descent who are desperate to escape their stultifying lives but unable to imagine how. Both girls have boyfriends, if only for show: They'd much rather be with each other, though neither one seems quite prepared to put their thoughts into action. (1 hr. 2 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Panther—Mario Van Peebles directed and his father, Melvin Van Peebles, wrote this look at the Black Power movement's most militaristic wing. With Kadeem Hardison and Courtney B. Vance. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**The Perez Family**—A scruffy and not always first-rate but full-bodied and immensely likable movie that flows from the opening shot to the last. Director Mira Nair and screenwriter Robin Swicord (adapting a novel by Christine Bell) suggest that entering this country is an experience less of misery than of bedlam, in which misunderstanding and incongruity play the largest part. You survive—if you survive—by using your wits, staying loose, and improvising. Juan Raul Perez (Alfred Molina), a former sugar-plantation owner who has been moldering in a Cuban prison, doesn't have that kind of ease. When Castro lets him go, he becomes one of the Marielitos, the criminal and dazed people foisted on the U.S. by the supreme leader in 1980. On the boat to Key West, Juan Raul is out of it, and he's taken in hand by Dottie (Marisa Tomei), an ex-prostitute who's all hot for Yankee freedom. Juan Raul dreams of the wife he hasn't seen in twenty years, Carmela (Anjelica Huston), who's now a sedately sexy bourgeois lady living in suburban Coral Gables and working at the perfume counter at Saks. She dreams of her husband, too, but does she really want him back? Wouldn't it be better to hook up with the FBI agent (Chazz Palminteri) who gravely courts her while fussing over the dangers she may face from the Marielitos? Huston has never been as delicately self-mocking as she is here. The film is melodramatically plotted, and the ending is a shambles (a couple of transitional scenes appear to be missing). But Nair's become a comic-romantic director of great originality, a sort of spicier, more sensual Paul Mazursky. Cinematography by Stuart Dryburgh. (Denby; 5/28/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Opening
Tougher Than the Rest



Goody-goody Chris O'Donnell is getting a complete image makeover this summer, from his punkish turn as a revenge-minded Robin in *Batman Forever* to his passionate tumbling with Drew Barrymore in Disney's *Mad Love,* in which she plays a *Betty Blue*–style mentally unbalanced sexpot. Opening May 26.

Picture Bride—A drama about a 16-year-old Japanese girl orphaned by the death of her parents in 1918, who is shuttled off to Hawaii to marry a Japanese immigrant who lives on a plantation and longs for a wife. His amorous needs aren't met when she finds out his plantation is a two-room shack, and the girl soon determines to earn her passage back home. Co-written and directed by Kayo Hatta, it was the Audience Award winner at this year's Sundance Film Festival. In English. (1 hr. 30 min.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; 68th Street Playhouse.*

Priest—A terrifically vital and surprisingly funny movie. It focuses on Father Greg (Linus Roache), who is both a sensual young man and a highly orthodox Catholic, and who expresses the satisfactions of the flesh as an inexpressible relief and an excruciating trial. But it's not only Greg's sexual desires but his moral instincts that are at war with church doctrine and his vocation. A forlorn teenage girl with a crumpled face tells him at confession that she's being abused by her father, which puts Greg in a dreadful position: His vows forbid him to violate the confessional, and so he hesitates

Photograph by Bob Marshak/Touchstone Pictures.

to take action to save the girl—a reluctance he experiences as both a fulfillment of his priestly role and a betrayal of his Christian duty. Director Antonia Bird works broadly, at times too broadly. But then the movie settles down and takes hold; you feel tied to Greg's anxiety, his nausea, his moral impotence. (Denby; 4/17/95) (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 23rd Street West Triplex; Sutton.*

Profession: Neo-Nazi—A straightforward look at Ewald Althans, a young, Aryan-looking German man who is one of the most active organizers of the neo-Nazi movement. Directed by Winfried Bonengel, it won't startle anyone—unless they expect such people to always be dim-witted idiots or spluttering hate-mongers. Althans is too smart, too media-savvy for that. It really comes alive at two points. The first is during an extended "discussion" between Ewald and his parents, both of whom disagree strongly with his work. The second is when he pays a visit to Auschwitz and decides to deride the idea of the Holocaust to tourists visiting the crematorium. The look of disbelief and shock at hearing his calm jibes in such a place is blackly amusing…just as he intended it to be. (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St..*

A Pure Formality—Gérard Depardieu plays a celebrated novelist who finds himself trapped in a leaky, run-down police station where the inspector (Roman Polanski) has an encyclopedic knowledge of his writing and a growing belief that his favorite author may have committed murder. It won't take long to realize where the story is headed—and it's a concept better suited to a half-hour *Twilight Zone* episode than a feature film involving all the energy expended here. Co-written and directed by Giuseppe Tornatore. In French. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Rob Roy—This Highlands swashbuckler is long and repetitive, and at times obscurely plotted—but if you long for glens and mist, and have never witnessed Liam Neeson's epic knees, you should probably go see it. Director Michael Caton-Jones alternates between utter squareness and an earthy, mock-Shakespearean vitality. The hero and heroine (Neeson and Jessica Lange) remain true to one another, whereas the villains who try to destroy them are ornate, fey, and witty. Needless to say, one longs for the villains. With John Hurt and Eric Stoltz. (Denby; 4/24/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Metro Cinema.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Conneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magical realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Exceptionally well-reviewed. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Quad Cinema.*

Stalingrad—An epic German film that shows Hitler's ill-fated attempt to conquer Stalingrad, in which more than one million Red Army troops perished and the Nazis were basically abandoned by their higher-ups and literally froze and starved to death. Made in 1983, it suggests that the average German soldier was as much a victim of Nazism as the Soviets. Directed by Joseph Vilsmaier. In German. In Cinemascope. (2 hrs. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Tales From the Hood—The *Crypt's* got nothing on the 'Hood for horror stories, but these are strictly of the supernatural variety. An anthology of four loosely connected stories, à la *Tales From the Crypt, The Twilight Zone,* and countless other flicks and late-night TV compilations. Directed by Rusty Cundieff. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

The Underneath—A *noir*-ish tale of a gambling addict Peter Gallagher who returns to town only to find that his former girlfriend—whom he abandoned when the debts piled too high—has shacked up with a local hood. Gallagher's character is interestingly drawn and the screenplay is nicely fractured. But the story ultimately devolves into another tale of a bank heist and how you just can't trust the people you rob with anymore. Still, adroitly handled by director Steven Soderbergh, so get back to the word processor. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Tower East.*

★**While You Were Sleeping**—Charming romantic comedy. Lucy (Sandra Bullock), living alone in Chicago, works in an El station as a token clerk. A handsome passenger (Peter Gallagher) whom she's been dreaming about falls onto the tracks; she saves his life, but when he slips into a coma, she can't bring herself to disappoint his family, all of whom think she has become his fiancée. Lucy revels in the attention, perhaps missing family love even more than romance. Peter's brother Jack (Bill Pullman) shows up, and suddenly Lucy ignores her comatose imaginary lover and has a wide-awake man to flirt with. As a regular guy who has never found the right girl, Pullman is more directly sexual than in the past, with a touch of angry smoke in his voice. The movie never explodes, but it doesn't have to. Quiet and sensitive will do just fine for a change. (5/8/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Behind the Screen

Building Success at the Art House

Among independent movie companies just now, no one—not even Miramax—is having a better run than Sony Pictures Classics. It has distributed the Oscar winner for Best Foreign Film three years in a row, and is behind *Farinelli, Amateur,* the high-grossing 3-D Imax movie *Wings of Courage,* and the well-received *Crumb.* Even SPC's labor-of-love retrospective of films by Indian director Satyajit Ray is turning into a surprising commercial success. To top it off, just last week, Michael Barker, Tom Bernard, and Marcie Bloom—the troika that runs SPC—arrived at the Cannes Film Festival, where their Christmas movie *The City of Lost Children* was chosen for the opening-night slot. The team's sudden ascension can be credited, its members say, to their ability to change. "We've broadened our horizons," says Michael Barker, referring to the edgier, Miramaxier pictures SPC has been acquiring lately. And it's clear the last year has marked a dramatic shift for a company traditionally known for specializing in stereotypically old-school foreign films like *Germinal* and *Howards End.* They've also imitated Miramax's studiolike aggressiveness by acquiring properties earlier and earlier. "Forty percent of our slate is acquired at the script stage," Barker says. "A few years ago, that wasn't the case." But they also credit the ways in which they *haven't* changed. SPC sticks to releasing around fourteen films a year and quietly strives to make each one profitable. Still, it's a whole new world out there, and the folks at SPC have taken note of it. "We have hordes of people going to see Ray, *Crumb,* and *Wings of Courage,* and the audiences are all different," says Barker. "It's not the same as it used to be fifteen years ago, where you had your classic art film, and that was it."

'A Pure Formality,' SPC's latest release, opens May 26.

MICHAEL GILTZ

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Search and Destroy; Amateur; Exotica; Once Were Warriors; Picture Bride; Priest.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *French Kiss; Swimming With Sharks.* Opening 5/26: *Casper.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Bulletproof Heart; Only the Brave; Profession: Neo-Nazi; True Believers.* Opening 5/26: *The 1995 Big Show Film Festival.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb.* Opening 5/24: *Stalingrad; Eternity/Is That All There Is?.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Bad Boys; Don Juan; French Kiss; Friday.* Opening 5/26: *Johnny Mnemonic.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Burnt by the Sun; Dirty Money; Dreaming of Rita; The Secret of Roan Inish.* Opening 5/26: *Hotel Sorrento.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Basketball Diaries; Crimson Tide; Funny Bones; Gordy; Muriel's Wedding; My Family; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/26: *A Pure Formality.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Englishman; Forget Paris; Little Odessa; A Little Princess; Panther; The Perez Family.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart; Tales From the Hood.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill; Friday; A Little Princess; My Family; Panther; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/24: *Tales From the Hood.* Opening 5/26: *Johnny Mnemonic.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Bad Boys; Gordy; Kiss of Death; Priest.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Forget Paris.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Bad Boys; The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill; Panther.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Forget Paris; French Kiss; The Perez Family.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.* Opening 5/26: *Casper.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance; French Kiss; While You Were Sleeping.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Pulp Fiction.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Search and Destroy.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Panther.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Farinelli; Swimming With Sharks.* Opening 5/26: *A Pure Formality.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *The Madness of King George.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St.

(753-6022) *Crimson; Don Juan; You Were Sleeping.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Die Hard With a Vengeance; Forget Paris; Friday; Kiss of Death; A Little Princess; My Family.* Opening 5/24: *Tales From the Hood.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *French Kiss.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Burnt by the Sun.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Crimson Tide.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Crimson Tide; French Kiss; The Perez Family.* Opening 5/26: *Mad Love.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *While You Were Sleeping.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Outbreak; Pulp Fiction.* Opening 5/24: *Tales From the Hood.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Die Hard With a Vengeance; Friday; Kiss of Death; Panther; Village of the Damned.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.* Opening 5/26: *Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Bad Boys; Village of the Damned.* Opening 5/26: *Casper; Johnny Mnemonic.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jefferson in Paris.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Amateur.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill; Priest.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Before the Rain; Gump; Heavenly Creatures; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Shawshank Redemption.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Rob Roy.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Picture Bride.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Die Hard.* Opening 5/26: *Casper.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *While You Were Sleeping; Friday.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Forget Paris.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Circle of Friends; Gordy; Kiss of Death; Muriel's Wedding; The Perez Family; Rob Roy; Village of the Damned.* Opening 5/26: *Casper.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Friday; A Little Princess.* Opening 5/26: *Johnny Mnemonic.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *My Family; Panther.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Crimson Tide; The Englishman; Forget Paris; French Kiss; A Little Princess; Panther.* Opening 5/24: *Tales From the Hood.* Opening 5/26: *Johnny Mnemonic.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Underneath.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Gordy; Pulp Fiction.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Circle of Friends.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bad Boys; Crimson Tide; Friday; Little Odessa; Panther.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart; Tales From the Hood.* Opening 5/26: *Johnny Mnemonic.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Burnt by the Sun; Ermo; The Madness of King George; Muriel's Wedding; The Music Room; The World of Apu.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Die Hard With a Vengeance; The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill; Forget Paris; Gordy; Kiss of Death; A Little Princess; My Family; The Perez Family; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/26: *Casper.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Forget Paris; Rob Roy.* Opening 5/26: *Casper.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; My Family.* Opening 5/24: *Tales From the Hood.* Opening 5/26: *Johnny Mnemonic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Die Hard; Tales From the Hood.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *A Little Princess; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *French Kiss.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

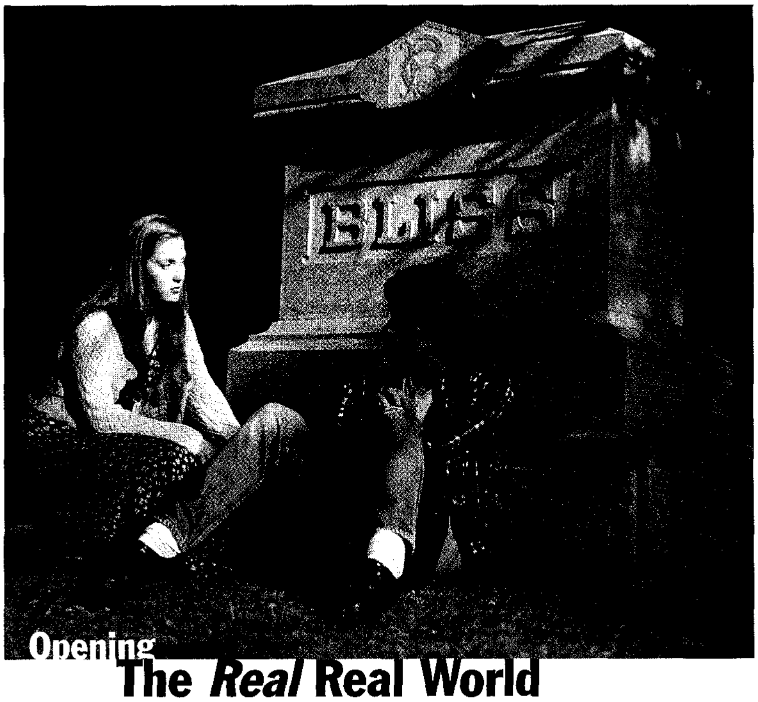
Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Bad Boys; Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Forget Paris; Friday; A Goofy Movie; A Little Princess; My Family; Panther; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Bad Boys; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Friday; Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; Little Princess; My Family; Panther; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance; The Englishman; French Kiss.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Die Hard With a Vengeance; French Kiss.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Forget Paris; Gordy; A Little Princess; My Family; Panther; The Perez Family; Village of the Damned.*



Opening
The *Real* Real World

It's hard to argue with the makers of *The Four Corners of Nowhere* (May 25, Lincoln Center; call 875-5600) when they say that *Reality Bites, Singles,* MTV's *The Real World,* and all the other putative icons of the demographic-fomerly-known-as-X have, in fact, failed to define a generation. But whether writer-director Steve Chbosky has managed to do so with his comedic look at aimless adults feeling the postcollege blues in Ann Arbor remains an open question. (After all, the makers of all the aforementioned efforts issued the same complaint.)

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Crimson Tide; Forget Paris; French Kiss; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Die Hard With a Vengeance.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Die Hard; The Englishman; Friday; Gordy.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Crimson Tide; Forget Paris; French Kiss; Little Princess; While You Were Sleeping.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Bad Boys; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Gordy; A Little Princess; The Perez Family.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Die Hard With a Vengeance; Friday; Tales From the Hood.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Friday.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Bad Boys; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Panther.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Forget Paris; French Kiss; A Little Princess; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Bad Boys; Die Hard With a Vengeance; French Kiss; The Perez Family; Village of the Damned.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Die Hard; Friday; Tales From the Hood.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Crimson Tide; New Jersey Drive; Panther.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Friday; My Family; Tales From the Hood.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Forget Paris; French Kiss; Kiss of Death; A Little Princess; While You Were Sleeping.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Bad Boys; Crimson; Die Hard; Friday; Gordy; Little Princess; Village of Damned.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; The Englishman; Little Princess; You Were Sleeping.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Crimson Tide; French Kiss; Kiss of Death.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Bad Boys; French Kiss; Little Princess; My Family; You Were Sleeping.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Mad Love; Farinelli; A Goofy Movie.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Die Hard With a Vengeance; The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill; The Perez Family.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Die Hard; Friday.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Crimson Tide; Forget Paris; Friday; Gordy; A Little Princess; Panther; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Bad Boys; Crimson Tide; Friday.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Forget Paris; French Kiss.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at

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Barbara L. Edwards, *Executive Director*

Sanjeanetta Harris, *Chair*

190th St. (454-6800) *Crimson; Die Hard; Forget Paris.* Opening 5/24: *Braveheart.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Panther; The Perez Family.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Die Hard With a Vengeance; French Kiss; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Gordy; Kiss of Death; A Little Princess; My Family; Village of the Damned.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Forget Paris; French Kiss; While You Were Sleeping.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Kiss of Death; Perez Family; Priest.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Die Hard With a Vengeance; My Family.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Die Hard With a Vengeance; Friday; Gordy; Kiss of Death; My Family.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Die Hard; Gordy; The Perez Family.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Forget Paris; French Kiss; Perez Family; Rob Roy; Village of the Damned.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *While You Were Sleeping.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; French Kiss; Goofy Movie; Gordy; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/26: *Casper; Johnny Mnemonic.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; French Kiss; Gordy; While You Were Sleeping.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Bad Boys; Crimson; Die Hard; Forget Paris; French Kiss; Little Princess; Perez Family; Village of Damned; You Were Sleeping.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 5/28: "The Films of Nicholas Ray." 5/27 and 5/28: *Johnny Guitar* (1954) and *The Savage Innocents* (1960). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—5/25 at 8 at Town Hall: Six short films, including Bruce Baillie's *Castro Street* (1966), Helen Levitt and James Agee's *In the Street* (1952), Frances Lee's *World War II and Me* (1944–1976), Harry Smith's *Early Abstraction* (1941–1957), Jonas Mekas's *Award Presentation to Andy Warhol* (1964), and Marie Menken's *Glimpse of the Garden* (1957). Tickets for this event are $10 and $7.50. Town Hall is located at 123 W. 43rd St. Call 307-7171 or 820-2824. 5/25–5/28: *Pickup's Tricks,* a documentary about San Francisco's preeminent drag theater in the early seventies. 5/26–5/28: Mikhail Varranov's *Paradjanov—The Last Spring,* a portrait of the late Armenian filmmaker. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

The Brooklyn Museum—Through 6/4: "Apartheid Framed: South Africa on Film, 1948–1994." 5/26: *Jim Comes to Jo'burg* (1949). 5/27: *My Country, My Hat* (1981) and *Jobman* (1989). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Film Forum—Through 5/25: Betty Boop struts her stuff in eleven classic film shorts. 5/26–6/15: "Ealing Studio Classics." 5/26–5/28: *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (1949). 5/29: *Went the Day Well?* (1943). 5/30–5/31: *Hue and Cry* (1947) and *A Run for Your Money* (1949). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 6/15: "Landscape of the Soul: The Cinema of Ingmar Bergman." 5/22: *Wild Strawberries* (1957) and *Brink of Life* (1958). 5/23 and 5/24: *The Magician* (1958) and *The Virgin Spring* (1959). 5/25 and 5/26: *The Devil's Eye* (1960) and *Through a Glass Darkly* (1962). 5/27 and 5/29: *Winter Light* (1962) and *The Silence* (1963). 5/28 and 5/30: *Persona* (1966) and *All These Women* (1964). "Independents Night!" 5/25 at 6:30: *The Four Corners of Nowhere* (1994). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

Japan Society—Through 6/30: "Japanese Film in War and Peace." 5/26: *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence* (1983). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.

Opening
Mel's Crusade

Whether the critics liken Mel Gibson's *Braveheart* (opening May 24) more to *Gallipoli,* the terrific Peter Weir drama he starred in, or Gallipoli, the catastrophic World War I battle itself, Hollywood has already decided Gibson's heart was in the right place when he decided to direct and star in the movie as the legendary Scottish knight William Wallace. Furthermore, the epic drama can't help being an improvement over Gibson's poorly received directorial debut, *The Man Without a Face.*

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 5/31: "Crossroads: The North Africa and Middle East Film Festival." Through 5/25: *Halfaouine* (1990). 5/23–5/25: *The Actor.* 5/26–5/28: *A Suspended Life.* 5/26–5/31: *In the Land of Oranges* (1994). 5/27–5/28: *The Women Next Door.* 5/30–5/31: *A Boat Anchored in the Desert.* 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—5/19–5/30: "European Musicals." 5/22: *Zouzou* (1934), in French, with English synopsis provided. 5/22 and 5/27: *Your Money or Your Life* (1932), by Voskovec and Werich, in Czech, with English synopsis provided. 5/26: *A Hard Day's Night* (1964). 5/26 and 5/30: *The World Belongs to Us* (1937), in Czech, with English synopsis provided, and *Sven Klang's Combo* (1976), in Swedish, with English synopsis provided. 5/27: *Under the Roofs of Paris* (1929), in French, with English synopsis provided, and *Face Powder and Gas/Greasepaint and Gas* (1931), by Voskovec and Werich, in Czech, with English synopsis provided. 5/28: *Evergreen* (1934). 5/28 and 5/29: *Oliver!* (1968). 5/29: *Louise* (1939). Through 6/8: "Filmmakers and the Archive." Highlights include *Barry Lyndon* (1975) on 5/23, *Lacombe, Lucien* (1974) on 5/26 and 5/29, and. *The Godfather* (1972) and *The Godfather, Part II* (1974) on 5/28. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

The Museum of Television & Radio—Through 7/2: "Ingmar Bergman in Close-Up: The Television Work." 5/23–5/26: *The Last Gasp* (1995). 5/25 and 5/26: *Ingmar Bergman Bids Farewell to the Cinema* (1983) and *The Blessed Ones* (1986). 5/27: The first three episodes of the six-part *Scenes From a Marriage.* 5/28: The final three episodes of *Scenes From a Marriage.* 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

Photograph by Andrew Cooper/Paramount Pictures.

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Broadway

Previews and Openings

Chronicle of a Death Foretold—A musical adaptation, conceived, directed, and choreographed by Graciela Daniele, of the novella by Gabriel García Marquez, wherein—throughout several days of passion, guilt, and dance—a murder is anticipated. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/15 opening. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 30 mins.*

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy*, about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller; the show recently reopened after a two-month hiatus, with Jerry Lewis replacing Victor Garber in the latter role. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $39.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joely Fisher as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. For the period 4/17–5/28, scheduling as follows: dark Mon. and Tues., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hamlet—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Almeida Theater; the limited run of 110 performances ends July 22. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square*, in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (recently awarded the Drama League's 1995 Distinguished Performance Award for her work in the title role), Donald Moffat, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2,; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles*, a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Bar-*

Opening

Modern Love

The title of Frederick Stroppel's new play, *Fortune's Fools*, comes—you knew this—from *Romeo and Juliet*; everything else is relentlessly contemporary in this romantic comedy about four Generation-Xers looking for love. At the Cherry Lane Theatre (989-2020).

rymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield(!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$60. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Maria Conchita Alonso recently stepped into the title role, filling the (big) shoes of Chita Rivera and Vanessa Williams. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $37.50–$70. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently supplanted *Fiddler on the Roof* as the sixth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Month in the Country—Helen Mirren, Ron Rifkin, and F. Murray Abraham star in Turgenev's classic nineteenth-century study of—to quote Goncharov's *Oblamov*—the Superfluous Russian Aristocrat. $55. Tues.–Sat at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theater, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Rose Tattoo—The play that marks the beginning of Tennessee Williams's Exotic Symbolist phase. Serafina, a devout Sicilian-American widow living on the Gulf Coast, is full of sexual passion that's been suppressed in deference to memories of her late husband—until the arrival, that is, of the lusty truck driver Mangiacavallo, who reawakens that old Life Force. With Mercedes Ruehl (in the role originally written for Anna Magnani) and Anthony LaPaglia; directed by Robert Falls. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/6. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200). 2 hrs 45 mins.*

Talent
In the Director's Chair

Gerald Gutierrez is having the kind of doubleheader success that causes lesser theater directors to get all catty. His production of *The Heiress*—Lincoln Center Theater's revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square*—recently racked up seven Tony nominations, including one for best director. *Dog Opera*, a new play by Constance Congdon that opened at the Public two weeks ago, has been enthusiastically received. And while Gutierrez might appear to be a man who has always known his destiny was in the theater, the fortyish Brooklyn native came by his vocation almost accidentally. As a student at Juilliard, he had aspirations to become a concert pianist. "It's too damned lonely," he explains. "But I always loved the theater, and so I changed to the drama department." Next, Gutierrez set his sights on becoming an actor. But John Houseman, who ran the drama division then, thought otherwise. "He said: 'You're a director; try directing. If you don't, I'll throw you out.' " As a student project, Gutierrez put together a one-act musical called *The Diary of Adam and Eve* with fellow Juilliard students Kevin Kline and Patti LuPone. Then came his professional epiphany. "When the audience came in, it was like being stoned," he says, "and I've never forgotten that feeling."

ANYA SACHAROW

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heart-breakin' nights, only in America. Through 5/29: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 6.; beginning 5/30, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $49.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94.) $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Beginning 5/22, Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, dark Sun. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Fortune's Fools—$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).*

Hundreds of Hats—A celebration of the lyrics of the late Howard Ashman, one of the founders of the WPA Theater and author of the librettos for such shows and films as *Little Shop of Horrors, The Little Mermaid, Beauty and the Beast,* and *Aladdin.* $30; begins performances 5/25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/1 opening. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/4. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St., bet. Charlton and Vandam (714-7125).*

Prisoner of Love—A theater piece adapted from Jean Genet's last novel by JoAnne Akalaitis (who also directs the production), Ruth Malaczech (who performs it), and Chiori Miyagawa, with an original score by Philip Glass. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th*

Photograph by Michal Daneil.

St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (302-6989).

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Blythe Danner, Charles Kimbrough (*Murphy Brown*), Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. Directed by John Tillinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Opens 5/23. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Twelve Dreams—A Jungian fantasy about a widowed psychiatrist and his young daughter, from the playwright and librettist James Lapine. In previews for a 6/1 opening. *Mitzi Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Angel Levine—A musical adaptation by Phyllis K. Robinson of Bernard Malamud's story about a black Jewish angel sent to earth to ease the woes of a poor tailor. With Andre DeShields, Marilyn Sokol, and Michael Ingram; directed by Peter Bennett. $30. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Playhouse 91, 312 E. 91St. (831-2000).*

Coming Through—A dramatic adaptation by Wynn Handman of stories selected from the collection of the Ellis Island Oral History Project, a group that has to date recorded for posterity over 1,300 interviews with immigrants who passed through the gateway to America in the twenties. The evening is the second to emerge from American Place's Offerings program, an experiment in new forms of audience participation that also produced this season's *Spoonbread and Strawberry Wine*. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Mon.–Wed., Fri. at 8 (dark Thurs.), Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Exception: For the period 5/22–6/1, the show is dark on Mon. and plays Thurs. $35 Mon.–Wed.; $37.50 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Cryptogram—The newest play by David Mamet is set in a middle-class living room, where unsettling revelations reveal the fragility of love. With Ed Begley Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Dates and Nuts—In Gary Lennon's romantic comedy, two young Brooklyn women (including Terumi Matthews, whom you may recently have seen as the title character in the TV movie *Madonna: Innocence Lost*) go out on the town seeking love, intimacy, and sex, although not necessarily in that order. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theater Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (279-4200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Dog Opera—Having survived high school, Catholicism, and Queens (the borough) together, Peter and Madeline search for romances as good as their friendship. Constance Congdon's play is directed by Gerald Gutierrez, currently represented uptown by *The Heiress*. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Public Theater (Martinson), 425 Lafayette (260-2400).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

A Language of Their Own—B. D. Wong stars in a new play by Singaporean writer Chay Yew, in which the private codes that develop between friends and lovers become windows into the relationships of four young men. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 5/28. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

The Last Girl Singer—A spirited ex-megastar escapes from America to begin a new career as a cabaret singer in Guadalajara. Deborah Grace Winer's comedy stars Kelly Bishop, Bill Tatum, and Charlotte Maier. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. (765-1706).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite*, has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale*, on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Loose Lips—An irreverent documentary revue by Lisa Birnbach, Jamie Malanowski, and the editor of the publication you're holding. The script is a kind of giddy theatrical Frankenstein stitched together from transcripts of the utterances of such high-profile personalities as Marion Barry, Prince Charles, Mickey Rourke, colleagues of Heidi Fleiss, Tommy Lasorda, and Clarence Thomas, among many others. Directed by Martin Charnin. Sitting in as guest star through Sunday, May 28, with the permanent company of six is *Spiñal Tap*'s Harry Shearer. (Subsequent scheduled guest stars include Mo Gaffney, Gordon Eliot, Stephen Collins, Peter Boyle, and Ron Silver.) $30, Tues.–Thurs.; $35, Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad (formerly Steve McGraw's), 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Night and Her Stars—Playwright Richard Greenberg's take on the TV-quiz-show scandals of the fifties, just in case you were wondering, had its premiere at South Coast Repertory last season, months before the opening of Robert Redford's film. This Manhattan Theater Club production, presented at the American Place Theatre, stars John Slattery as Charles Van Doren; also with, among others, Patrick Breen, Keith Charles, and Peter Frechette. Directed by David Warren. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/28. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier*. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Outward Bound—$12; with TDF $7. Fri–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *West End Theatre at Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St. (866-4454).*

Party—Truth-or-dare hijinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revival

Kathy and Mo–Mania

***The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives,* the 1986 show that won actresses Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney a place on the theatrical landscape, offered audiences character-based comedy laced with a wry feminist perspective. This week, the niece-and-aunt team of Jeanie Kanaley (left)and Getchie Argetsinger is reviving the script—for the first time ever—May 30 through June 4 at the Greenwich Street Theatre (547 Greenwich Street; 714-7125).**

Photograph by Adam Nadel.

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Phaedra—In Euripides' version, the story of Hippolytus and his stepmother is a shattering tragedy of near-incestuous passion; Racine's retelling is the supreme achievement of French neoclassical theater. Elizabeth Egloff continues the tradition in her contemporary adaptation of the tale, starring Randy Danson in the title role. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

A Phoenix Too Frequent—The verse drama by Christopher Fry, based on a classical anecdote about a young widow whose plans to follow her husband into the grave are changed by the good-looking sentry guarding the latter's tomb. The Jean Cocteau Repertory's production is directed by Scott Shattuck; with Angela Vitale, Elise Stone, and Kennedy Brown. $12–$24; TDF accepted. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3; special Sat. mat. 5/27 at 3, Sun. 5/28 at 8. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Police Boys—In the course of interrogating a teenage gang member suspected of rape and murder, several macho big-city cops inadvertently stumble across some uncomfortable truths about their own lives. Marion McClinton's drama is directed by Donald Douglass. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Wilder Theater, Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Professional—In Yugoslav playwright Dusan Kovacevic's drama, a retired secret-police officer (Fritz Weaver) offers the publisher he's kept tabs on for decades a series of short stories about a political insurgent strongly resembling the publisher himself. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

Shabbatai—An intriguing, to say the least, subject for a Jewish-themed musical comedy: the story of Shabbatai Zvi, the seventeenth-century religious madman who convinced thousands of Ottoman Empire Jews that he, the Messiah, had at last arrived on earth. *Milk and Honey,* in other words, it isn't. Book, music, and lyrics by Michael Schubert and Michael Edwin; directed by John F. Znidarsic. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (663-9797).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

2—In August of 1945, Adolf Hitler's *Übergruppenfuehrer* Hermann Göring stepped into the dock at Nuremberg to answer the charge of "crimes against humanity." The final moments of that affectless, clerklike man—who provided Hannah Arendt with the basis for her famous postulate of "the banality of evil"—are the subject of Romulus Linney's meditation on monstrosity with an all-too-human face. Clarence Felder plays Göring; directed by Thomas Bullard. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/11. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St (333-4052).*

Onstage

Mau-Mauing Memories

Shown here with Angela Lansbury, Arthur Laurents—author of the books for *Gypsy* and *West Side Story*—is one of Broadway's most honored stalwarts. *The Radical Mystique,* his new play about a group of 1969 Greenwich Village socialites planning a party for the Black Panthers, can currently be seen at Manhattan Theatre Club.

Off-Off Broadway

Amnesia—$12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8; through 6/11. *Ontological Theater at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Biography: A Game—An outdoor production, by the Little Molasses Theater Company, of Max Frisch's fable of predestination. 5/26 at Tompkins Square Park; 5/27, 6/2–3, 9–10 at Parque de tranquilidad., 4th St. and Avenue C. All performances at 7; free and open to the public.

The Cause—$7/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8:30. Through 6/4. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

Chikamatsu's Forest—In Edward Sakamoto's stage fantasy, a famous Japanese playwright finds himself doing battle with his own imagination, which turns out to include Samurai warriors, Bunraku puppets, fairy-tale characters, and the odd Kabuki superstar. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *30th Street Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (332-0027).*

Dinner at the Neighbors—$12. 5/25–27 at 8; 5/28 at 3. *Theatre 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (769-8444).*

A Father's Footprints—$10. 5/26–27, 6/2–3 at 8; 5/28, 6/4 at 3. *LATEA Theater, 107 Suffolk St., at Delancey St. (529-1948).*

Ghost Sonata—Wed.–Thurs. by donation; Fri.–Sat. $20, with TDF $15, students $10. Through 5/27. *White Street Theater, 54 White St. (633-1292).*

A Hatful of Rain—Michael V. Gasso's quintessential Method play directed by Frank Corsaro, who also staged the original 1955 production. $10. 5/23–28, 5/30–31, 6/1–4 at 8. *Actors Studio, 432 W. 44th St. (757-0870).*

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter—$10/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 6/11. *Johnson Theater at Theater for the New City, 155 First. Ave (254-1109).*

The Iceman Cometh—$8 suggested. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2, Sat. 6/3 at 6. Through 6/18. *T. Schreiber Studio, 83 E. 4th St. (420-1249)*

Incognito—$16. Tues.–Thurs. at 8. Through 6/1. *Riant Theatre, 161 Hudson St. (925-8353).*

Lust and Comfort—$12/TDF. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. Through 5/27. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Measure for Measure—$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 5/28. *UBU Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. (362-7223).*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—$10. 5/24–27 and 5/29–31 at 8, 5/28 at 2. *The Hamlet of Bank Street Theater, 155 Bank St. (718-852-9754).*

My Darling Gremlin—A play by the journalist and critic Greg Tate, wherein several gay and lesbian bohemians stray into "the desert stronghold of an Afrocentric virtual-reality cult near Las Vegas." $15 (members $12). 5/24–28 at 8. *The Kitchen, First Floor Main Performance Space , 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793).*

Oh Revoir, Mirabeau—Mark Dunn's dark Texas comedy about broken hearts, broken dreams, and broken limbs, directed by Robert Kreis. $12.50; $10 with reservations. Fri.–Sun. at 7. Through 7/2. *Thirteenth Street Repertory Company, 50 W. 13th St. (675-6677).*

Palomas Intrepidas—Or "Doves on a Lark," a comedy by the contemporary Spanish writer Miguel Sierra in which two bored *senoritas* (ladies) pursue a lusty young *libertino* (Lothario) for some *whoopee* (whoopee). Directed by Melanie Sutherland, it's performed in Spanish and English on alternate evenings by two different companies. $12. Mon. at 7, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 6. Through 5/28. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (802-5373, English); 501-2445, Spanish).*

Paths—$12. Thurs.–Sat, at 8, Sat and Sun. at 3; special performances 5/24 and 5/30 at 8. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave. (206-1764).*

Saturday Mourning Cartoons—Four one-acts by Patrick Breen. $12. Through 5/27 at 8; dark Tues. *Naked Angels, 114 W. 17th St. (727-0012).*

Scooter Thomas Makes It to the Top of the World—A one-act growing-up comedy by Peter Parnell. $10. Fri.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/28. *Duality Playhouse, 119 W. 23rd St. (772-3860).*

The Shadow Saver—$10/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8; through 6/11. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Somewhere in the Pacific—A surreal comedy about sexual desire (gay) on a battleship in the waning days of World War II. This two-week run of Neal Bell's play is the latest offering in Playwrights Horizons' New Theater Wing season. $10. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 5/28. *Studio Theater at Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Spring Shorts—$8. 5/24 at 7, 5/25 at 6:30 and 8:30. *Theatre Row Studios, 410-412 W. 42nd St., 4th floor.*

Vertigo Park—A new play by humorist Mark O'Donnell, based on the title story of his most recent collection and dealing with such American obsessions as celebrity, class-consciousness, politics, media, sex, and power. The production is by the Zena Group, which also did the author's *Strangers on Earth* in 1990. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 6/4. *One Dream, 232 W. Broadway, entrance on N. Moore bet. Varick and W. Broadway (431-0051).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Photograph by Paul Colliton.

nightlife

[People…“Sweets” Edison…Ska Fever

Concerts

“Body and Soul”—An evening of jazz and jazz-related bonhomie starring the ever-mugging comedic icon Bill Cosby, along with musical guests Wynton Marsalis, Itzhak Perlman, Joshua Redman, Grover Washington Jr., Tramaine Hawkins, Milt Grayson, and others. Cosby, a literate jazz fan who reportedly once sang a note-for-note version of Coltrane's “Giant Steps” solo as part of his act, should be the perfect host, as he narrates the Ellington symphonic piece *In the Name of Jazz* with the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra. 5/31 at 7:30 P.M., *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $40–$100.*

Jimmy Heath Quartet—Bryant Park, the recently resurrected patch of midtown greenery, is now host to a noon jazz series. Its premiere guest is the super bop saxophonist Jimmy Heath, a onetime sideman to Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie and a third of the mighty Heath Brothers. The Brothers' performance at last summer's Charlie Parker festival in Tompkins Square Park was explosive, and this is a great chance to revisit the sound and fury of bop's elder craftsmen in top form. 5/25 at 12:30 P.M. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave., bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (983-4142). Free.*

Zane Massey Quintet—Zane Massey's father, Cal, was one of the undersung trumpeters of the late-sixties Blue Note crew and a close confidant to John Coltrane. (Rumor has it that the Massey-written “A Message From Trane” was the source of Coltrane's most famous chord progression, “Giant Steps.”) It's fitting then that his saxophonist son, who grew up getting awakened by late-night jams between Cal and Trane, should turn out such a monstrous talent on the tenor. He leads a quintet here 5/30 at 12:30 P.M. *Bryant Park.*

Beastie Boys—5/24 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden. Sold out.*

The Blu Nile Band—African and Caribbean music. 5/27 at 2 P.M. *Waterfront plaza on the Harlem Meer, 110th St. and Fifth Ave. Central Park. (860-1370).*

“Any Art”—An Austrian–New York musical exchange. 5/30 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719). $8–$12.*

Jazz Ministry—Lenore Helm and her trio play Saint Peter's swinging “jazz vespers.” 5/28 at 5 P.M. *Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-2200).*

Whirligig—Neo-Celtic band. 5/31 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. Fourth St., bet. Sixth Ave. and MacDougal, (228-1853). $10.*

Ray Goodman and Brown Blue Magic—5/27 at 9 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $25.*

Clubland

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 5/24: Noel Hill, the Irish accordion virtuoso. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Recently celebrating its twentieth anniversary, this top-notch venue has been giving folk, country, and rock artists one of the best presentations New York has to offer. Decent fries too. 5/24: Sonny Landreth; the Iguanas. 5/25: David Buskin; Melissa Levis. 5/26: Buster Poindexter and His Banshees of Blue. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Sally Timms, chanteuse for England's beloved post-punk band the Mekons, has been crooning beautifully lately, singing Dolly Parton, Johnny Cash, and her own super-witty songs with a crack band. Catch her here on 5/23. 5/29: Grover; Schroeder; Joe Lies. The last act wins this week's nomination for Best Band Name, taking its handle from a song sung by Lili Taylor's weepy, proto-Phair singer-songwriter in the Cameron Crowe–written film *Say Anything.* Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Cafe Wha?—Once a famed beatnik watering hole, now a low-ceilinged home to hippieish good vibes, occasional celebrity sightings, and the funky Cafe Wha? Band, Wed.–Sun. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3706).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A newish big-budget blueserie, dedicated to the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 5/24–5/25: Big Time Sarah and the BTS Express. 5/26: Blues guitar maestro Lonnie Brooks. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. Monday nights are curated by cool drummers from Henry Rollins's Sim Cain to the free-jazzbo William Hooker. 5/23: Alt-rock band-on-the-rise Space Needle. 5/24: Gods & Monsters. 5/26: Bratty post-punk spoken-word artist Maggie Estep rocks the mike; Babe the Blue Ox. 5/27: Chisel; Chavez. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

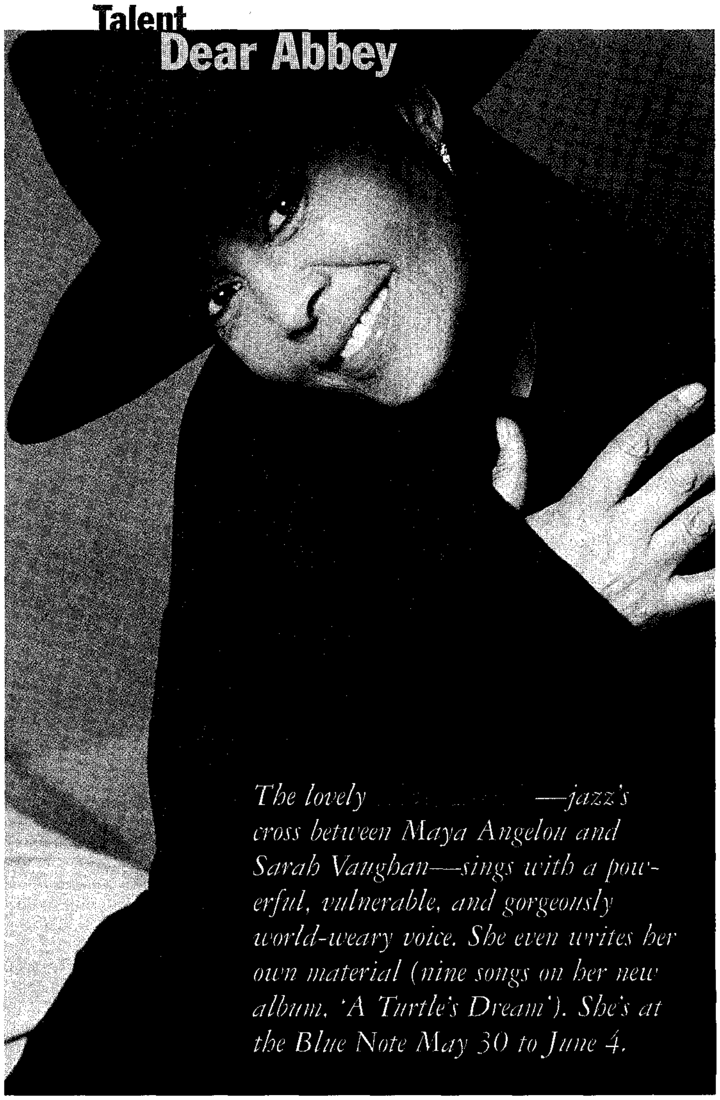
Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 5/23: Breathily ethereal indie-pop from The Innocence Mission. 5/30: Candy Butchers; England's the Catchers. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambiance. It's a bit of a crush near the stage but has an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. 5/25: All; The Toadies. 5/31–6/1: The Neville Brothers. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night “Soul Kitchen.” “Savoy Sundays” are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, three bars, and a screening room. 5/23: The famed improvisational guitarist Fred Frith plays with Japan's Ikue Mori and the incredible bassist Mark Dresser. 5/24: Bill Frisell's deft, pantomimic drummer Joey Baron leads the genre-hopping Baron Down. 5/25: Joey Baron and Fred Frith form a duo. 5/27: Sun Ra Arkestra. 5/28: Avant-electronic percussionist Samm Bennett plays his soundtrack to the Fleischer film *Koko the Clown* and does a set with his band History of the Last Five Minutes. 5/29: David Murray Big Band. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet.*

Talent

Dear Abbey



The lovely [illegible]—jazz's cross between Maya Angelou and Sarah Vaughan—sings with a powerful, vulnerable, and gorgeously world-weary voice. She even writes her own material (nine songs on her new album, 'A Turtle's Dream'). She's at the Blue Note May 30 to June 4.

Photograph by Carol Friedman.

Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 5/24: Hiram Bullock. 5/25: Magic Slim & the Teardrops. 5/27: The Bill Perry Blues Band. 5/28: Blues jam hosted by Boxcar Joe Laing. *1558 Third Ave. (369-blues).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 5/25: Enormous; Lutefisk; Paper Tulips. 5/30: The Muffs; Grover. *1039 Washington, Hoboken. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, latterly one of the most happening venues for now-ish music, presenting country, folk, and rock artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 5/23: Boston's whimsical Ed's Redeeming Qualities; cutesy local grrl group Juicy. 5/24: MTV's newest alt-rock "Buzz Bin"–ers Better Than Ezra. 5/29: Fred Frith; Run On. 5/30: Mecca Bodgea; Band of Weed. Shows nightly. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking, hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Palladium—Union Square's brickfaced disco citadel, with strobe lights, house music, and three floors of fabulosity. 5/28: M People. *126 E. 14th St. bet. Third and Fourth Aves. (473-7171).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The compact, back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists with the occasional Beat refugee. Wednesday evenings, it's the one-woman, multi-character performance piece, the Heather Woodbury Report, in which Heather becomes an 85-year-old woman, a rave kid, a prostitute, etc. *94 Avenue A, at 6th St. 473-7373.*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. 5/23: Reggaeist Michael Rose. 5/24–5/25: Pieces of a Dream play "Quiet Storm"–ish jazz fusion. 5/26: Tabou Combo. 5/28: Loketo. 5/29: Tito Rojas. 5/31–6/1: Art Porter. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Supper Club—An airy and semi-lavish Art Nouveau–styled dining hall with a starry ceiling, passable sound, and high-profile rock acts. 5/30: M People. *240 W. 47th St., bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (307-7171).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 5/23: Little Feat. 5/27: Desmond Dekker and the Aces; The Blue Beats. *551 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *N.B.:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 5/27–5/28: A two-night reunion of ska bands that performed on the live compilation record *Oi!/Skampilation* celebrate its release. 5/27: Bouncing Souls; Blank 77s; Wretched Ones; Banner of Hope; Scofflaws; Checkered Cabs; Agent 99. 5/28: Mephiskapheles; Allstonians; Inspector 7; Skavoovie and the Epitone; Spring Heeled Jack; Slackers. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 5/26–5/27: Hendrik Meurkens, a champion of the harmonica and vibraphone—two incredibly demanding instruments for a jazz musician—plays both with a quartet here, celebrating the release of his new record, *Slidin'. 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening, and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 5/23–5/28: Dianne Reeves. 5/30–6/4: Abbey Lincoln; Charles Lloyd Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 5/22–5/26: Sax great Gary Bartz. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Cajun—A little bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland jazz. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 5/23–5/28: Tess Marsalis. 5/30–6/4: Ronnie Cuber and Bop Mountain. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Five Spot—A palatial *Dick Tracy*–looking ballroom and regular host to smoothed-out jazz musicians. 5/24: Ted Trimble's Innovators. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. 5/23–5/27: Trumpet newcomer Marcus Printup, whose tutelage with pianist Marcus Roberts bespeaks staunch neo-conservatism, leads a band in music from his new Blue Note Records debut. 5/30–6/4: Ellis Marsalis, New Orleans pianist, educator, and the beneficent patriarch of the Marsalis jazz dynasty, leads a trio. Sets Tues.–Sat. at 9:30 P.M., 11 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 P.M. *44 West 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center. (582-2121).*

Performance

Ska Father

Twenty-six years ago, his spirit-lifting vocals on "Israelites" put ska—reggae's noddingly rhythmic predecessor—on the charts and Kingston on the map. Reggae pathfinder and ska legend Desmond Dekker brings his Aces to Tramps on May 27.

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. 5/24–5/27: Cyrus Chestnut and bassist Steve Kirby. *33 University Place. (228-8490).*

Match—Sundays, eightysomething torch singer Laurel Watson, former chanteuse with Duke Ellington and Count Basie, sings here with the Shorty Jackson Legacy Blues Band. Mondays, Rebecca Dorsey, film star and progeny of one of the Dorsey Brothers, sings with bassist Leonard Gaskin. Sets at 8 and 11. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 5/23: La Noreste, a Latin all-female jazz band. 5/24: Singer Nora York. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. On Fridays, the Jazz at Noon series moves here from Sardi's, featuring "open mike" playing by lawyers, doctors, stock brokers, etc., joined, on 5/26, by tenorman Harold Ousley. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A feisty little jazz club that's come-as-you-are and stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's right around the corner from the Vanguard, so you can head over after the last set. Nightly jams start 'round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 5/23–5/28: Don Pullen's African Brazilian Connection. 5/30–6/4: Yosuke Yamashita Trio. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 5/28: Illinois Jacquet Big Band. 5/30–6/4: Big band trumpet hero Harry "Sweets" Edison, a bandmember with Count Basie, Quincy Jones, Buddy Rich, Louie Bellson, and most recently Lionel Hampton, holds forth. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 5/23–5/28: Saxophonist Wessel Anderson and trombonist Wycliffe Gorden front a quintet, with Eric Reed on piano, bassist Ben Wolfe, and drummer Greg Hutchinson. 5/30–6/4: Mal Waldron and Steve Lacy. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino–Puerto Rican living, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 5/25: Gilbert Gottfried. 5/26–5/29: Chris Rock. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 5/28: Darryll Hammond; Dave Attell; Ray Romano; Larry Amoros; Jim David. 5/29–6/4: Ray Romano; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Greer Barnes; Jim David; Wanda Sykes-Hall. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 5/28:

Ben Creed; Al Romero; Scott Bruce; Phil Tagliaferri; Mark Unger; Mike Robles; Danny Curtis. 5/29–6/4: Nancy Redman; Vic Di Betteto; John Rizzo; Mark Unger; Mike Robles; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—A new comedy spot that serves food and presents regulars from Comedy Central, *An Evening at the Improv,* and *Caroline's Comedy Hour.* 5/27: Mark Hudis; Tony Hart; Andrew Diamond. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 5/26–5/28: Rich Ceisler; Eddie Brill; Jeff Ross; Dave Attel. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Steve Ross takes over the Oak Room this week with "Their Words Are Music," featuring the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II and Lorenz Hart. On Fri. and Sat. at 11:30, there's a change of pace with "To Wit," his other show, featuring a compilation of songs with humor as their keynote. Through 6/24. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—The pianist/singer Bobby Short is back in his accustomed seat at this elegant rendezvous, blithely crooning standards by Noël Coward, Cole Porter, and other such sophisticates. Through 6/24. $45 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—It's Lorenz Hart's 100th birthday, and parties are being held all over town; one of the more festive—hell, thrilling—is "This Funny World," that fine singer Mary Cleere Haran's one-woman tribute to the great lyricist. Through 5/27. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet (they used to be a quartet, but, hey, things change) has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singer Michele Bautier performs a salute to Irving Berlin. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

Flashdancers—A booze-scorched bathroom attendant named Steve at this, the best daytime midtown strip club, is taking an informal poll of patrons at lunch time. He wants to know how Dinah Duos's (98-22-32) act has affected the guests. Staring into the middle distance of the tile wall six inches from his nose, one client admits that the peroxided dwarf with basketballs for breasts makes him nervous. "Yeah," agrees Steve, handing out paper towels. "I don't know why they shell out, like, $2,500 bucks a week for those headliners. I don't know about you, but all that plastic doesn't do anything for me. In the last six months I've only seen one headlining act that was any good. And that was the Scandalous Twins. This was an act. They worked this bondage thing in, and when they asked for volunteers, the crowd would go crazy, jumping up: 'Ooh, pick me! Pick me!' " *1674 Bway., bet. 52nd and 53rd Sts. (978-0000).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on doesn't detract from the good-time feeling, powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

Oak Bar—The perfect place to take your parents, unless you're paying. What are those bird-legged ladies talking so intently to those round old men about, anyway? Jackets aren't required, but you'll feel naked without one. *Plaza Hotel, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (546-5320).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head Bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

Shenanegans—If the help wasn't dominated by anorectic, downtown art chicks and buffalo girls from the boroughs, the seedy elegance of this threadbare basement club would make it one of the best strip bars in the city. In fact, you wouldn't be at all surprised to find Jimmy Hoffa handing out hundred-dollar bills from a booth in the back. *125 E 47th St. (978-0000)*

Ground Rules:

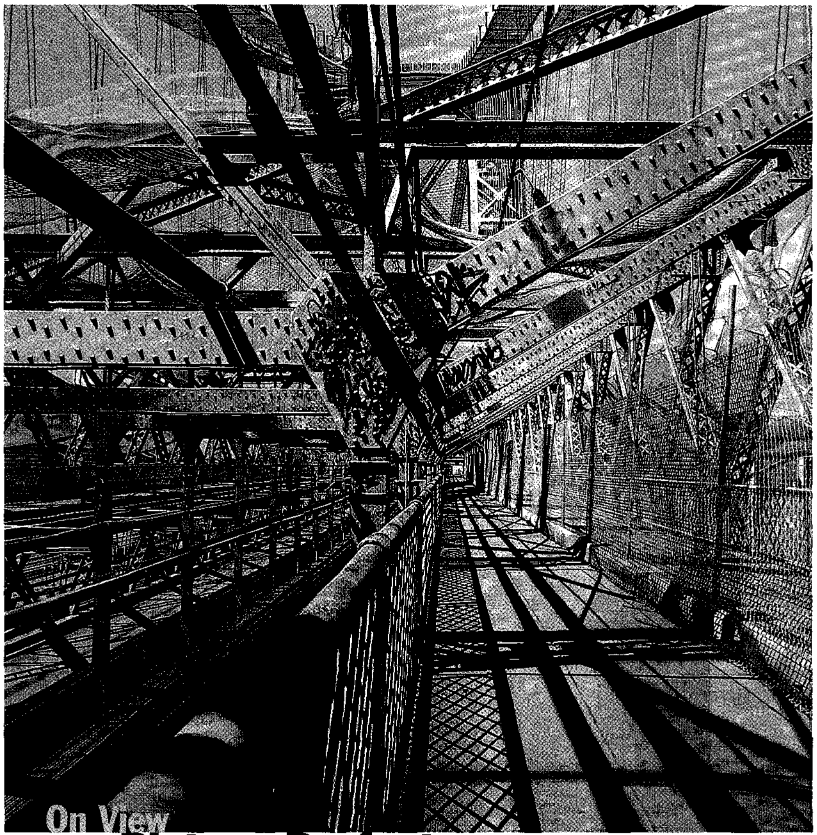
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Running Time

Global Village People

Disco has been cool again several times already this decade, but its latest manifestation is still a bit of a surprise. M People (Palladium, May 28; the Supper Club, May 30), the currently reigning dance band of the U.K., is an unlikely candidate for disco stardom. They're not fresh-faced waifs (almost all the members are "thirties-ish"). They're relatively anonymous (mushroom-cloud-coiffed singer Heather Small is the only glamour-puss). They come from Manchester, the dreary city that produced such doomsaying outfits as the Smiths, the Fall, and Joy Division (who broke up when their lead singer hanged himself). And they specialize in—get this—*songs.* "I felt like dance music needed to get back to that," says D.J. Mike Pickering, co-founder, co-songwriter, and the *M* of M People. "Classic songs, R&B—like Motown, Stax, the Sound of Philadelphia. I mean, that's what inspires me to make music in the first place." In a world of slice'n'dice grooves and hermetically sealed divas, M People's *Elegant Slumming* (Epic) came last year as a sweeping, melodically brimming opus, heralded by the stirring single "Moving On Up" (*not,* incidentally, the theme from *The Jeffersons*) and played by a real, live band. Now, with *Bizarre Fruit* (Epic), M People stand to bring uplifting disco music back to America's charts as well. And weirder still, to our stages. "The great dance bands were always live," Pickering asserts, countering accusations of newfangled gimmickry by citing Chic and K.C. and the Sunshine Band. "So we're hardly revolutionary. And by the way, the Bee Gees were originally from Manchester, too." **CHRIS NORRIS**

Paik's America...Pet Pictures



On View

Picture Perfect

More painterly than the works of other photo-realists, Richard Estes's fastidiously rendered views of New York City continue to astound three decades after they first did. His latest paintings, like 'Williamsburg Bridge' (above), are as technically flawless as ever. At Marlborough Gallery, 40 West 57th Street.

Openings

The legacy of film director Ingmar Bergman is honored by an exhibit of paintings, sculpture, photography, and installations by twenty New York–based Swedish artists (opens May 25 at Thomas Nordanstad Gallery, 289 Hudson Street).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Paintings and drawings executed between 1893 and 1940; through 6/30. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Elena Climent—Paintings of cupboards, tabletops, kitchen counters, and bookshelves whose collections of objects suggest the domestic life of lower-middle-class Mexicans; 5/25–6/23. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).

Ray Johnson—A memorial exhibition of collages and mail art from the fifties through the late eighties, including works on loan from Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns, and others; through 6/16. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

John La Farge—A survey of floral still lifes by this artist (1835–1910) who saw the still-life genre as a subject through which to explore modern color theories; through 6/9. Jordan-Volpe, 958 Madison Ave. (570-9500).

Helmut Löhr—Collages made from book pages or musical scores which he cuts or rips, then reconfigures and layers, and photographs, artists' books, and objects; through 6/30. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Tomie Ohtake—An exhibition of large-scale abstract paintings celebrating the 80th birthday of this artist, who is a leading figure in postwar Brazilian art; through 6/30. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950).

Georgia O'Keeffe—Small-scale paintings of landscapes and still-life arrangements, and paintings of flowers; through 6/17. Peters, 177 E. 78th St. (628-9760).

Pablo Picasso—Paintings and works on paper from the artist's estate that he made in his studio at 7 rue des Grands-Augustins, a former palace on Paris's Left Bank where he worked throughout the Second World War; through 6/24. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Kurt Schwitters—Late paintings and collages by this German artist (1887–1948) who began as a Cubist but became associated with the German Dadaists after World War I; through 6/30. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Joaquin Torres-Garcia—Geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and constructions from 1920 to 1943 by this artist who was the creator of International Contructivism; through 6/24. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

57th Street Area

Chuck Agro/John Newsom—Caricatures of "easy-chair" figures painted on plywood and plaster foundations/Paintings of whimsical cartoon images. Through 6/30. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Richard Baker—Recent small-scale still-life paintings; through 6/9. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—Recent figure and still-life paintings that allude to the tradition of allegorical art; through 6/10. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Richard Estes—Eighteen realist paintings of New York City executed over the past four years; through 6/10. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

William Glackens/Alfred H. Maurer—Paintings of flowers by these two artists who met in 1901 as fellow exhibitors in a group show at the Allen Gallery in New York and remained friends for more than 30 years; through 6/16. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Keith Haring—The late artist's first show with this gallery includes drawings, collages, and gouaches from 1989; through 6/9. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Alfredo Jaar—An installation of black archival boxes arranged in rows, stacks, and grids and a related audio-visual presentation titled *Rwanda* that will be shown on Saturdays at 4:30; through 6/16. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Andre Malraux—A selection of dyables—parenthetical sketches the writer drew on letters, manuscripts, and scraps of paper—made between the years 1946 and 1966, from the collection of Madeleine Malraux; 5/25–7/8. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Joseph McNamara—Paintings of urban construction sites; through 6/17. Stiebel Modern, 32 E. 57th St. (759-5536).

Igor Mitoraj—Twelve life-size cast-bronze and carved-marble sculptures of the human figure; through 6/30. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Pablo Picasso—Drawings from all periods of the artist's career arranged chronologically from 1898 to 1970, through 6/2, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292)./Sketchbooks, 1900–1905, from the Marina Picasso collection, through 6/17, at Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Ephraim Rubenstein—Paintings that depict views of Umbria, Italy, and Richmond, Virginia; through 6/17. De Nagy, 4 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Esphyr Slobodkina—Abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures from 1934 to the present; through 6/24. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (261-1160).

Donald Roller Wilson—Paintings that depict animals wearing human clothing and involved in human activities; proceeds from the sale of works are being donated to the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center; through 6/16. Wright, 64 E. 57th St. (308-2507).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Aziz + Cucher—Digitally altered photographic portraits from which the subjects' primary features

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Marlborough Gallery.

have been erased; through 6/24. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Steven Balkenhol—Realistic figurative sculptures that bear a resemblance to the artist; through 6/30. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

Itai Doron—A video filmed in the style of a B movie in which the life of James Dean is reenacted as a meditation on mass-media mythology; through 6/17. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Spelman Evans Downer—The artist uses photographs, satellite images, and maps as source images for these thickly painted topographical views of Manhattan and its environs; through 6/10. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

John Gaspar—Minimal abstract paintings on canvas and paper; through 6/10. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).

Mary Hambleton—Paintings that combine blocks of color with expansive fields of gestural painting; through 6/24. Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (966-7753).

Tracey Jones—Recent abstract paintings that emphasize gesture, surface, and process; through 6/30. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Allan Kaprow—Photographs and texts of the California artist's Happenings, as well as posters that were made to publicize them; through 6/19. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Win Knowlton—A room-size sculpture of tree forms made of plaster, hydrocal, wood, concrete, and steel; through 6/10. Mayne, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Leone & Macdonald—A collaborative installation that tranforms the materials of home—knitted sweaters, marbles, sewing needles, family photographs—into powerfully suggestive objects that transcend their origins; through 6/30. Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (274-0660).

Michael Lucero/David Urban—New ceramic sculptures from the "Reclamation Series" that incorporate salvaged found objects./Recent abstract paintings. Through 6/10. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Emil Nolde—The largest private exhibition ever held in the United States of the German Expressionist's works on paper, including watercolors and prints of flowers, figures, seascapes, and landscapes; through 7/23. McEnroe, in cooperation with Galerie Michael Beck Leipzig, 41 Greene St. (219-0395).

Malcolm Morley—These new paintings depict boats and planes rendered from actual models and engaged in events of the artist's imagination; the settings, however, are real, based on watercolors from his extensive travels; through 6/24. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Nam June Paik—A new video wall sculpture in the form of a map of the United States; through 6/3. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Francis Picabia/Luc Tuymans—Paintings from the last decade of the artist's life./Paintings by this Belgian artist that cross the boundaries between representation and abstraction. Through 6/17. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Joanna Pousette-Dart—Large-scale, multi-panel abstract paintings; through 6/21. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Frank Stella—Prints from the sixties and seventies; through 6/24. Gemini G.E.L. at Joni Moisant Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Al Taylor—Sculptures constructed from common materials and found objects; through 6/17. Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway (925-6190).

Fred Tomaselli—Sixties and seventies abstraction, psychedelic art, Op art, and other styles are woven into the artist's new paintings, which also incorporate drugs and hemp; also on view are a series of photograms of pills, sugar, and capsules based on the twelve houses of the zodiac; through 6/17. Tilton, 611 Broadway (460-9870).

Not Vital—Recent large-scale plaster sculptures that incorporate human and animal forms; through 6/10. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Mathew Weaver—Paintings layered with letters, maps, train tickets, and other ephemera; through 7/1. Engelhorn, 470 Broome St. (966-6882).

Yukinori Yanagi—An installation titled "The Chrysanthemum Carpet" that explores identity and nationality in postwar Japan and whose central piece is a red wool carpet; also on view is "Asia-Pacific Ant Farm," an ant farm composed of the flags of the 42 nations that were included in "The Great East Asian Co-prosperity Sphere"; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Other

Robert Chambers/Sheila Berger— Neoprene and latex sculptures/Geometric encaustic paintings. Through 5/28. The House, 163 W. 22nd St. (691-7051).

Sir George Hayter—Paintings and watercolors by this Victorian portraitist who was the principal painter to Queen Victoria; through 8/5. Forbes, 60 Fifth Ave. (620-2398); Tue., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10–4.

Richard Serra—An installation titled "To Whom It May Concern" that is the largest indoor work the artist has shown in New York since 1981 and consists of nine freestanding Cor-Ten steel plates that are spaced at regular intervals across the gallery; through 6/25. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Lincoln Tobier—Studies for a work in progress, *(It all comes together in) Ruckus LA*, a project in which the artist will make a scale model of Los Angeles in collaboration with residents of the city; through 6/25. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Contemporary Still Life," with works by Africano, Butterworth, Cotton, Etkin, Frank, Kushner, Jacquette, McDermott & McGough, Skoglund, the Starns, Stoll, Sugimoto, Zlamany; through 6/30.

Taggart—48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000). American Impressionist landscapes and interiors by Chase, Hassam, Lawson, Potthast, Prendergast, others; through 6/24.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). American figurative paintings from the late eighteenth through the mid-twentieth centuries by Cassatt, Chase, Davidson, Marsh, R. Peale, Stella, others; through 6/30.

Photography **James Van Der Zee's 1982 portrait of Jean-Michel Basquiat with his Siamese cat is one of the dozens of images of animals and their human admirers—by Elliott Erwitt, André Kertész, Mary Ellen Mark, William Wegman, and others—that are part of "Animal Attractions" at Howard Greenberg Gallery.** ***Sales from the show and the accompanying book of the same name (Abrams; $30) benefit the Humane Society of New York.***

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "The Impressionists' New York," with works by Chase, Cooper, Cornoyer, Hassam, Lawson, Hassam, Redfield, others; through 7/13.

Ross—50 W. 57th St. (307-0400). Abstract paintings by Cherry, Napierala, Thompson, Wise; through 6/30.

Sheehan—41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). Prints by Johns, Kelly, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, and Warhol that use appropriated imagery; through 6/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander Editions—476 Broome St. (925-2070). "Komix," with works by Dunham, Eisenman, Kelly, Nauman, Paik, Polke, and others that explore the affinities between the contemporary comic styles of electronic and print media and recent trends in art; through 7/1.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Don't Smoke in Bed," an installation by Homer Jackson and Lloyd Lawrence; "The Global Sweatshop: Images of Women in the Global Garment Industry"; through 6/24.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Customized Terror," with works by Bryan Crockett, Brian Tolle, and The Designer's Republic, a graphic design team; "Satellite Choice: Young Curators Explore Diversity"; through 7/8.

E.S. Vandam—100 Vandam St. (674-1559). The works of the twenty artists in "Delving and Tinkering" evolve from intense research and physical adjustments; through 6/24.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Way Cool," with works in all media by 31 emerging artists; through 7/14.

Other

Baruch—17 Lexington Ave. (387-1138). Prints and drawings from the collection of the Mills College Art Gallery, including works by Blake, Goya, Homer, Klee, Matisse, Picasso, Whistler, others; through 6/5.

Photography

Berenice Abbott—Vintage WPA photographs, many from her "Changing New York" series begun in 1929; through 7/14. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Zeke Berman—Images of still life and architectural interiors that are composed with the purpose of creating optical, visual, and psychological ambiguities; 5/25–6/30. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Jeff Burton—Voyeuristic photographs of interiors that suggest a twisted world of glamour and the possibility of sexual encounters; through 6/24. Kaplan, 580 Broadway (226-6131).

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). Animals and the humans who love them are the subjects of these photographs by Tina Barney, Jessie Tarbox Beals, Elliott Erwitt, Jacques-Henri Lartigue, Eve Sonneman, William Wegman, and others, all from the recently published book *Animal Attractions* (Abrams; $30); proceeds from the sales of the exhibit and book will benefit the Humane Society of New York; 5/25–6/17.

Erich Hartmann—Black-and-white photographs of concentration camps taken 50 years after the end of

Photograph by James Van Der Zee/© Donna Van Der Zee/Howard Greenberg Gallery.

World War II; through 7/8. Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "PhotoDiary: Lynn Goldsmith." Large-format photographs of musicians; through 7/16. "Ruth Orkin: Retrospective." The photographer's early assignments for *Life, Look,* and other publications; portraits; and scenes of Central Park shot from her apartment window; through 7/16.

David Noble—Black-and-white images of landscapes and archaeological sites in the American Southwest; through 7/28. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Sander—19 E. 76th St. (794-4500). Photographs of New York by Faurer, Levinstein, Model, Weegee; through 6/30.

JoAnn Verburg—Multi-panel color photographs that depict images from the artist's everyday life; through 6/24. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Brett Weston—A survey of works by this photographer (1911–1993) of whom the photography historian Nancy Newhall wrote: "Instead of abstract sculpture, he saw a magic play of light: grasses, ghostly in their winter death, shadowing the massive, luminous dunes with silver, the spikes and bells of yucca black as jet against them. He saw the delicate aerial structure of eerie plants reaching into the skies, the dunes gray with storm or gleaming with snow against dark, distant mountains—endless absorbing variations!"; through 7/29. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Joel-Peter Witkin—In his latest works, the photographer has endowed the seemingly grotesque with dignity and beauty, as in *Glassman,* an image of a corpse whose hands are turned upward in a gesture of release, symbolizing the spirit at peace; through 6/24. Pace MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Wanda Gu: Oedipus Refound #3A"; "Yoshiko Kanai: Untitled."; "Bjarne V. H.H. Solberg: Memory Boxes." Through 6/24. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

American Academy of Arts and Letters—Works by newly elected members and recipients of honors and awards, among them Robert Bechtle, Vija Celmins, James McGarrell, and Ellen Phelan. Through 6/11. Audubon Terrace, Broadway at 155th St. (368-5900).

American Craft Museum—"Inside/Outside: Ceramic Works and Drawings by William Daley." Through 6/25. . . . "Jewelry From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. . . . "Fiber: Five Decades From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists. Through 12/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. . . . "New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Division of Labor: Women's Work in Contemporary Art." Through 6/11. . . . "The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana." Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3-9, Thur. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

Brooklyn Museum—"A Graphic Odyssey: Romare Bearden as Printmaker." Through 7/9. . . . "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/27. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 9/3. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Gerhard Richter: *Atlas.*" An ongoing work that the artist began in 1962, when he decided to put together photographs that had been or could become pictorial sources for his paintings. Through 6/18. . . . "Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned." Through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.– Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—Works by the sixteen finalists of the Creative Will competition for artists with multiple sclerosis. Through 6/17. 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6:30, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; contribution suggested.

Guggenheim Museum—"Georg Baselitz." A survey of the German artist's paintings and sculpture from the past three decades. 5/26–9/17. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist. Through 8/20. . . . "A Year With Children." Through 6/11. 575 Broadway (423-3840); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Gems of the Floating World: Japanese Ukiyo-e Prints from the Dresden Kupferstich-Kabinett." Through 6/4. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic." Through 7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes; through 7/30. . . . "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Nadar." The first comprehensive exhibit of the work of the French photographer Felix Tournachon, known as Nadar. Through 7/9. . . . "The Painted Roundel in the Lowlands: 1480–1560." Through 8/20. . . . "Herter Brothers: Furniture and Interiors for a Gilded Age." Through 7/30. . . . "Decorating the American Home, 1850–1900." Through 7/30. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin." Through 8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." Through 8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "Paul Cadmus: The Seven Deadly Sins and Selections from the Collection." Through 7/4. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "Princely Patrons: Three Royal Persian Manuscripts." Through 6/4. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

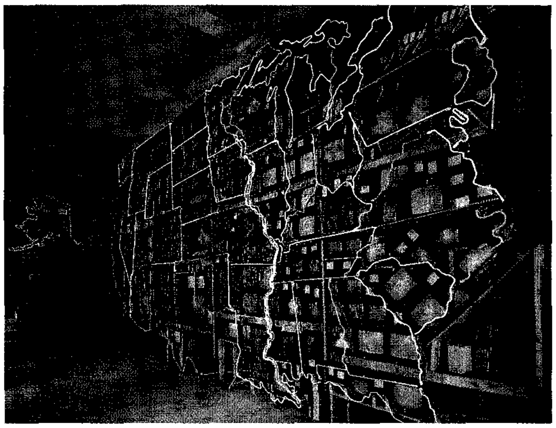
Pierpont Morgan Library—"Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. . . . 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Installation

Altered States

As MOMA's "Mapping" show last fall made abundantly clear, the iconography of maps has never had a greater appeal among artists. Now video-art trailblazer Nam June Paik has created the most state-of-the-art map art to date. The prescient Korean-born artist came up with his concept for an "information highway" back in 1974, when he was hired as a consultant to the Rockefeller Foundation's art program. Then, when Bill Clinton and Al Gore started talking about an "electronic superhighway," Paik decided, he says, "to dust off my old idea." The result is his 25-foot-long, 15-foot-tall video-and-neon wall sculpture of the United States, currently flashing through the windows of SoHo's Holly Solomon Gallery.



Like most of his projects, Paik's map began as a sketch. He then filled in ideas for images he associated with each state—such as Martin Luther King Jr. for Alabama, the Kentucky Derby for Kentucky, and Johnny Carson for Nebraska—and hired three assistants to drive around the U.S. with HI-8 Sony video cameras, shooting on-the-road footage. Those films were mixed with promotional videos and other found images—even scenes and stills from movies. "We were missing a few states, so I went to Tower Video and browsed through the movie rack," says Paik, who appropriated familiar tableaux from *Show Boat* for Mississippi, *The Wizard of Oz* for Kansas, and *South Pacific* for the Hawaiian Islands. Finally, the televisions were mounted on scaffolds and colored neon elements overlaid to delineate each state. There were times, Paik recalls, when the project almost got the better of him, like a snafu just hours before the show's opening: "I realized," he says, "that I completely forgot about Idaho."

EDITH NEWHALL

Photograph courtesy of the Holly Solomon Gallery.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art— "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." 5/25–8/22. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A Selection From the 1960s." Through 6/13. . . . "Typography and the Poster." Through 6/4. . . . "Helen Chadwick: *Bad Blooms.*" Through 7/11. . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection." Through 8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem." Through 11/5. . . . "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation." Through 7/30. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Masterpieces of Nineteenth-Century Italian Painting from the Gaetano Marzotto Collection." Through 6/11. . . . "Nature Observed, Nature Interpreted: 19th-Century American Landscape Drawings and Watercolors from the National Academy of Design and Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution." Through 6/13. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (free on Fri. from 5 to 8); $3.50, $2 students, seniors, and children.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection. Through 9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue." Through 9/17. . . . "Inventory: Christian Boltanski." An installation that is a museum display of actual belongings of a contemporary New Yorker. Through 9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed. 12–8, Thur.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Queens Museum of Art—"Yukinori Yanagi: Project Article 9." Through 7/16. . . . "The View from Within: Japanese-American Art from the Internment Camps, 1942–1945." Through 7/16. Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat.–Sun. 12-5; $3; $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"1995 Biennial Exhibition." Through 6/25. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8, Fri. 11-9; $7, $5 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8 and Fri. 6–9).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 5/24 at 10: "Important American Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." On view from 5/19. 5/25 at 10 and approximately 2:45: "19th-Century European Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." On view from 5/20. 5/25 at 2: "Barbizon, Realist, and French Landscape Paintings." On view from 5/20.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 5/25 at 1: "Modern Book Illustrators." On view from 5/20.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 5/24 at at 10: "Books, Maps, and Autographs." On view from 5/20. 5/24 at 12: "Old Master, Modern, and Contemporary Prints." On view from 5/20.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/24 at 10:15 and 2: "19th-Century European Paintings." On view from 5/20. 5/25 at at 10:15 and 2: "American Paintings." On view from 5/20. 5/30 at 10:15 and 2: "Stamps." On view from 5/26.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 5/25 at 10:30: "Works of Art on Paper." On view from 5/20.

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restaurants

Soft Crab...New Hang...Fresh Sandwiches

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—A cherrywood bar, tapestries, and three fifteen-foot windows lend grand atmospherics to this Northern Italian downtowner. Try the homemade grappa. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.*

Can—Pole position on SoHo's main drag. Inventive French-Vietnamese cuisine in an elegant, minimalistic dining room. *482 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-6333). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen; recommended are the seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Donald Sacks—A corporate dining room for those brave enough to leave the confines of their own glass walls. Straight-up American bistro fare for a strictly business crowd and peckish Century 21 shoppers. *220 Vesey St. (619-4600). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the guilded age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fraunces Tavern Restaurant—A landmark pub with a museum upstairs that's a must for your historically minded out-of-town friends. *54 Pearl St., nr. Broad St. (269-0144). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host-owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Center, on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This inovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room with booths full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that *was* Peter Vallone. *2107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vegetarian Paradise—Vegetarian Chinese cuisine with a new menu. Completely vegan. The mood, like the walls, is pink. Predictably, there's no smoking allowed. *33 Mott St. (406-6988). (I) ($)*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Contemporary American dishes: crispy-noodle-wrapped shrimp, wood-oven- braised lamb shank with herb gnocchi, spit-roasted monkfish with lobster-potato home fries. *90 Prince St., bet.*

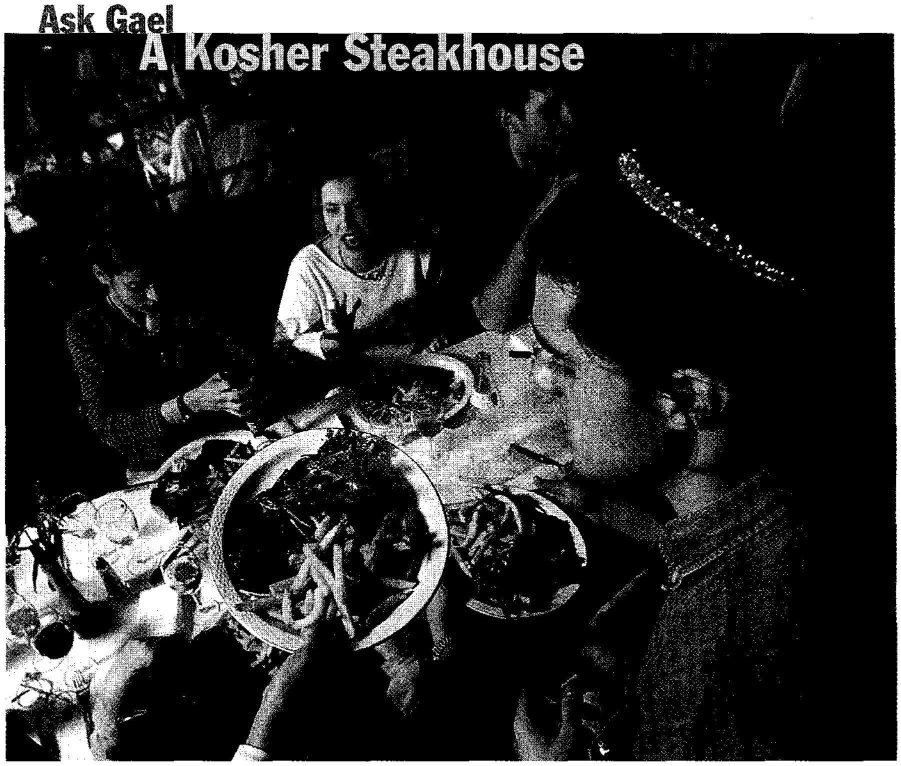
Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Ask Gael

A Kosher Steakhouse



Help! It's got to be kosher.

Not a minute too soon, just steps from the diamond district, the Gallic team from Les Halles offers Le Marais, billed as "a rare steakhouse, well done"–cum–butcher shop. Round-the-clock, rabbis make sure the steak-frites and big, juicy côte de boeuf are strictly glatt kosher, even as handymen tack the paneling in place. Begin with terrine of pot-au-feu or a salad of haricots verts. Watch that saltshaker, please. At 150 West 46th Street.

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Broadway and Mercer St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Zutto—Japanese in a Zenlike setting of mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. *77 Hudson St., nr. Harrison St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare, served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, promenade level (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—A hangar-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverley,* moored along the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, promenade level (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by the magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beers, and televised sports. *Pier 17, promenade level (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17, second floor (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the eponymous builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, second floor (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

5 & 10 No Exaggeration—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)*

Haveli—A standout on a block so thick with Indian restaurants that you lose track of where you've been unless there's something pretty special going on. *100 Second Ave., at 6th St. (982-0533). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse decorated with vintage posters—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*—and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

L'Udo—On a broad and blossoming stretch of Lafayette Street, this cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant is right across the street from the Public Theater. The staff is very sensitive to the needs of pretheater diners. Frescoes enliven the rough-hewn walls, and outdoor seating welcomes warmer weather. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Cafe Melville—This exposed-brick West Village café is cozy and comfortable without being claustrophobic. *110 Barrow St., at Washington St. (924-0110). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Restaurants Uprising

Things do get ugly when bureaucrats mess with restaurateurs' livelihoods. Take last week's public meeting at the Health Department headquarters to hash out the new smoking ban. "Go back to the Amazon!" shouts a red-faced man from the back row of the shabby hearing room as a big-boned proponent of the smoking ban makes her way through the gauntlet of restaurant owners who have showed up at the public hearing. "Nice dress!" quips another. A Mediterranean man with full-dress diner black-and-whites steps out of the aisle and prods the visibly shaken nonsmoker. "This is none of your business! This is my job," he snorts, as she broad-jumps through the double doors to safety.

The indoor near-riot initiated against the ban by the Tavern and Restaurant Association has drawn a large, angry crowd of industry partisans. "I'm not here to argue the virtue of tobacco. I'm here to talk about my pocket, which is all I care about," says Joseph Napolitano of Arturo's restaurant. "If you want to tell me how to run my business, why don't you buy me out and let me go home," he barks, as the throng jumps to its feet.

Already running scared in an industry in which 50 percent of the businesses die within the first year, restaurant owners from all ends of the spectrum are apoplectic about the recent ban: Three-star owners gripe about a drop in pricey after-dinner drinks; John Staphos, owner of the Ridge Diner in Bay Ridge, says he has lost the late-night business at his 24-hour diner to the neighborhood's bars; and Steve Vassilakos, a linen supplier from Jersey City, says his business has slumped nearly 20 percent in just three weeks because owners have had to let people go. "No employees, no uniforms," he says, dejected. But unlike most grass-roots activists, few involved in this fight harbor any hope that their brand of justice will prevail. "There's no way we'll win," allows Vassilakos, catching his breath outside the hearing room before he goes back inside for round two. MANNY HOWARD

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. *546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steakhouse even if you're blocks away from the city's meat market: Just look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. There's a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. *56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.*

Panchitos—Broken-marble-and-granite floors lend an understated elegance to this well-worn Mexican hang. Don't bother asking for Cuervo Gold in your Margarita; it's already in there. *105 MacDougal St. (473-5239). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Intimate and rustic Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Pesce Pasta—Good old Italian comfort food. The attraction of this spot? Specialties that include lots of fish dishes and a casual dining room with a well-worn feel. *262 Bleecker St. (645-2993). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Moscone—Peter Moscone and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. *126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a restaurant strictly to American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. *488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck, as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark brick pub always pleases. *156 E. 34th St., nr. Lexington Ave. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. *485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christine's—Polish diner-café. Open late for simple peasant fare. Try the delicious, simple chicken and a zesty sauerkraut soup. *462 Second Ave., at 26th St.*

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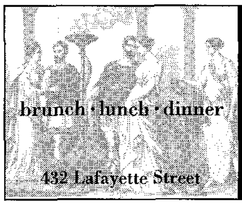
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(779-2220). *(I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. *323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare, brought to you in a festive, high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day, warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pigalle—What it lacks in size, it more than makes up for with style and food. A bistro with a heavy French accent. *111 E. 29th St. (779-7830). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and an opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Secret Harbor Bistro—A neighborhood lunch crowd from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner, local residents with hotel guests stop in for generous portions of American food with an Italian accent. *303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Silk—A delightful fusion of East and West prepared by chef Kimiaki Kageyama and a soothing room made regal by host-owner Henry Tao make this one of the best-kept secrets in the neighborhood. The curved bar—warm wood and ambient light—makes a great refuge. *378 Third Ave., nr. 27th St. (532-4500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Steak Frites—Only a few places manage not to get lost in this bustling intersection of restaurant rows. A menu complete enough to hit the nail on the head and almost small enough to do everything well. *9 E. 16th St. (463-7101). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. *346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge are what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Foro Italico—A casual and intimate, rustic dining room serving traditional Italian fare. *455 W. 34th St. (564-6619). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Previews

Old-School Ties

When they opened their aggressively casual West Village restaurant last weekend, the four Euro-expatriate owners of Le Zoo (314 W. 11th St.)—all buddies from Lycée Francaise—would have been happy just to have their old schoolmates show up for dinner. But with entrées running below $15, the place is already hopping.

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theatre for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with art that customers have drawn at the tables. *182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Zip City—Pub grub and award-winning microbrew to wash it down. Collegial—if collegiate—atmosphere. *3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840) AE, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—A rich, dark hardwood club-like feeling in this steakhouse draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café in the back, one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sundays. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chiam Inn—Hong Kong–style Cantonese fare served in a spacious wood-paneled dining room. Be bold. The menu will reward you. *160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Christ Cella—Sixty-nine years old and counting. This steakhouse is run by the third generation of the Cella family. The place specializes in steaks and lobster. A jacket and a tie are required. *160 E. 46th St. (697-2497) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The Pool Room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet, and those are hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. It's packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. *5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling environs to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by personal chefs in the private teppan grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to people-watch and dance. Wednesdays through Saturdays, there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. *34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—Impressive and old-world, this theater-district favorite has space, with a regal dining room and a romantic garden. Serving Northern Italian food. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come and find your NINAs while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Un, Deux, Trois—This casual French bistro has all the hustle and bustle of its Parisian cousins. Good, hearty regional food at moderate prices. *123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Because of its muraled walls and abundant greenery, many feel as if they're walking into a castle when they enter this Italian restaurant. But this is no monolithic Italian: Each week, a regional dish from a specific European country is served as the special. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse—all marble and pewter, with blazing chandeliers—and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted cieling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurley's—An original 1892 saloon now serving American seafood classics. This midtowner was once frequented by radio and television stars from yesteryear like Steve Allen and Johnny Carson. When Mayor John Lindsay and Henry Kissinger had a party here, they had such a good time they were asked to leave. *1240 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (765-8981). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an ele-

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gant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American theme. Lots of steak and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Langan's—American food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and surroundings. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A bustling spot in the theatre district with two private party rooms to get away from it all in. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. *119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro, reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. *328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. *7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Palio—Authentic Italian cuisine served in a formal atmosphere. The crowd is occasionally très international. Tourists and natives agree that the breadsticks are unreal. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Italian eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming; reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

René Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean Michel Bergou-gnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. The stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near MOMA. *33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.*

Ruth's Chris Steak House—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sam's—Solid Continental food served up pub-style in the heart of the theater district. *263 W. 45th St. (719-5416). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. *1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room that's open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Top of the Sixes—A beautiful view and a restaurant to boot. Perched atop the office that houses Universal Pictures's offices American-Continental food. *666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., 39th floor (757-6662). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trionfo—Good Italian food in a pleasant setting close to Broadway theaters. *224 W. 51st St. (262-6660). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces that will make anyone feel welcome. *240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (799-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg-monger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. *502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park West (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Taxi—Chef Frederic Feufeu has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

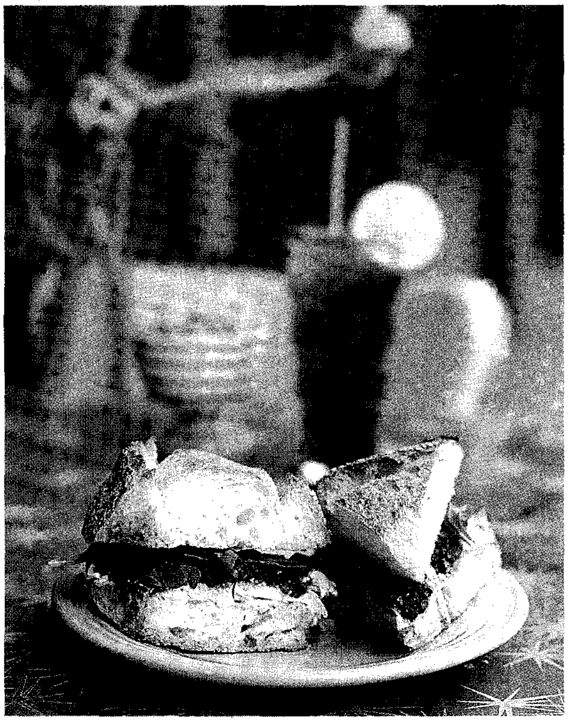
Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, sixth floor, *1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Sandwich **Since when did it become acceptable for lunch counters, cafés, and coffee bars to offer up prefab plastic-wrapped sandwiches that were made, for all we know, early last week? At Limbo (47 Avenue A, near East 3rd Street), they take sandwiches very seriously. In addition to the turkey-and-cranberry job pictured here, there's an amazingly refreshing summer concoction made—to order, thank you—of smashed chick peas, mint, and olives with labani and cukes.**

Mitsukoshi—The elegant midtown Tatami room and sushi bar on the mezzanine of the Manhattan satellite of Japan's oldest department store is the genuine article. A port in the storm for homesick Japanese businessmen and a topflight curio for European tourists. *461 Park Ave., at 57th St. (935-6444). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pierro's on the Park—Italian with a twist of art history. This parkside restaurant features Art Deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. *150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theaters, within spitting distance of Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Boat House Cafe—Rent a rowboat or ride the Venetian gondola before or after dining at this glorious oasis in Central Park. This is the kind of Italian food found only in America, some of it pretty good. There's a new menu for grazers at the waterside bar. *Central Park nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. *339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Eurotourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . mon cheri. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare; a people watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850) (M) AE only.*

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; on this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. *50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475) (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ferrier—Neighborhood hot spot. People-watching,

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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but be prepared to get what you give at this bistro. *29 E. 65th St. (772-9000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. *151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls. *680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. *1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. *1485 Second Ave., bet. 77th and 78th Sts. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze; but that figures, he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local haute-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. *1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—The purveyor to the Japanese imperial family for 450 years, this teahouse offers an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Object of Desire
Crab This Very Moment

There is no better environment for a hyper-seasonal delicacy like soft-shell crab (this one is sautéed with a fancified gazpacho of roasted beets, and accompanied by spaghetti squash with garlic oil) than the kitchen at Savoy (70 Prince Street). Chef Peter Hoffman makes it his business to hold local and seasonal above all else, making spring and early summer prime time in his kitchen.

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411).* Also *Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dali meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday-brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE ,DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red-suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for spectacular views of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat eater. Sunday Brunch featuring steak by the ounce. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views, floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tues.-Sat. 6–11 P.M. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. 296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966) (I) ($)

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

in concert

Not the Same Old S.E.M.…*La Dolorosa*

Classical Music

Monday, May 22

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducts Mozart, Rameau, and Svendsen. *Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church at Lincoln Center, 152 W. 66th St. (799-1259), at 2 and 7; $6–$18.*

New York Pops—Performs a benefit gala hosted by Liz Smith and featuring Mancini, Rodgers, Bernstein, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$10,000.*

Tuesday, May 23

Jupiter Symphony—See 5/22. This performance at 8.

Orchestra of the S.E.M. Ensemble—Petr Kotik conducts pieces by Ben Neill, Earle Brown, Christian Wolff, and others. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $10.*

Wednesday, May 24

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Mendelssohn and Mahler. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Roy Eaton—The pianist performs Chopin and Joplin to explore connections between the two. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 7; $15.*

New Amsterdam Singers—Performs new works by New Yorkers, including Morton Gould, Marga Richter, and Dennis Riley. *Miller Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. (388-8674), at 8; $15.*

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—The violinist performs Schumann and Beethoven. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.*

Thursday, May 25

New York Philharmonic—See 5/24. This performance includes Webern's *Sommerwind.*

Roy Eaton—See 5/24.

Friday, May 26

New York Philharmonic—See 5/24. This performance includes Webern's *Sommerwind.*

Gramercy Brass—Performs Copland, Bernstein, Ellington, and others in a concert marking the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II. With trumpeter Marvin Stamm. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15.*

Saturday, May 27

New York Philharmonic—See 5/24. This performance includes Webern's *Sommerwind.*

Fifth Annual International Children's Chorus Festival—Purcell, Handel, Galuppi, and others performed by various children's choirs. With the Bohuslav Martinů Philharmonic. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $24–$44.*

Francis Heilbut—The pianist performs Bach, Mozart, and others. *Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St., at 2; $2.*

Sunday, May 28

Bohuslav Martinů Philharmonic—Performs Rutter's *Requiem.* Also featuring the Houston Children's Chorus and the Kansas Youth Choir. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $24–$44.*

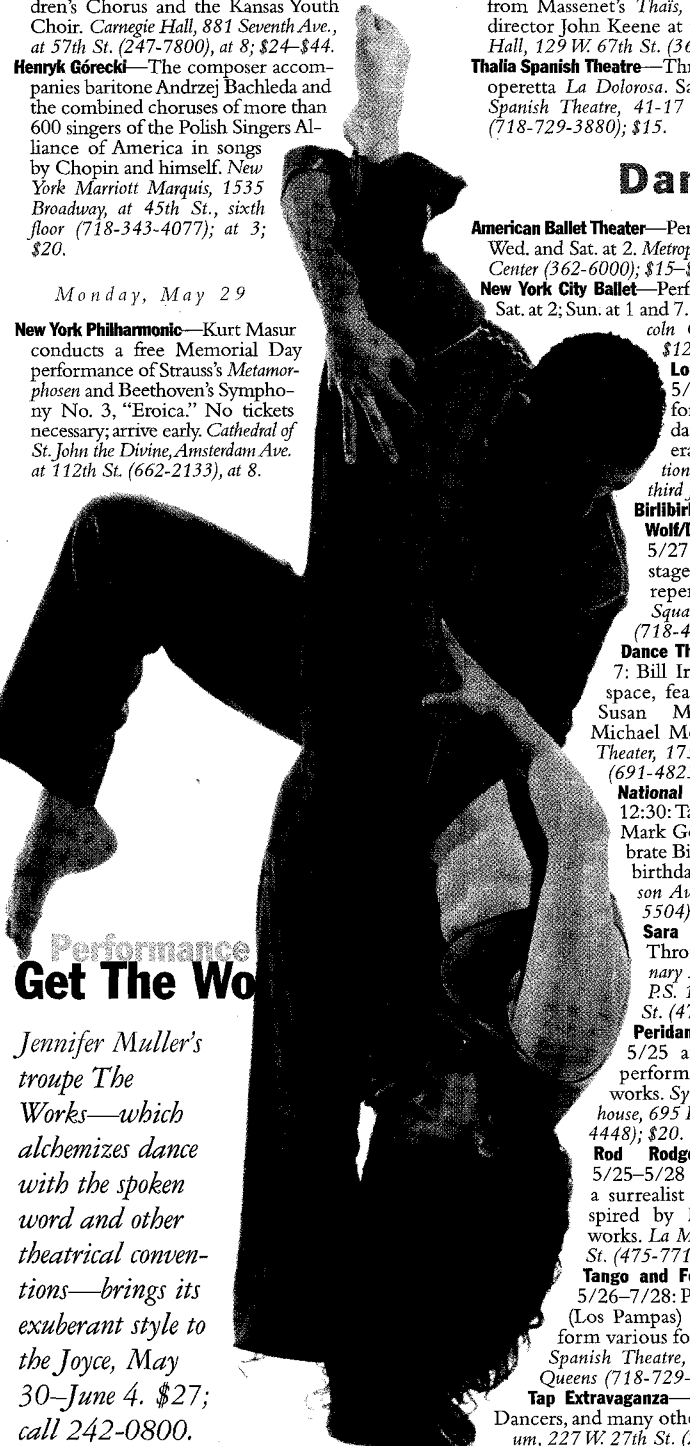
Henryk Górecki—The composer accompanies baritone Andrzej Bachleda and the combined choruses of more than 600 singers of the Polish Singers Alliance of America in songs by Chopin and himself. *New York Marriott Marquis, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St., sixth floor (718-343-4077); at 3; $20.*

Monday, May 29

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts a free Memorial Day performance of Strauss's *Metamorphosen* and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, "Eroica." No tickets necessary; arrive early. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133), at 8.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Performance

Get The Wo

Jennifer Muller's troupe The Works—which alchemizes dance with the spoken word and other theatrical conventions—brings its exuberant style to the Joyce, May 30–June 4. $27; call 242-0800.

Opera

Elysian Opera Group—5/24 at 8: Performs selections from Massenet's *Thaïs,* and others. With artistic director John Keene at the piano. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $25.*

Thalia Spanish Theatre—Through 7/30: Jose Serrano's operetta *La Dolorosa.* Sat. at 8; Sun. at 4. *Thalia Spanish Theatre, 41-17 Greenpoint Ave., Queens (718-729-3880); $15.*

Dance

American Ballet Theater—Performances Mon.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $15–$110.*

New York City Ballet—Performances Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 7. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.*

Lori Bellilove & Company—5/23–5/25 at 7:30: Performs Isadora Duncan dances from the Gluck operas. *Isadora Duncan Foundation Studio, 141 W. 26th St., third floor (691-5040); $25.*

Birlibirloque Dance Theater/Meg Wolf/Dorothee Cann—5/26 and 5/27 at 8: The artists share the stage to perform new and repertory works. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (718-492-7337); $10.*

Dance Theater Workshop—5/23 at 7: Bill Irwin hosts a gala for the space, featuring performances by Susan Marshall & Company, Michael Moschen, and others. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (691-4823); $10–$3,000.*

National Tap Dance Day—5/25 at 12:30: Tap dancers Soraya Benac, Mark Goodman, and others celebrate Bill "Bojangles" Robinson's birthday. *Sony Plaza, 550 Madison Ave., at 55th St. (201-935-5504); free.*

Sara Pearson/Patrik Widrig—Through 5/28. Performs *Ordinary Festivals.* Thurs.–Sun. at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5829); $8.*

Peridance Ensemble—5/24 and 5/25 at 8: Igal Perry's troupe performs an evening of all new works. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $20.*

Rod Rodgers Dance Company—5/25–5/28 at 7:30: Premieres *Quest,* a surrealist dance-theater piece inspired by Malcolm X, and other works. *La MaMa's Annex, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710); $15.*

Tango and Folklore Argentino 1995—5/26–7/28: Pedro and Laura Escudero (Los Pampas) and their company perform various folk dances. Fri. at 8. *Thalia Spanish Theatre, 41-17 Greenpoint Ave., Queens (718-729-3880); $15.*

Tap Extravaganza—5/28 at 7: The Merritt Dancers, and many others perform. *Haft Auditorium, 227 W. 27th St. (279-4200); $22–$40.*

Photograph by Tom Caravaglia.

A Buddhist Field Day...Lost Boys

Square Route

Historian Arthur Marks finishes up his walking tour of Henry James's original stomping ground (and Edward Hopper's eventual one) with a fitting round of scones, sandwiches, and tea at the landmark Washington Square Hotel. Call 254-1200 to reserve a spot on the May 27 walk.

John Leonard's TV Notes

Brady Bunch Home Movies (5/24; 8 to 9 P.M.; CBS), bringing back everybody except, of course, Robert Reed, is strictly for the birdbrains—"classic episodes," behind-the-scenes home movies, barely risible outtakes, and just-folks reminiscences, plus a tribute to the departed Reed, who was HIV-positive at the time of his death, that manages inadvertently to remind us of how trivial these family problems really were, and to suggest as well that the series, its several TV reunion movies, the Off Broadway play, and all the pop-cultural criticism these inspired are proof positive of the essential banality of a PoMo cultural-studies industry that can't find anything a little more intellectually demanding to jargonize about.

Let's Talk About Sex (5/25; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 21) is a breath of fresh air in spite of Gabrielle Carteris, who is on hand from *Beverly Hills, 90210* to be celebrity-sympathetic as real teenagers talk about masturbation, contraception, sexually transmitted diseases, and teen pregnancy as if they were on MTV intsead of public television. It's part of a longer special that will air nationwide sometime this fall, and will be followed by a half-hour of call-in chitchat.

On the Bridge (5/26; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is what Frank Perry did when he discovered he had prostate cancer. The director (of *David and Lisa, Diary of a Mad Housewife,* and *Mommie Dearest*) made this movie, recording his thoughts and actions on camera, from the bad news, to fear of castration, to radiation treatment, to a weekend alternative-therapy workshop, to a visit in Boston to see the Dalai Lama, to meditation, biofeedback, East Hampton, and Aspen, Colorado, on skis or a Stairmaster, Page-Sixed and CAT-scanned, standing next to Lauren Bacall, quoting Raymond Carver, Martin Buber and Teilhard de Chardin. Though he stopped his cameras in December 1991, Frank Perry is still with us. If cheerfulness and volubility alone could do the trick, he'd last at least another 30 years.

Johnny's Girl (5/27; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC) sends a 16-year-old Mia Kirshner off to Alaska, where she bothers her nightclub-owning con-man father, an abashed Treat Williams, about his shady schemes and exotic dancers. Where is white slavery when you need it?

The American Film Institute Salute to Steven Spielberg (5/27; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC) is worth it just to see and hear Bernadette Peters singing "When You Wish Upon a Star." Otherwise, it's the usual medley of anecdotes, accolades, and snippets. Either so many famous people really love him—from Karen Allen to JoBeth Williams, from Warren Beatty to John Travolta—or they were scared not to be there.

Dr. Katz: Professional Therapist (Sundays, 10:30 to 11 P.M., and Tuesdays, 8:30 to 9 P.M., starting 5/28; Comedy Central) is, however unlikely, an animated ("Squigglevision") sitcom about a bemused psychiatrist, and, with the voices of Jonathan Katz, Will Lebow, Laura Silverman, H. Jon Benjamin, and Julianne Shapiro, quite funny in a Bob Newhart–Meets–Beavis and Butt-head sort of way. One of his patients, for instance, is "an adult who thinks that his feet are not yet finished," while another "was always shy around women in college. Today, they call that stalking. But I was just shy."

Radio Highlights

Lyric Opera of Chicago—5/27 at 1: Verdi's *Aïda*. With Aprile Millo, Lando Bartolini, Dolora Zajick, Timothy Noble, Dimitri Kavrakos, and Carsten Stabell. John Fiiore conducts WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—5/28 at 1, with comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Latino Journal"—5/28 at 5: news, panel discussions, and music with Santiago Nieves, Glorya Cabrera, Meliss Mark-Viverito, Marina Ortiz, and Juan Pena. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—5/22: Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* and Barber's Piano Concerto. 5/23: Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 in C and Albeniz's *Rapsodia espanola for Piano and Orchestra.* 5/24: Bizet's *La Patrie* Overture and Sibelius's Symphony No. 2 in D. 5/25: Suppe's *The Beautiful Galatea Overture* and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3 in a. 5/26: Haydn's Symphony No. 97 in C and Bolcom's Fifth Symphony. 5/29: Albeniz's *Iberia* and Korngold's Violin Concerto in D. 5/30: Weber's Clarinet Concerto No. 1 in f, Rameau's *Les Paladins: Excerpts,* and Bernstein's *Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs.* Every weeknight at 8, except for 5/24 when it airs at 7; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Broadway Hour"—Hosted by Larry Sutton of the *Daily News.* 5/22: A salute to summer theater, with guest Peter Filichia of *Theater Week* magazine. At 6; WPAT; 930 AM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—5/28 at 8: Massenet's *Werther.* With Jose Carreras, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, Isobel Buchanan, Robert Lloyd, Paul Crook, Malcolm King, Linda Humphries, Donaldson Bell, and the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House. Sir Colin Davis conducts. WQXR; 96.3 FM.

"New York and Company"—5/22: Gerald Colby and Charlotte Dennett on the conquest of the Amazon, with Nelson Rockefeller and evangelism, in the Age of Oil; Jeffrey Masson and Susan McCarthy on *When Elephants Weep* (the emotional lives of animals); Andrew Weil on *Spontaneous Healing;* Richard Franklin on *Hotel Sorrento.* 5/23: James Ridgeway on *Yugoslavia's Ethnic Nightmare;* Maryanne Vollers on the murder of Medgar Evers, the trials of Byron De La Beckwith, and the haunting of the New South; Laurie Gunst on the Jamaican posse underworld; Katherine Mosby on her debut novel, *Private Altars.* 5/24: A discussion of the New York Public Library's future; David Reynolds on Walt Whitman; Mark Lynton on *Ac-*

Photograph by Fred W. McDarrah.

cidental Journey; Wayne Koestenbaum on *Jackie Under My Skin.* 5/25: Schuyler Chapin, Charles Reinhart, Linda Shelton, and Paul Taylor discuss whether modern dance companies can find a permanent home; Stephen Dixon on his novel *Interstate;* Michael Gershman on the evolution of the ballpark; Anthony LaPaglia on *The Rose Tattoo.* 5/26: Gerard Lordahl on gardening; Eileen Atkins and Roger Rees on *Indiscretions;* open phones on topics of the day. Every day at noon on WNYC, 820 AM.

"Live From Lincoln Center"—5/24 at 8: Kurt Masur conducts the New York Philharmonic and Sarah Chang; Hugh Downs hosts. On the program are Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in e minor and Mahler's Symphony No. 1 in *D.* WQXR; 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

Eric Ambel & Roscoe's Gang *Loud & Lonesome* (ESD)—Two of pop music's most tired images are *Downtown* and *Midnight.* So expectations aren't exactly high for a song titled "Downtown at Midnight." But Eric Ambel's first gently twangy guitar notes tug at your attention, and the lost-love lyrics grab your heart. This small beauty (written with Ambel's East Village roots-rock pal, former Del Fuego Dan Zanes) typifies the album: Ambel rarely does anything "new"—the tunes trace a straight line out of Hank Williams, the Byrds, and Crazy Horse, and Ambel's voice resembles Neil Young's, without the annoying nasal drone—but he pumps tasty, surprising life into some of country-rock's most grizzled forms. From his days as lead guitarist with Joan Jett, Ambel knows a catchy, crunching riff ("Song for the Walls"); Ambel's time with the never-quite-made-it Del-Lords sharpened his sense of heartbreak and good-humored irony (a man burned by love, but still warily open to romantic salvation, is "three feet under/Three feet left to go"). Lately Ambel has been producing neo-roots bands like the Bottle Rockets, and the dial-twisting practice makes this low-budget album crackle like the best live bar band, down to the amplifier buzz that lingers after the stinging "Way Outside." A journeyman's gem. CHRIS SMITH

Julian Schnabel *Every Silver Lining Has a Cloud* (Island)—If, as the *Times* wrote some months ago, New York City is the capital of propinquity—the creative crowdedness that fosters possibilities—then here is a sonic testament to propinquity's downside. Like Norman Mailer's directorial film debut, this unbearable record by artist-turned-Leonard-Cohen-manqué Julian Schnabel would not have happened if our creative types and industry folk weren't so damn *close* to each other. We would be spared lines like "When I was young I had some fun/I thought I'd live to a hundred and two/And now I'm old/The wind is cold/My soul is black and blue." We would escape Schnabel's mopey croon—a cross between Jim Morrison and Kermit the Frog—and the solipsistic ruminations that taint the production and arrangements by avant impresarios Bill Laswell and Henry Threadgill. And finally, we would not be privy to the recording debut of Gary Oldman (!), a Schnabel running mate and, apparently, the inspiration for some of his most lyrical ephiphanies: "I saw Gary today he was lying in his room/he was all torn up/Sometimes being in love is like getting hit by a truck." CHRIS NORRIS

The Written Word

"Selected Shorts"—5/24 at 6:30: The work of Noël Coward, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, and Raymond Carver will be read by Steve Ross, Tirlok Malik, and James Naughton. 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $14.

Jayne Anne Phillips—5/22 at 7:30, at Writers in Performance (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St., 645-5848); $10.

Octavio Paz—The poet reads on 5/23 at 8 at the 92nd Street Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Rose Styron—Reads from her work on 5/24 at 6:30 at Rizzoli, 454 W. Broadway, bet. Prince and Houston (674-1616); free.

Joe Queenan—5/26 at noon, St. Paul's Chapel, corner of Fulton St. and Broadway (432-0900); free.

Michael Hornburg and Darcey Steinke—Reading from their work on 5/25 at 6:30 at Rizzoli, 454 W. Broadway, bet. Prince and Houston (674-1616); free.

"An Anthology of Prison Writing"—5/27 at 7:30: Readings by Stewart Brisby, Sarah Jones, Ron King, Lorca Sheppard, and Walt Sheppard. Nuyorican Poets Cafe; $6.

Bill Barrette and John Yau—Reading from their joint effort, the new novel *Berlin Diptychon* at Books and Co., Madison Ave. bet. 74th and 75th Sts. (737-1450) on 5/23 at 7:30; free.

Lectures and Panels

Edmund Wilson Centenary Lecture—5/24 at 6: "Remembering Wilson." With Jason Epstein, Elizabeth Hardwick, Mary Meigs, Roger W. Straus Jr., and Lewis Dabney. Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. (755-6710); $5.

"A Conversation with Christopher Knight"—5/22 at 8: The art critic of the Los Angeles *Times* and author of *Last Chance for Eden: Selected Art Criticism, 1979-1994* speaks on journalism and art at the Roy and Niuta Titus Theater 2 at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9795); free.

Events

"The Araneidae Show"—5/26-28: A solo puppetry extravaganza with showgirls, lonely streets, cats, deconstructing theaters, sex despair, and magic that's very much for adults. Basil Twist, the man behind it all, is a third-generation puppeteer and a graduate of the Ecole Supérieure Nationale des Arts de la Marionette in France. Silver Whale Gallery, 21 Bleecker St., bet. Lafayette and Bowery (802-7560 for show times and reservations); $10.

Tours

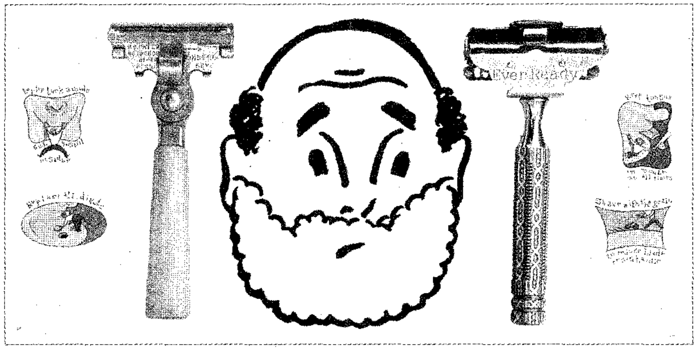
"The Upper East Side"—5/28 at 2: See the Colony Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, the Union Club and several historical landmarks while learning about the architectural and residential history of the neighbor-

In Print

Take It Like a Man

He drank Bosom Caressers, and he crushed ice with a Jigger Whack. He used Kwik Shav blades. He played pinochle and owned an undainty apron for the annual grilling of T-bones. He read Jimmy Cannon on sports and war, A. J. Liebling on boxing and cooking, and girlie magazines (*Nugget, Peep Show, The Dude*). He mastered, because he wore hats, the "post-doff swivel and glance."

The American man, 1930–1959, is the hero of *A Stiff Drink and a Close Shave: The Lost Arts of Manliness* (Chronicle Books, $12.95). Authors Bob Sloan and Steven Guarnaccia document an unapologetically narrow kind of prosperous heterosexual masculinity, one of backyard pride, top-drawer stashes, trysting. Its artifacts, comprehensively gathered and handsomely presented, are surrounded by a text that stops wittily short of unchecked reverence. Sloan and Guarnaccia in fact share an unusual point of view. They do not see a man in a narrow-brimmed Dorset as purely kitsch, the father in forties audiovisual aids like *Are You Popular?* Nor do they suggest that he necessarily preferred Jayne Mansfield to that interesting adulterer Ingrid Bergman (all those, *ahem,* wasp-waisted souvenir figurines notwithstanding). If both these opinions seem like the most deluded kind of retrograde nostalgia—the current approach to the past is to hold on to its things but not its ideas—consider the fact that Sloan's most recent success is *Dad's Own Cookbook,* which gently demands that men get with the program.



She's the kind of a girl that men forget....

The dedicatees of the book are fathers and grandfathers; the silver cigarette lighters and straight-razor shaves call to mind not dangerous habits but sentimental value and family continuity. Above all, the authors do not think maturity a cruel trick, and like what Philip Larkin liked: "money, keys, wallet, letters, books, long-playing records, drinks, the opposite sex, and other solaces of adulthood." LINDA HALL

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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"New York in War and Peace"—5/29 at 1: A Memorial Day walk around Lower Manhattan to see, among other things, war monuments, Fraunces Tavern, General Richard Montgomery's grave, and the sites of battlefields and anti-war protests. Call 439-1090 for meeting place; $9.

"A Tribute to Jackie"—A two-hour stroll through Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood one year after her death, with stops at many of her haunts. Call 662-5300 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

Exhibitions

"Yugo Next"—"Here is a lemon," went the assignment to students and recent graduates of Kevin O'Callaghan's three-dimensional-design class at the School of Visual Arts. *Make lemonade.* The lemon in question was the Yugo, the infamous ultra-cheap Yugoslavian import that was available here from 1985 to 1992 and has since all but disappeared. The students were to take the cars and, employing their classroom-acquired expertise with hammers, cranes, and forklifts, give them new life. O'Callaghan's only dictum was that the results be entirely functional. They made a telephone. They made a subway car, and a submarine. They made a barbecue grill. They even made a piano, which was actually played at the opening of Yugo Next, an exhibition of the students' work in Grand Central Terminal's main waiting room. A total of 24 transformed Yugos, some with movable parts and some interactive, will be on display there through May 26. Last chance.

Preview **It's called "Change Your Mind Day," a fairly deceptive handle for a stretch of free activities that involve neither proselytizing nor petitions. "It's for anyone who lives amid urban chaos, anyone who wants to come and meditate," says Melissa Hook of *Tricycle: The Buddhist Review*. It's also for anyone who wants to come and listen to Buddhist teachers of all traditions, including Professor Robert A. F. Thurman (Uma's father) and His Holiness Penor Rinpoche, or anyone who wants to see a Philip Glass piece with a performance artist, a saxophonist, and a Kerouac reading. Enter Central Park at West 72nd Street on June 3 at 10 A.M. and stay, if you want, until it ends at 4 P.M.**

Sports

The Art of the 'Choke'—They are a cocky, defense-minded team epitomized by a trash-talking three-point gunner. In the middle is a dangerous low-post scorer who can consistently hit the eighteen-footer. The muscle-bound power forward is a no-offense, relentless rebounder who "does the little things" it takes to win. The "small" forward is fluid for his size (six-ten), yet is accused of being soft and has a tendency to disappear come crunch time. They were on the verge (as *New York* went to press) of going to the conference finals for the second straight year—they are the Indiana Pacers. . . . In game five, the **Knicks** gallantly overcame a last-second comeback by the Pacers, staving off elimination. But if the Knicks hadn't exhibited the stultifying failure to put teams away that has become their hallmark, they would have won the series 4–1. But then, they wouldn't be the Knicks. In years past, preoccupied with Michael Jordan's Bulls, the Knicks took Indiana for granted, a team they could beat (up) with one flagrant foul tied behind their back. But when Reggie Miller taunted a head-butt out of John Starks two years ago and then beat the Knicks single-handedly in game five of last year's conference finals, the Pacers knew the Knicks could be had. The Bulls beat the Knicks with superior ball-handling and quickness; if the Pacers beat them, they'll do so, well, by *being them*. "You've got to remember," Miller told a reporter after his game-one miracle act, "when the Knicks look at us, they're looking in the mirror." Which, Miller's crotch-grabbing and "choke artists" tag notwithstanding, may be the ultimate insult.

The **Yanks** begin a nine-game West Coast swing, visiting the California Angels: Tues., 5/23, at 10:05; Wed., 5/24, at 10:35; and Thurs., 5/25, at 10:05. The Bombers then go up to Oakland, where the prospect of facing a hot Mark McGwire must disturb a staff that's been plagued by the gopher ball from Opening Day: Fri., 5/26, at 9:15; Sat., 5/27, at 4:05; and Sun., 5/28, at 4:05.

The **Mets** take on the Dodgers and their We Are the World starting rotation at home Tues., 5/23, through Thurs., 5/25, at 7:40. Barry Bonds, Matt Williams, and the Giants visit Shea on Fri., 5/26, at 7:40, and Sat. and Sun., 5/27 and 5/28, at 1:40.

Beating the Quebec Nordiques four games to two, the **Rangers** addressed two of their most pressing concerns: Alexei Kovalev proved that he was not the weak link who was blamed by many for the team's mediocre finish, and goalie Mike Richter reestablished himself as the starter. Up next: the Flyers, led by big, bad Eric Lindros. The schedule is TBA.

Meanwhile, over in the swampland, the **Devils**, amid rumors that team owner John McMullen plans to spirit the franchise away to Nashville (where, apparently, hockey is *huge*), await the winner of the Pittsburgh-Washington series.

Online

Tom Brokaw—venerable NBC anchor hosts forum on America Online: 5/23 at 3 P.M.

Susan Olsen—chats about her Brady daze and life as a doll on Prodigy: 5/23 at 9 P.M.

Arthur Frommer—travel guru answers questions for the vacationers on America Online: 5/23 at 9 P.M.

Mary Supreme—diva from the East Village club scene hosts her weekly program, "Help Me, Mary," on Prodigy's Pseudo Chat: Tuesdays at 9 P.M.

Simon Wiesenthal—Nazi-war-criminal tracker on Prodigy: 5/24 at 5 P.M.

Jansen Buchanan—star of NBC's daytime drama *Another World* on America Online: 5/24 at 9 P.M.

Chicago—aging-hippie rock-band members riff on Compuserve: 5/24 at 9 P.M.

Richard Simmons—chews the fat on America Online: 5/24 at 10 P.M.

Janet Leigh—talks about her new book, *Psycho: Behind the Scenes of a Classic Thriller*, on Compuserve: 5/25 at 9 P.M.

Marco Sanchez—star of NBC's *seaquest: DSV* on America Online: 5/25 at 10 P.M.

Dolph Lundgren—Scandinavian Adonis and ex–Mr. Grace Jones, on America Online: 5/26 at 10 P.M.

George Martin—former producer for the Beatles on Compuserve: 5/30 at 12 P.M.

Herbie Hancock—musician/songwriter on Compuserve: 5/30 at 9 P.M.

Conferences last an hour unless otherwise noted. Next week: Alcoholics Anonymous forum roundup. Address comments to cwr@CIS.compuserve.com

Photograph by Don Farber.

Kids

Ship Shapes...

Children's Events

Ships Ahoy—This year **Fleet Week** is dedicated to the remembrance and celebration of the Allied victory in World War II. Navy ships from Italy, Denmark, Canada, Bermuda, and the United States pull up the Hudson as tugboats west of 46th Street shoot water in a multi-colored fire-hose display, 5/24 from 11 to 2. Go aboard to tour all the ships 5/25 through 5/30 from 1 to 4. A "Best Chow in the Fleet" cooking contest is judged 5/28 at 1:30. Band concerts, diving and rescue demonstrations occur throughout the week. A Memorial Day ceremony is 5/29 at noon. Intrepid Square, 46th St. and the Hudson River. For further information call 245-0072.●

Filmflam—The children's version of the Bergman Festival is a "Springtime in Sweden" program of films. This weekend, a program of shorts: *The Slope* (animated in yogurt), *Gone Fishing, Binkey Can't Fly, Leaning Backwards,* and *The Last Mammoth.* (Children can chose to read subtitles or listen to them read aloud on headphones.) 5/27 and 5/28 at 2. **The Walter Reade Theater,** Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600). Tickets are $2.

A Little Princess—A terrific new movie version of the Frances Hodgson Burnett novel stars Liesel Matthews as a girl who is forced to leave India for a drab New York boarding school—while her father fights in World War I. Her vivid flights of fancy keep some difficult situations at bay. See Movie Listings for theater information.

Whale Watch—The itinerary of the **Staten Island Zoo**'s three-day trip includes a visit to the Mystic Aquarium and scoping out whales off Cape Cod. The group will travel by coach (with on-board documentary videos about whales) and stay two nights at the Comfort Inn Hotel in Hyannis, Massachusetts. Several meals and admission to a zoo, a natural-history museum, and the aquarium are included. For anyone over ten. 7/22 to 7/24. Registration deadline is 6/18. For further information, contact the zoo's education department at (718-442-3101). $570 for two people.●

You're a Grand Old Flag— A medley of Memorial Day workshops at **The Children's Museum of Manhattan**: A Make a Flag Workshop is on 5/27 at 1 and 3 for ages 6 and up. Children can find out how battleships float and fighter planes fly in a hands-on science workshop for children ages 6 and up, 5/28 at 1 and 3. A drumming workshop for ages 5 and up is 5/29 at 1 and 3. Saturday 5/27 through Monday 5/29 from 10 to 5. Admission is $5 and $2.50 for seniors. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223) ●

"Cirque du Soleil"—The stunning visual effects, the total lack of animal manure, the junior contortionists, and the spellbinding music may inspire older children to run away and join, but the performance drags a bit for most children under 12, who could use some elephants or banana-skin-style slapstick humor. The yellow-and-blue circus tent is pitched in Battery Park City through June 4. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, and Sun. at 1 and 5. West St. between First and Second Places, near the World Financial Center (952-1200). $8.75–$33.50 for children, $17.50–$48.50 for adults.

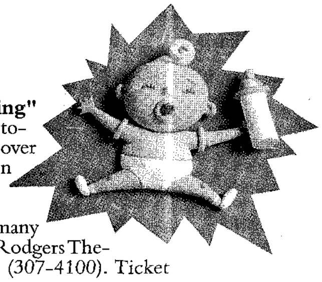
Big Apple Circus—Soft shapes careen through sawdust, plates spin, and elephants perform cut-up comedy routines in **"Grandma Meets Mummenschanz."** 5/25 to 5/31, the circus is in Wolf's Pond Park (Holton Ave. and Hylan Blvd.), Staten Island, this week. (6/2 through 6/11, the circus is in Brookville, their final appearance in the tri-state area until the fall.) Call 268-0055 for circus information. Tickets are $10–$28.

Early Baseball—"Play Ball: From Stickball to Baseball" dispels the myth that baseball was invented anywhere other than this fair city, circa 1845. Take that Cooperstown! Local baseball players of all ages can pore over photographs of New York's original team, the Knickerbockers, and check out nineteenth-century baseball cards, player contracts, and scorecards. The exhibit is on view 5/24 to 8/20. Museum hours are Wednesday through Saturday 10 to 5, and Sunday 1 to 5. **Museum of the City of New York,** 1220 Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Suggested contribution for admission is $8 for families, $5 for adults, and $3 for seniors.

Bubbles and Salad—Mothers' luncheons, for families with under-ones, meet weekly in a private room at **Hi Life Restaurant**. Bubble blowing and parachute shaking break the ice, followed by a group discussion, lunch, and a guest speaker. This week, Teddy Mulrow of the Parents League discusses some facts and fiction about local nursery schools. 5/30, 11:30 to 2:30. 1340 First Ave, corner of 72nd (744-3194). $22.

Batting Practice—Sinking to the bottom of your Little League? Practice your swing, whatever the weather, in the batting cage at **Hackers, Hitters and Hoops,** where you can choose between slow-pitch softballs and 50- or 70-mph hardballs. Open Sundays and Mondays from 11 to 7, Tuesdays through Thursdays from 11 to midnight, Fridays and Saturdays from 11 to 2 A.M.; 123 W. 18th St. (929-7482). Twelve pitches are $1.50, fifteen minutes are $17, a half hour is $26, and an hour is $40. Reservations are encouraged.

Musical Chairs— **"How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying"** is a hit musical that's totally accessible to kids over 12. Younger children enjoy the graphic cartoon value of the show, but miss out on many of its ironies. Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). Ticket prices are $25–$67.50.



Warbling—Two lectures at **Rockefeller University** on infant and toddler speech acquisition are open to the general public. Dr. Erich Jarvis, a neurobiologist at the university, will bring live songbirds and videos to illustrate his talk about the parallels between human speech development and birds' learning songs. Dr. Virginia Casper, a professor in developmental psychology at Bank Street College talks about toddlers' first words in the context of their environments. 5/25 at 5. Infant-Toddler Center, 1230 York Ave. at 66th St. (327-8967). Reserve.

Easy Money—A minor local obsession with the elf who wove straw into gold? Two versions currently around town are: **"The True Story of Rumpelstiltskin,"** a marionette production at the Cottage Marionette Theater, Swedish Cottage in Central Park, W. 81st St. and Central Park West. (988-9093). Tuesdays through Fridays at 10:30 and noon; Saturdays at noon and 3 through June 17. $4 for children, $5 for adults. Reserve. **"Rumpel Who?"** a musical version of the tale, is performed Sundays at 1. 13th St. Repertory Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. (675-6677) $5. Reserve.

Coming Up—The dinosaurs return! The **American Museum of Natural History** opens their spiffy new dinosaur exhibit, more than two years in the making, on 6/1. Look for a new configuration of those *Tyrannosaurus rex* bones. "Sport" an exhibit on the science of sports opens at **Liberty Science Center** 6/1. A bigger and better Aquatheater opens 6/1 at the **Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation**, kicking off a "Dolphin Month."

Where the Boys Are

Fleet Week begins May 24, as Navy ships from around the world steam up the Hudson, military bands perform, and tugboats shoot off red-white-and-blue water. Take free tours of the boats—including an aircraft carrier and an amphibious craft—afternoons May 25 through May 30. See Children's Events for details.

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

C e

Kim France
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Michael Giltz
Movies
In Concert
Dance

Linda Hall
The Mix

Manny Howard
Restaurants & Bars
Sports

John Leonard
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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $35.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $30.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 3 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX) call 212-779-7500 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Stunning And Sharp Brunette—29, seeks well-bred Wasp with exceptional looks, wit, smile and heart, 28-34. Snotty and sarcastic a plus. Photo. 7596 ✉

LI, Youthful 40s—In mind, body and spirit. Trim, handsome, witty, traditional values, dark hair, self-made president of small company, unpretentious, regular guy, comfortable in Brooks Brothers or jeans - prefer jeans. Enjoy family time, fine dining, boating, tropical places and just sharing with someone special. Looking for one lifetime best friend, 30s, fit, youthful, naturally attractive, great legs and personality, with direction and stability. Note, phone and photo necessary. Thanks. 7646✉

Handsome, Articulate Professional—PhD, 38, athletic, genuinely warm, Jewish, seeks slim, pretty, intellectually curious woman, 27-38. Photo please. 7670 ✉ ☎

Attractive, LI Italian MD—31, 6'3", 200 lbs, athletic, seeks pretty, fun and intelligent woman. Photo/note. 7588 ✉

Are You—Highly intelligent, with a sense of humor that lets you laugh at life's absurdities (and gets you past some of the rough spots)? Sweet and sexy would be nice, too. If that's you, why would you be answering an ad? Because it seems hard, sometimes, to find the right one - a peer who can turn you on - mind, body and soul - and who's truly available. But if you hit that combo, it could be better than winning the lottery. Besides, the alternatives are kind of gray and grim, so you might as well keep trying. I'm a single white male with an apartment in the Village and an interesting history (I think). I'm personable, eligible, fit and reasonably attractive. I make a good living and have a decent array of friends, both male and female. But there's an empty spot in my life for a soul mate and someone to have a family with. Are you the woman to fill that slot? 7581 ✉ ☎

Handsome Black Trial Attorney—32, spirited and enlightened, with a zest for adventure, seeks a witty, warm and wonderful, financially secure woman, 30-45, race unimportant. Let us begin with a magical summer together. Note, recent photo and phone number appreciated. I will answer all responses. 7578 ✉

Trim And Petite—NJ Christian professional, warm and upbeat, a combo of quiet country girl and outgoing, sophisticated lady with eclectic interests, educated and stylish, seeks like-minded male, 45-55, who is aesthetic, athletic and family-oriented, for fun, romance and more? Photo/note appreciated. 7682 ✉ ☎

"Sleepless"/"Mad About You" Type—Seeks her Tom Hanks/Paul Reiser or equally smart, handsome, fun guy. Must be kind and honest. Note/photo/phone. 7598 ✉

Pretty Jewish Doctor—42, petite, easy-going, loves to laugh. Enjoys the theater, opera, travel, dining out, working out, golf and skiing. Is seeking a communicative, caring, emotionally and financially secure, well-educated Jewish male, 38-48. Children okay. Please send note/photo. 7579 ✉

6'3", Successful Businessman, 46—Christian, 195 lbs, seeks professional lady, 30-40, for commitment/romance 'til death do us part. Photo/home phone. 7641 ✉

Successful Company Owner—34, all-American good looks, naturally built, seeks the same in a woman who's younger, into travel, active sports, dining, self-improvement, Melrose Place and occasional psychobabble. Note and phone number to johnbrier@aol.com or 7563 ✉

Willowy, Winsome And Willing—To share heart, warm relationship with man. 5'7", feline-eyed beauty, Christian, creative, MBA, both sophisticated and silly, seeks 40-50, attractive nonsmoker who values mind, body, soul and finance. Enjoys the arts, exercise, antiquing and the serenity of unity! Photo/phone/note. 7605 ✉

No More Games—34, Jewish, extremely handsome, 6'2", incredible shape. Unusually successful surgeon, completely self-made. Very cosmopolitan yet warm, witty and remarkably loyal. Seeks stunning, sweet, self-assured Jewish female, 26-32, 5'5" plus, for fabulous, committed forever relationship. Note/photo please. 7658 ✉

Handsome And Intellectual—Male runner, eclectic interests, seeks multifaceted female runner, 35-40. Note/photo. 7577 ✉

Fisherwoman Wanted—By down-to-earth, nurturing, successful attorney, looking for committed relationship with someone who will be my best friend as well as my mate. You are 30s-mid 40s, bright, attractive, and have a sense of humor - particularly about yourself. Photo/note. 7613 ✉

Seeking My Soul Mate—Attractive, successful, single Jewish man, boyish-looking 36, warm, sentimental, affectionate and very bright - would love to meet a truly intellectual, cultured woman for marriage of the heart and mind. Literary or academic passions would I admire; a kind and generous spirit would I love. Photo appreciated (not required). 7565✉☎

Make Your Dreams A Reality!—With a considerate, humorous, really nice guy - president of well-known corporation, good-looking, with sharp mind and body, 5'11', affectionate, 39, passion for culture, fitness, romance, very successful. Seeks my counterpart - a warm, kind, caring lady, 5'6" plus, under 36, for long-term romance. Picture necessary. 7654 ✉

Affectionate, Creative, Handsome—31, athletic, 6' professional man seeks attractive, loving woman, 25-35, for romance, cultural pleasures, fine dining, sports, travel, more. Note/photo. 7576 ✉

Stop - Circle This Ad—I miss the sound of "Honey, I'm home". Happy, beautiful, trim, curvy Jewish widow - successful interior designer, ready for a wonderful guy, 50s, nonsmoker. 7584 ✉

Ravishing, Tall Redhead—40s, with legs that never stop, desires to meet very tall, successful, well-educated man who would like a woman to make him feel like a king, but be his equal. 7638 ✉

I'm Strong Enough To Be Your Man—Dynamic, handsome Manhattan CEO, 35, seeks intelligent, attractive woman, 22-26, for friendship/relationship. I enjoy theater, movies, Soho/Village, horseback riding in Central Park, Chanel, golf, Le Cirque, Bergdorf's, Cannes, champagne, St. Moritz, Bermuda, sailing, tennis, scuba diving, Renoir, U-2 and Mozart. 7582✉☎

Pretty Commercial Artist—30s, 5'8", blue eyes, dark hair, eclectic tastes, athletic. Looking for erudite Harley rider (in fact, or in spirit), 28-40, who likes animals, is in good shape, nonsmoker, secure with himself, and has a good sense of humor. Note/phone. 7633 ✉

Long-Legged Beauty—Dark-haired, slender, graceful, irrepressible spirit, colossal smile, famous for ability to laugh and inspire same - world-traveled, warm, passionate, artistic and very fit, Jewish (nonreligious) - desires love of her life. Juggling highly successful career in graphic arts with love of the city (culture addict) and love of getting out of the city (nature lover). Seeking to connect with an accomplished man of kindness, warmth and lots of wit (36-50), to accompany me through the prose and passions of life. Photo/note/phone. 7600 ✉

Handsome, Fit—36, wealthy, retired Italian seeks a spicy lady under 30, for romance. Photo. POB 1671, NYC 10159

Brains And Beauty—Intelligent, classy lady, long dark hair, blue eyes, 42, 5'8", successful, spiritual, warm, sensitive, emotionally aware, animal lover, seeks a communicative, warm, kindhearted, romantic man who is emotionally together, 40s, tall, handsome, decent shape, financially secure, to grow together and share life's experiences. Nonsmoker/animal lover preferred. Note/photo/phone. 7653 ✉

Attractive, Petite, Fun-Loving—Athletic woman in mid 40s, with (I'm told) winning smile and personality and great legs, seeks relationship with secure, caring man (48-55 years old) with good sense of humor and lots of energy. Note/photo/phone. 7626 ✉

Attractive, Athletic—Successful, professional, single white female, 32, seeks emotionally grounded, single white man, 30-36, with similar characteristics and interests: hiking, camping, scuba diving, skiing, good conversation, spontaneous adventure, movies/theater, quiet evenings. NYC/Westchester/Queens/LI area. Photo/note/phone. 7597 ✉

Gentleman - Young-Looking 65—Professional, varied interests, seeking a sweet and petite woman, 55 plus. Note/photo appreciated. 7609 ✉

Seeking A Bull, Not A Bear—Willowy blond, winsome, warm West Side professional seeks male best friend, 5'10" plus, 42-55, successful, upbeat, caring and communicative, for fun and romance. 7629 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome—28, Jewish male MBA seeks unattractive, uneducated, unfit, non-vivacious, immature, uninteresting, unintelligent, non-mensch Jewish woman who appreciates a good sense of sarcasm. Photo/note please. 7569 ✉

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Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

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Looking For Woman In Her 50s—Weekends in the country - theater and films in the city. 7624 ✉

Seeking Jewish, Gentle Man, 55 Plus—Very pretty lady accountant, slender - great shape, warm, vivacious, quick smile, beautiful skin. Please write or call. All to gain, nothing to lose. 7562 ✉ ☎

Divorced Jewish Male—48, athletic, attractive businessman/executive seeks extremely attractive Jewish female who wants to enjoy life and knows how to do it with the right partner. Note/photo appreciated. 7606 ✉

Tenor Looking For Soprano—Athletic professional looking for attractive female who is an active vocalist, for common interests, friendship and romance, 28-35. Photo, note please. 7642 ✉

Manhattan Police Sergeant—Brown hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 190 lbs, well-built, MS degree - loves music, good sense of humor. Seeks caring woman, 23-35, for relationship with potential for marriage. Photo please. 7628 ✉ ☎

Berkshire Woman—49, seeks honest, adventuresome, Jewish, healthy, fit male for travel, arts, friendship. Photo. 7519 ✉

Summer Romance—Petite, adorable, great figure, bright, sensual LI woman, seeks 40s, great-looking, fit, successful, down-to-earth man with integrity, for fun times and maybe more. 7650 ✉ ☎

Sexy Jewish Football Maven—Seeks a wonderful, handsome, professional Jewish man, 40s, to share my passion for football, comedy, fine dining, and everything else fantastic. Photo please. 7669 ✉ ☎

Sandra Bullock Type—35, 5'4", seeks successful, fit Manhattanite, 33-43, for fine dining, travel and romance. 7676 ✉ ☎

Great Guy—Good-looking, successful businessman, 33, very sincere, thoughtful and affectionate, seeks classy, attractive, sensible, slim, 5'1"-5'6", under-30 white female for lasting relationship. 7621 ✉ ☎

Unique Combo—Sexy, sensational classical musician, young-looking 43, loving, vibrant, intelligent, honest - seeks same in a man worthy of me and my two fine boys, aged 11 and 14. Photo. 7627 ✉

Very Pretty Lady—Sought by 45, 5'10", 185, nonsmoking entrepreneur. Interests include restaurants, fashion, architecture, autos. Note/photo/phone. 7679 ✉

Handsome, Semi-Retired—Wall Street trader (36, 6'2"), seeks tall, well-built model/actress type, 22-30, who is fun, energetic and spontaneous. I have the time and money - now all I need is you. Please don't respond if you are not at least a "9". Photo please. 7574 ✉

Successful Foreign Businessman—29, residing in prestigious midtown highrise building, wishes to get acquainted with an intelligent, young, pretty American-born girl, 18-24, with a good background, who'll accompany him to theater, restaurants and occasionally travel abroad. Note/photo, please. 7573 ✉

CPA—Slim, athletic nonsmoker, 5'7", with many interests. You're a professional, petite, slim female, up to 52, looking for a friend and lover, comfortable in heels or sneakers, to share life's simple pleasures with a sensitive, caring male. Let's do coffee. LI. Photo. 7595 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Slim Widow—60 plus, many interests, seeks mensch, 60-70, for lifetime love. POB 2196, Ft. Lee NJ 07024

Shiksa Seeks Mensch—White, sexy professional seeks Jewish MD/DDS, 42 plus. 7632 ✉ ☎

HIV+, Healthy, Heterosexual—Jewish male, 36, tall, brown hair, blue eyes, financially independent, well-educated, kindhearted, into Eastern spirituality and meditation, soul music, good food, seeks female ready to live life now. Friendship first okay. 7649 ✉

Picnic In The Park—Or on the beach. I'll make lunch - you bring the wine. Cute, petite, 32, down-to-earth, fun, easygoing woman, looking for friendship, love, marriage, family with Jewish, 30s, professional man. 7619 ✉ ☎

Slim, Pretty Blond Attorney/Writer—36, Catholic, (212), 5'5", 115, honest and pleasant, seeks smart, successful, truly handsome, tall, chivalrous guy, 35-45. Photo essential. 7599 ✉

Pretty Chinese—NJ, 36, 5'3", seeks white male friend. Photo/note. 7603 ✉

Looking For Love—I'm a successful professional Jewish female, (201), 30, 5'3", thin and attractive, with many interests, looking for a professional Jewish male, 25-37, for a fun and exciting relationship. Note/phone/photo. 7566 ✉☎

Vivacious Blond With Big Blue Eyes—31, 5'6"/124, Christian professional, with dynamic personality and great sense of humor, seeks professional, athletic, good-looking male. Note/photo (will reciprocate). 7656 ✉ ☎

Single White Male—Nonsmoker, professional, 5'6", 30s, handsome, honest, hopeless romantic - Marco Polo type, with various interests. Seeks soul mate with an appreciation of music, food, travel, movies, city strolls and country drives. Books, antiquing and running are a few of the things I enjoy. Let's explore the world together and enjoy each other's company. Sensitivity and a keen sense of humor earn bonus points! 7256 ✉

Pretty, Fun, Jewish Female—44, 5'6", slim with pizzazz. Enjoys sports, music, traveling, movies, great sense of humor. Looking for Jewish man, 45-55, to share romance, friendship and companionship. Photo please. 7671 ✉

Vibrant Woman, Sensual Scorpio—Enjoys good living - looking for healthy, stable, generous Jewish man, 55-65, Manhattan resident. Contact: 7644 ✉

Ethereal Glamour Girl—32, 5'4", 105, for a real man who isn't intimidated by a strong, beautiful woman - who sees her little-girl side and can save her from the big, bad world. Must be able to make her laugh - after all, she ain't stupid! Handwritten note and photo a must. 7531 ✉

The Englishman—Who went up Third but came down Lexington - in-shape PhD, seeks uncommonly nice girl-next-door type for the long-term. 7536 ✉ ☎

Come Stroll With Me—Hand in hand... Gently sparkling, sultry, savvy, (212) writer/creative director - easy to look at, easy to love - ready to cherish a caring, secure, health and marriage-minded mensch (40s-50s). Note/phone. 7674 ✉ ☎

Handsome Gay Mensch—32, 6'2", 210 lbs, masculine, creative professional, with eclectic tastes and sharp wit, seeks similar buddy for dating, friendship and romance. 7561 ✉

Brunette—(40 plus) with great recipe for potato salad (no mayo), seeks man who can hang a picture (or a left) - for happy family life. 7664 ✉

Beautiful, Bright, Athletic—Petite, green-eyed brunette, successful businesswoman, early 40s, with eclectic interests, seeks intelligent, successful, attractive, kind male, 35-50, for committed relationship. Note/photo. 7586 ✉

Artist By Inclination—Psychologist by profession. Jewish woman, 38, attractive, funny, smart, warm, seeks life partner - Jewish man, open to wonder, kind to self and others, ready to connect. 7611 ✉ ☎

Successful Black Female—Seeks a friend, lover, partner, mate. Me and he: youthful, 45-55, professional, emotionally and financially secure, accepting and loving, committed to maintaining a relationship. 7559 ✉

Beautiful Blond—Clever and classy, misses one great guy, 45-60. 7585 ✉

Stunning!—Sharp-minded, tenderhearted, energetic, spirited woman needs a man who can match her - for love, combat and the creation of life together. Be 35-50. Note. 7568 ✉

Please Don't Answer This Ad—Unless you're handsome, adventurous, 5'11" plus, 60ish-70, nonsmoking, very secure financially and emotionally - passionate about all the arts, keeping fit and relishing each day as a cherished gift! I'm the female equal of the above, Jewish, elegant but earthy, slim, sophisticated and stunning (I'm told), 5'7", love dancing, widowed after a long, satisfying marriage, gutsy in moving to my wondrous, newly adopted NYC. Current photo. 7663 ✉ ☎

Tranquil Soul Mates—You are a single woman, fit, trim, 26-38, who has traditional values, a soothing touch and a quiet self-confidence. You are sought-after by men. You passionately yearn to share your body, mind and soul, but only with your "other half". I am a kind, caring, sensitive single man with a perceptive mind and a handsome body, whose interests include nature, books, music, working out and animals. I am a lawyer, 6', 39, who has known many women but not "the woman". If it be our fate, let our souls be bound together forever. Note/photo, please. 7617 ✉

Falling For Each Other—35, Jewish, single male MD, surgeon specialist, 5'11", handsome, athletic, warm heart, warm smile. Looking for upbeat, slender, wonderful woman in 20s-early 30s, to share life. Phone/photo. 7564 ✉

Pizzazzy, Pretty Arizona Transplant—Leggy, loving lady: trim, cultured, secular Jewish, 5'7", 46. Seeks erudite, sexy, romantic man, 42-49. Photo! 7637 ✉

Romantic Partnership—Sought by intelligent, attractive attorney, 44, 6', 190 lbs, emotionally available and looking for loving, forever relationship filled with laughter and romance with warm, sensitive, intelligent and attractive woman, 34 plus. Note/photo/phone. 7623 ✉

Wholesome, Very Pretty—Cheerful, fit, skilled, dynamic female seeks content, secure mensch, 50-60. 7575 ✉

Best Friend And More Wanted—By pretty, fit, successful entrepreneur, 5'6", 31. Passionate about crashing waves, full moons, exotic travel, spicy food, old movies, lovable mutts, and music (opera to rock). Prefer kind, thoughtful, positive guy for mutual spoiling, lasting love and all kinds of adventure. Note/photo. 7672 ✉

Voluptuous Brunette, Fun-Loving—European-educated professional, 35, seeks a man to curl up to, cater to and adore, who is successful, with old world charm and gallantry. Can be rough around the edges, strong enough to be gentle, and smart enough to make me laugh, for love and partnership, pour toujours. Photo/handwritten note. 7652 ✉ ☎

Unique!—Very handsome CPA, 31. I'm 5'8", 155 lbs, Jewish and successful. Seeking a striking, passionate woman for love and family. Photo. 7594 ✉

Talented Physician—Single white male, Catholic, 35, with numerous interests, enjoys NYC and the beautiful Jersey shore. Seeks pretty, slender, future-minded, nonsmoking, never-married woman, 25-35. Note/phone. 7643 ✉ ☎

Dreaming Of You—I am a beautiful brunette who is a supportive friend with a great sense of humor. Jewish, 38, 5'7", a nonsmoker, athletic and *romantic. You are a tall, professional* Jewish man, 38-48, intelligent, caring and dreaming of a best friend to share the future with. Note/photo a must. Dreams do come true! 7662 ✉

Happy Forever!—Beautiful French girl, young 44, totally creative, gourmet cook, filled with love, seeks a mature, generous, emotionally and financially secure sweetheart, to make him happy for the rest of his life. 7608 ✉

Manhattan MD—45, 5'10", 185, likes *the arts, restaurants, travel.* Seeks very attractive lady, nonsmoker. Terrific legs a plus. Note/photo/phone. 7680 ✉

Long-Legged Blond—Successful professional, single Jewish woman, glamorous/down-to-earth. Seeks compatible, tall, single Jewish male, 40-50. 7675 ✉ ☎

Spring Ahead—Intelligent, witty, warm, Jewish, LI social-work PhD, 44, enjoys NYC walks/museums, biking, travel and music. Seeks Jewish professional woman, 32-43, who is smart, down-to-earth, sane *and flexible. So, let's talk.* 7668 ✉ ☎

Tired of Flying Solo?—This super woman is looking for one super man to share life with. Attractive, intelligent, accomplished, with a good sense of humor, into scuba, skiing, opera, ballet, etc. If this sounds like you and you're between 36-50 and over 5'10", please *respond with note and photo.* 7673 ✉ ☎

Passionate Songwriter And Poet—Jewish male, 43, very fit and attractive, world-traveled, value kindness, caring, warmth, sensitivity, a great sense of humor, and the more spiritual and human sides of life. Seeking a committed relationship with a very intelligent and attractive Jewish woman, 28-37, who's committed to honesty, integrity, emotional openness and to always growing - both as an individual and in a relationship. Letter/photo please. 7639 ✉

Jewish Woman From Russia—Artist, 40, 5'4", looking for happy marriage with art lover and supporter. 7601 ✉ ☎

Funny, Kind, Tall And Athletic—Handsome PhD, entrepreneur, nonsmoking, 40s, black wavy hair, blue eyes. Looking for a warm, independent, bright, attractive and voluptuous/fit woman, 32-45, for conversation, friendship, shared joys and romance. Photo/note. 7580 ✉

Shapely, Blue-Eyed—40, 5'3", *professional,* enjoys life - seeks educated male with secure principles. 7655 ✉

Jamie Lee Curtis Look-Alike—Ivy educated, ex-model, wealthy, 39, seeks wealthy man, 40-52. Photo. 7571 ✉ ☎

We May Have Chemistry—Attractive, slender, curvaceous woman, 41, warm, creative and easygoing chemistry teacher, excellent cook - enjoys painting, gardening, museums and tennis. Seeks an intimate and balanced relationship with an intelligent, caring man, 38-48, with a sense of adventure and humor. 7640 ✉

Fun-Loving Jewish Male MD—40, seeks Jewish female, 27-37. 7593 ✉

***Fiery, Beautiful, Accomplished**—Petite* Jewish woman, serious, mischievous, literate, cultured, well-traveled (surtout la France), seeks intellectually curious, spiritually alert, emotionally courageous Jewish man, 35-50, pursuer of excellence, sense of wonderment still intact - to build a shared life. 7570 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome—Blond/blue professional, 33, 5'9", 175 lbs, never married, no baggage, traditional Irish-Catholic/family values, financially and emotionally *secure, athletic, in great shape, with a* great sense of humor and personality to match, looking for an attractive, fit, easygoing woman, 25-35, with a big heart! Note/photo/phone. 7572 ✉ ☎

"Christian Beauty"—40, refined, nice, fun, warm, gourmet cook. Photo. 7678 ✉

I'll Even Watch Sports With You—Sensitive, passionate, slim, shapely, very pretty, smart, stylish, professional Jewish woman. Loves tennis, travel, CD 101.9, sushi. Seeks adventurous, warm, sincere, *fit, successful mensch, 35-45.* 7592 ✉ ☎

Handsome Doc—42, dark/hazel, athletic, fit, hip, seeks very pretty, petite, fun female with warm heart/sweet soul, to 39. (212)/(201). Phone/photo. 7552 ✉

Exceptional Woman—Selective, sophisticated, very attractive, successful, bright, sensual, athletic - seeks uncommon Jewish male, 50-60, with similar attributes, to share laughter, passion and a meaningful relationship. Note/photo. 7583 ✉

Rangers, Knicks, Yankees...—Caught your attention?! Beautiful blond with gorgeous blue eyes (and Jewish), seeks 35-45-year-old - for fun, romance and a meaningful relationship. Come share tennis, theater, movies and New York moments with me. Hey, you never know! Note/photo, please. 7665 ✉

Charismatic, Sincere—Greek entrepreneur, 5'7", 32, rare qualities - seeks elegant, trustworthy female for meaningful relationship. POB 489, NY, NY 10014

Pretty College Instructor—Charming, creative - seeks upbeat man, 40-50, for friendship and romance. 7630 ✉ ☎

Gay Male—46, upscale, looking for a great love with warmth, joy and enthusiasm. 28-34? Note/photo, please. 7618 ✉

Spiritual And Athletic—Handsome Jewish male, 30, seeks attractive Jewish lady, 21-31, down-to-earth, physically fit, open-minded, nonsmoker. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 7557 ✉ ☎

Sexy Young Grandma—Seeks 65ish suitor. Like me, you're cultured, educated, Jewish, financially independent, healthy, able - and love to travel. 7591 ✉ ☎

Summer And Beyond—Professional Jewish male, PhD, 39, 5'8", seeks an attractive woman with style and a dynamic intellect. Note/phone/photo. 7635 ✉

Bright, Handsome, Witty Physician—6', athletic, 41, Jewish, seeks athletic, attractive female for lasting relationship of fun, warmth and love. Photo/note/phone required. 7614 ✉

Nice Guys Do Finish Last—In the game of love. They take it seriously! Fit MD, Jewish, 44, 5'7", 148 lbs, with eclectic interests, seeks slender, bright, pretty, realistic woman, 30-40, to be best friend, lover, wife. Photo/phone. 7667 ✉ ☎

Vivacious, Fun-Loving—Redhead, 48, 5'7", divorced, physically fit, owns upscale ladies' East Side boutique. If you have great sense of humor, are kind and successful in your life, let's get together for fun and romance. Photo/phone. 7657 ✉

Grumpy Old Man Needs Some Cheer —Save me from this headline. I'm 42, tall, slim and in need of a sailing and skiing partner to explore life with. She should enjoy travel, the beach and city life. Note. 7438 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark And Handsome—29, 6'5", extremely successful Wall Street executive, who is athletic, great-looking, and lives by the philosophy that "there *are two things to aim for in life -* first getting what you want and, after that, enjoying it". I enjoy theater, working out, fine restaurants, travel, and sharing my zest for life with the right companion. I'm looking for a very beautiful Jewish woman, 23-29, who is sensitive, family-oriented, good-humored, vibrant, sexy, fit, and appreciative of *the finer things in life. Note/recent* photo a must/phone. 7558 ✉

Sensuous, Sincere, Sophisticated—Very attractive former model, 5'7", slender, blue-eyed blond - and bright too, with a sense of humor. Witty and warm, successful Jewish career woman with eclectic interests, mid 50s, seeks pro*fessional gentleman of quality for* friendship and more. 7589 ✉

Beautiful, Loving, Ivy—Athletic, 23, seeks successful, intelligent, gentle man, 20s-40s. 7648 ✉

Attractive High School Teacher—Blue-eyed blond, 33, 5'9", slim, educated, world-traveling, warm, spontaneous Christian woman seeks committed relationship with intelligent fit male over 5'8" - 28-43. Note/photo/phone, please. 7631 ✉

Pretty Irish Lady—31, blond/blue, nonreligious, down-to-earth, seeks handsome, sincere, marriage-minded gentleman who loves animals, travel, spicy food, movies, quiet times, etc. Note/photo, please. 7616 ✉

Imaginative Gay Man—Fit, smart, wants to share warmth, city, nature... the works. Want to find home. 7604 ✉

Liz Taylor, Barb Hershey, Courtney—Cox... I've been compared to them all. What I'm missing is a handsome, 45-plus, *professional, irreverent Christian (not an* oxymoron) man who still prizes romance and love above all. Letter/photo. 7651 ✉

Warm, Middle-Aged—Nonmaterialistic, mature teddy bear, wants good-looking, (212) lady, easy to please, whose character flaws are compatible with mine. 7620 ✉ ☎

Smart, Fun, Witty—Offbeat, very sensual, unslim, LI Jewish female, writer, 49ish, seeks soul mate. 7615 ✉ ☎

Sailors Preferred—I'm pretty, 49, cerebral, upscale - Block Island summers, skiing winters, family holidays. 7590 ✉ ☎

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Passionate Green-Eyed Lady—Very pretty, very fit, petite, lively Jewish exec with intellect and humor - loves music, adventure, tennis. Seeks kind, educated, successful, active Jewish man, 33-45, with integrity and wit, for cuddling, caring and commitment. 7610 ✉ ☎

Fun, Attractive, Successful—Loves exercise, travel, children and sports. Seeks Jewish male, 30-something, to have and hold. If you're ready for fun and laughter, warmth and wit, please send photo and letter. 7556 ✉

Mama Told Me—There'd be days like these. Quite attractive, white woman of 33, seeks miracle man, 5'8" plus, MD/JD, etc...likes Queens. Note/photo. 7602 ✉

Annyong Hasimnikka—To the special lady who knows its meaning, and would like to be swept off her feet, start a beautiful family and live happily ever after with this incurably romantic, strikingly handsome (normally modest) European-American professional. Note/photo. 7567✉

European Professional—46, 5'9", romantic, never married. Seeks attractive, traditional lady, to 39. Photo. 7537 ✉

Are You My Thirtysomething?—30-year-old, attractive brunette - fun and sexy - is looking for a tall, very intelligent man. Laughter and good conversation is what this woman is all about. 7660 ✉ ☎

Top Five Percent—In looks, brains and personality. That's me. LI VP seeks single white female, 36-46, who is beautiful, bright, confident. Laughter, excitement, romance await. Photo a must. 7647 ✉ ☎

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Farewell Ozzie
You are in bird Heaven now watching
Laurie and remembering the good times.

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MARY ANN MADDEN #824
NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

We're in for a spell of bad whether.
À la recherche du temps perdu by Marcel and Shirley MacLaine Proust.
Marry in $\overset{\text{haste}}{\wedge}$repent at leisure.
Look back in angrrr.
Love me or leave—uh, so long—me.

Above, self-fulfilling prophecies. Competitors are invited to supply one familiar phrase, title, name, or what-you-will, altered so as to prove its own case.

Results of Competition 821, in which you were asked for two early versions of a single line from a work in progress.

Report: Did you wonder whether we wanted inductive or deductive alterations? Was it supposed to improve as it grew more concise? Was it supposed to grow more concise? Or to become familiar, to end up being a famous line? I'll tell you.
I don't know. If you want the truth, and Heaven knows you never have before, I took this from my own journal. I swear to GOD such a thing will never happen again. Meanwhile, your entries came through readable, funny, and gallant. Attorneys at law. You're a better man than I deserve, Mavis. And that's a fact.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

You're crowding me, my impatient dear.
I love you—must you stand so close?
Get off my train.
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

RITA HAYWORTH AND THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION
BUZZ ALDRIN AND THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION
THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wis.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

You are about to read a story so fraught with meaning that the name of this poor narrator is truly insignificant.
Since my name doesn't matter, I invoke you, reader, to select for me any name you like.
Call me Ishmael.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

Father wished me to bear his name, Ethelred, but Mother, strong-willed and pious, had insisted I be named for an Old Testament figure.
Once upon a time there was a great big whale.
Call me Ishmael.
Jonathan E. Silbert, Guildford, Conn.

And Honorable Mention to:

It was obvious she was a woman who liked living dangerously, taking chances, living on the edge.
She was clearly her own woman—sure of herself, unafraid, immune to authority.
She lit a cigarette.
Trip Plymale, N.Y.C.

I don't remember what it was I mumbled, caught by the sudden flare of her cigarette lighter.
I offered the one commodity I was sure I could provide, steeling myself for the inevitable.
"What'll it be, ma'am?"
Gil Mendonsa, San Francisco, Calif.

The mixture of arrogance, insensitivity, and a lack of cartographic skills fostered a certain—shall we say, predictability?
He refused to consider asking for help but drove on.
He was a man.
Melinda Walker, Wilmington, Ohio

The ball left his hand like a soaring eagle, sailed through the air and tickled the net for two points.
He shot the ball and watched it fly on its graceful arc before it triumphantly fell through the hoop.
YESSSS!
Cory Diamond, Providence, R.I.

"Well, lovies, I'm afraid, I, once again, cannot open."
"What charming idiot dealt this mess, may one send to know?"
"Pass."
Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

Je suis tout le monde, passé au present—explorateur, vainqueur, dicatateur, empereur.
Je suis tout: les jardins, les oceans et vraiment la lune, le soleil, les etoiles, l'univers. . . .
L'etat, c'est moi.
Rosemarie Williamson, Neptune, N.J.

He acts like Jerry Lewis.
He thinks he's Groucho.
He's worse than Jim Carrey.
Don Wigal, N.Y.C.

Veni.
Veni, vici.
Veni, vidi, vici.
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

"You are the reduced-fat non-dairy whitener in my Seattle-style mocha-blend cappuccino, my sweet," he purred concupiscently.
"Fairest maid, to thine eternal joyance I troth my heart," he averred manfully.
"Hey," he said.
Terry Zheutlin, Wilmette, Ill.

"Just for you, pretty lady, here's a snippet of 'Hark hark the lark!' "
"No matter the predictions of seismologists and weathermen, count only the sunny hours."
"Have a nice day."
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

She flitter-kissed the air from cheek to cheek like a departing butterfly at a garden party.
She glided to the door like a skater across the ice.
She left.
Amy Shuttleworth, Wyndmoor, Pa.

I felt like a moisturized tidal wave was following strict instructions to devour me in multipied colors.
I shuddered in fear as it approached me as snakely as Norma Desmond.
I could have died.
Walter Aubie, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

He was fully aware that I spoke no French, so he attempted to degrade me with a sneery comment that sounded like "Say dumb hodge."
His supercilious smirk conveyed more than mere words.
"Tough," he said.
Albert Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

There was something so symbolic about it; the beginning of a new time—sloughing the grime of the past, of history, really.
It seemed a fitting way to begin the week, a cleansing act, a fresh start, a sense of orderliness imposed by pleasing ritual.
Monday is laundry day.
JoAnn Renfro, Kansas City, Mo.

I need a $1,000 advance.
I must have a $10,000 advance.
I demand a $100,000 advance.
Martha Herzog, Pacific Grove, Calif.

Hey, I'm easy, whatever works for you.
E-mail to mamadden@nymag.com.
POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE.
Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

The rain pelted down from the gods on Parnassus, an inky vengeance: Blow winds and crack you cheeks, thought I.
The nocturnal inclemency was exceeded only by its fulginosity.
It was a dark and stormy night.
David English, West Somerville, Mass.
similarly: Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y

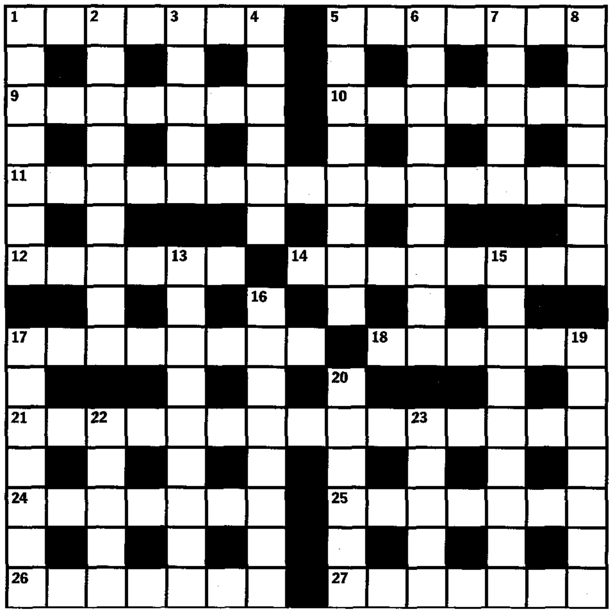
Stygian the sky, snarlin the air.
Winds howled and bayed at the absence of the moon.
It was a dark and stormy night.
Pamela Jane Burke, Summit, N.J.
similarly: Allan G. Sperling, Rye, N.Y.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 824, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998. It must be received by June 2. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the July 31 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Pole writes with little hesitation, being a good writer. (7)
5 In colourful surroundings model appears tranquil. (7)
9 Rich, but caught with financial liabilities when without work. (7)
10 Social crawler living in a well-organised community. (7)
11 They're useless at target practice, never scoring a hit. (5, 10)
12 A container of sorts, true—an extraordinary contraption. (3-3)
14 A short break to seek inspiration? (8)
17 All-inclusive job for a cleaner. (8)
18 Larger-than-average game bird. (6)
21 A holiday resort—tame now—pressure may change that. (6-5-4)
24 Country music composer. (7)
25 Person in the USA, having a good reason, retaining sovereign. (7)
26 This kind of oil was first seen around in the Southeast. (7)
27 Raised and dealt with deer, etc. (7)



DOWN

1 A musical instrument to lay off, however! (7)
2 Walk please, and work out. (9)
3 A flower store. (5)
4 The scoundrel wants cars for patching up—a number. (6)
5 Roundabout way to break down a Conservative. (8)
6 Quiet workers. They are 16. (9)
7 Drink getting left, make a song about it. (5)
8 Individual putting in order for kitchen equipment. (7)
13 The drawback about supporting 4. (9)
15 Simple-minded as he undoubtedly is, he's health-conscious. (9)
16 Biassed—and might well be so indeed! (3-5)
17 A flighty creature made out the account. (7)
19 Admitted defeat when brought in. (7)
20 In Utopia tending to be hypnotic. (6)
22 Authoritarian German star. (5)
23 An official note on the first lady. (5)

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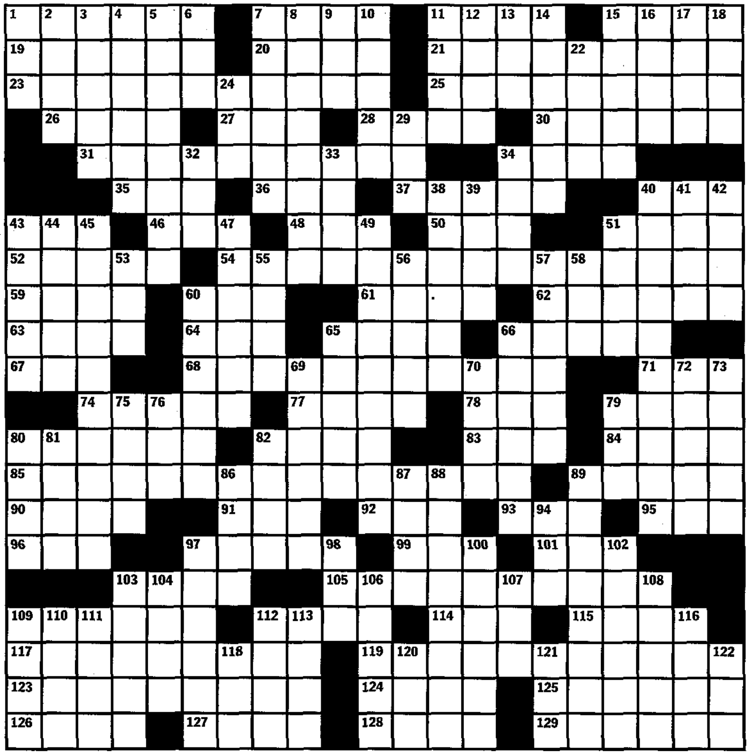
'Sing The U.S.A.': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Johnson

ACROSS

1 Great dislike
7 Manner of walking
11 Fuel from a fen
15 Sacred bird of Egypt
19 Decks out with finery
20 Jai's go-with, in a game
21 *"California ——"*
23 *"New York ——"*
25 *"Mississippi ——"*
26 Struck, Biblically
27 Not present: abbr.
28 Charlie Chan's remark
30 Toyota models
31 *"—— Rhode Island"*
34 Chicle products
35 Sauce for sushi
36 After sigma
37 One-masted sailboat
40 Air-cond. unit
43 Filing aid
46 Golf-bag item
48 N.Y.C. subway line
50 Paleozoic, e.g.
51 Plumbing problem
52 Put to shame
54 *"—— Georgia"*
59 Nursery-rhyme trio
60 Mr. Van Winkle
61 Chang's Siamese twin, et al.
62 Preoccupy compulsively
63 Pom's colleague
64 Jr. naval officer
65 To a small extent
66 King of Troy
67 Smoker's evidence
68 *"—— Vermont"*
71 Partner of running
74 Filmland honor
77 Let —— (refuse to take offense)
78 Rathskeller brew
79 Othello was one
80 Mogadishu citizen
82 Word to the printer
83 "Tin Roof" walker
84 —— Domini
85 *"—— Texas"*
89 Robin and Red Riding
90 Elevator man
91 Kimono accessory
92 Pod holding
93 Comic-actor Erwin
95 Dietary no-no
96 Was the victor
97 Test for flavor
99 Double curve
101 Lennon's lady
103 Put on poundage
105 *"—— Maryland"*
109 Attack suddenly
112 Butterfingers's cry
114 Rainy-day track-in
115 Paper quantity
117 *"Maine ——"*
119 *"—— Alabama*
123 *"—— Ohio"*
124 Golden-agers' gp.
125 American folksinger
126 Tolkien tree people
127 Record, in a way
128 Writing fluids
129 Landed property

DOWN

1 Owns
2 Part of B.A.
3 Chaplin image
4 Mathematical relationships
5 Dental canine
6 U.K. award
7 Ploy
8 Cooke of "Masterpiece Theatre"
9 McEwan or McKellan
10 Kind of wave
11 Prestigious grad. degrees
12 Younger Saarinen
13 Exist
14 From which to drink pekoe
15 Long-range weapons: abbr.
16 Ill-mannered one
17 "—— Never Pass This Way Again"
18 Wimbledon groupings
22 Muslim leader
24 River of Cornwall
29 Males
32 Bread buy
33 Anatolian: Fr.
34 Capricorn
38 Width's counterpart
39 Assns.
40 *"—— Kentucky"*
41 Clothing, informally
42 Sounds of disgust
43 Florida gulf city
44 "—— Irish Rose"
45 *"—— Tennessee"*
47 Relative of G-major
49 Circus tent
51 —— Nostra
53 Use the eyes
55 Lhasa ——, breed of dog
56 Architect Jones
57 Large wasp
58 Baseball stat.
60 Post again
65 Do tailoring
66 Mideast rice dishes
69 Dunderhead
70 Filled tortilla
72 Hollywood family name
73 Jack the nipper
75 Utters
76 Suffix for corpus
79 Chinese-style jacket
80 Stash
81 "—— be in England"
82 Heard at a tearjerker
86 Bank transaction
87 Prophet
88 Con man's prey
89 C-notes
94 Freight weight
97 Type of cheese
98 Akihito, for one: abbr.
100 Laps up noisily
102 Brunch offering
103 Julius Caesar's first name
104 Substandard contraction
106 Very, in music
107 Madison Ave. output
108 Conference site, 1945
109 "As many farewells —— stars in heaven"
110 Anna who played Nana
111 Rush-hour rarity
112 "Moving ——" ("The Jeffersons" theme)
113 Give the once-over
116 Chinatown street
118 Birds —— feather
120 Treat leather
121 No friend
122 Scottish refusal



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 94.

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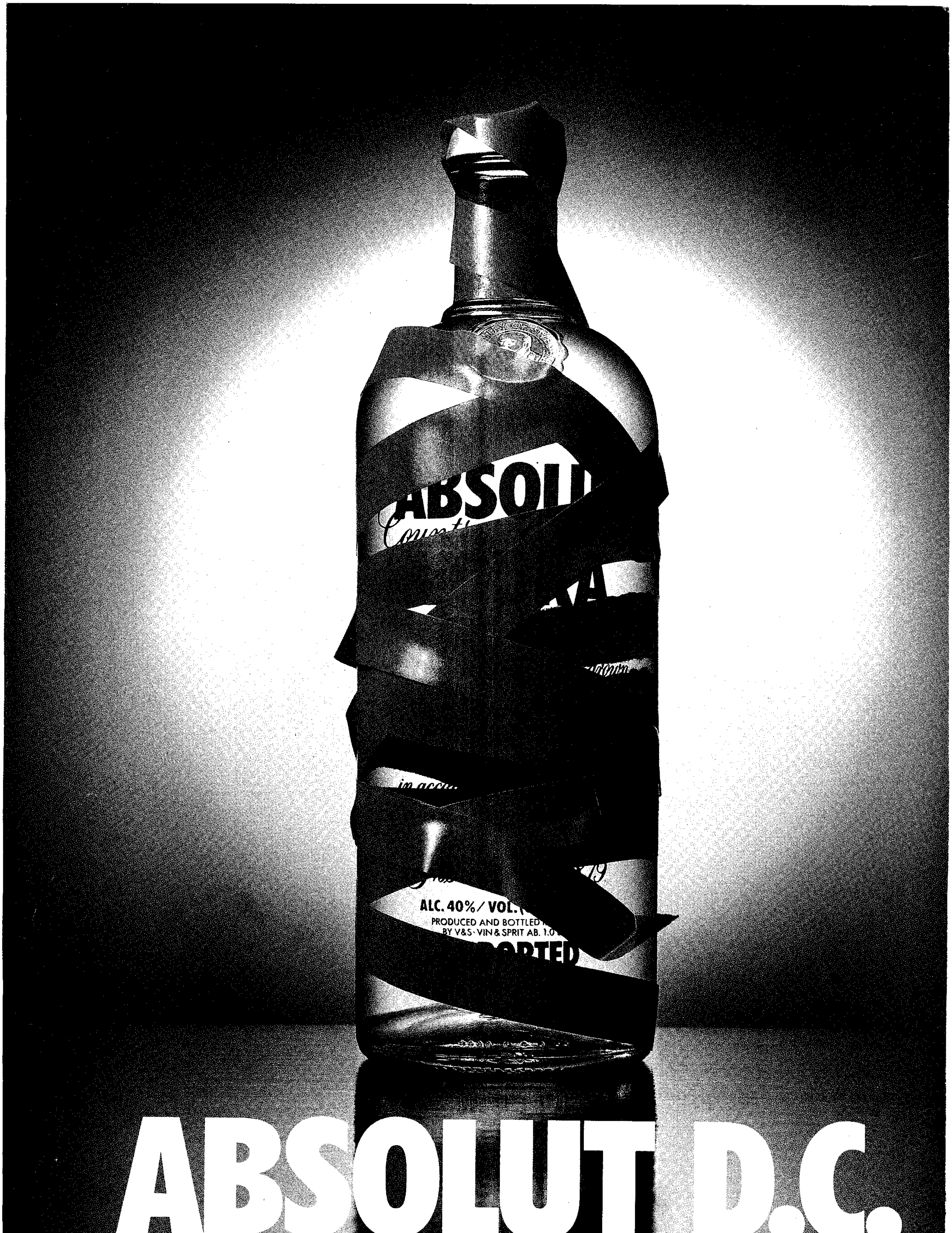
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